This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

P 247.3

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JOHN BULL

Edited by ARTHUR W. À BECKETT.

VOLUME I.

JOHN BULL PRESS, LTD., 5, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

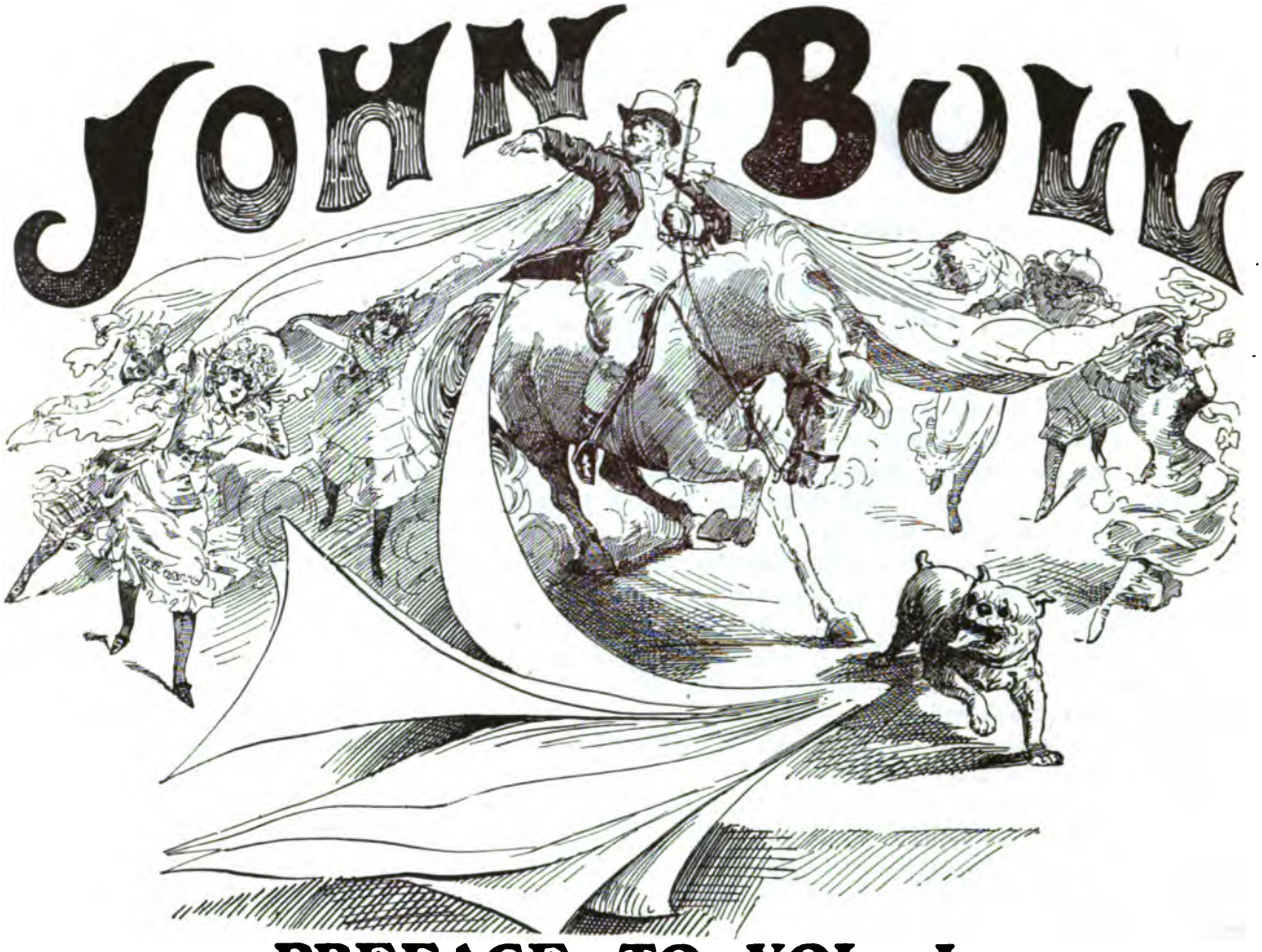
1903.

Digitized by Google

P: 47.3

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Digitized by Google



PREFACE TO VOL. I.

JOHN BULL to all the world greeting.

Exactly a year ago—on June 25th, 1902—JOHN BULL appeared in his present form in paper and print.

And he made these promises.

He said he came as representative of all that was best in the National Character.

That he would be just, generous and good humoured.

That he had forgotten nothing, and would make good use of all he remembered,

Because he was grateful for the lessons of the past, and would not fear the problems of the future.

That he hated shams of every kind, and would have nothing to do with deception.

That he would respect intellectual endeavour wherever he found it directed in the cause of civilisation.

That he would be Cosmopolitan and yet patriotic ; would have a feeling of goodwill to foreigners whatever might be their nationality, and yet retain a particularly tender place in his heart for his kith and kin all the world over.

That he would respect honest opinions wherever they were found, and have no sympathy with class prejudices or sectarian persecution.

That he would love an honest laugh, but detest the snigger that was ashamed to avow its just cause of merriment.

The he would respect Public Opinion as *Vox populi vox Dei*, but decline to consider the clamour of the mob the sentiment of the Empire.

That he would belong to no party, because he would champion the cause of the State.

That he would delight in good-tempered fun, having quite as keen a sense of the ridiculous as the unintelligent foreigner who refuses to acknowledge any national humour but his own.

Digitized by Google

That he would be serious at the right time, and merry when the mood was not incongruous to the moment.

That he would love the Throne and everything of which that throne is symbolic, and would revere the peoples of the huge Empire supporting that throne.

That he would admire his London, his Edinburgh, and his Dublin; but equally love his Melbourne, his Montreal, his Calcutta, and his Cape Town.

That he would find supporters—literary and artistic—from all quarters of the earth.

But on the other hand, that he would appreciate the humour of his American cousins in *Judge* and *Life*; smile at the French vivacity of *Gil Blas*, and cachinnate over the hits of *Kladderadatch*, even when by doing so he was laughing against himself.

That he would be incapable of jealousy, as he would not admit a rival.

That he would glory in the cry of "God Save the King," and be grateful for its complement, "Long live JOHN BULL."

Those were the pledges given just a year ago, and JOHN BULL in the paper and print is proud to be able to say that he has kept them one and all.

His Initial Number prepared the way for the regular weekly issue that followed. There came a pause, just long enough to allow of the completion of a staff—artistic and literary—of unrivalled excellence.

And when he writes at the end of his First Volume, JOHN BULL can declare that he has the choice of the market which deals in pens and pencils.

He thanks the faithful staff, who for months have been doing him such good service. He is particularly grateful to his principal pens—Sir Lewis Morris, Alfred Perceval Graves, Adrian Ross, A. D. Godley, Hilaire Belloc, Percy French, V. Hussey Walsh, Lucy Heaton Armstrong, Rev. Cyril Pearson, Arthur Rickett, "Huan Mee," and "S.," and to his principal pencils—Harry Furniss, Max Beerbohm, A. Carruthers Gould, Starr Wood, Gordon Browne, Arthur Gill, P. F. S. Spence, J. Priestman, P. Atkinson, W. Reynoldson, Cecil Alden, John Hassell, J. S. Eland, Louis Wain, J. B. Monsell, A. T. Smith, and John Leighton.

He lays a wreath on the grave of "Max O'Rell" (Paul Blouët), whose last copy published in John Bull was written on his death-bed.

He thanks those who have sat at his festive board and assisted him in the concoction of his cartoons.

He has had the aid, in this connection, of Privy Councillors, ex-Colonial Governors, ex-Colonial Premiers, former rulers of Indian provinces, Agents-General, soldiers who have served the King in many parts of the Empire, gentlemen from the City, members of both Houses of Parliament—men, in fact, in almost every walk of life; and their varied and extensive experience has been of the utmost value.

Acknowledgment is also due to Messrs. Isbister, Ltd., who, as publishers, have seen that the paper has been brought prominently before the public at home, abroad, in the colonies, and in the civilised world generally.

He congratulates Arthur William à Beckett, his first Editor, upon the events which have made this general thanksgiving at once proper and possible.

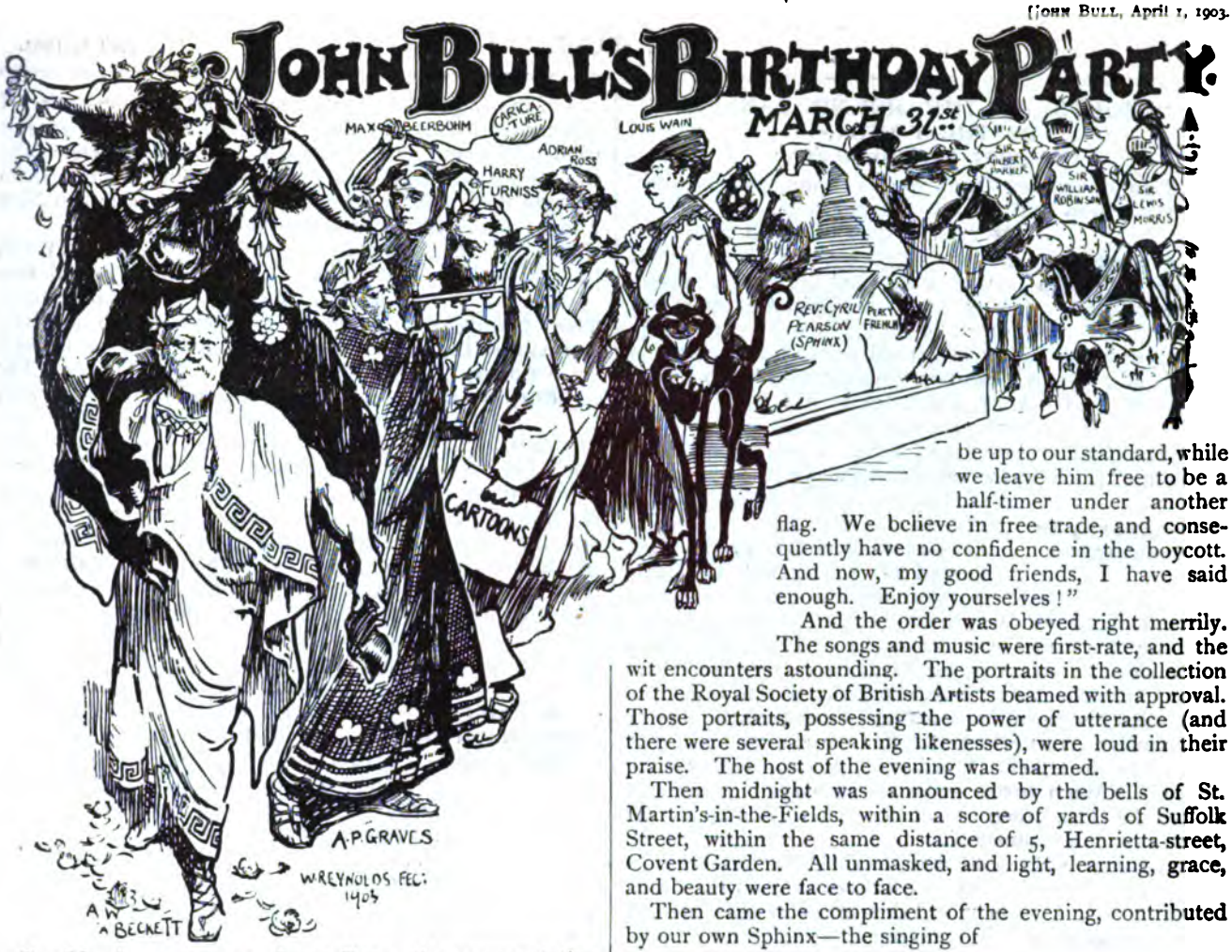
So much for the Past—the pleasant, promising and prosperous Past.

For the Future, JOHN BULL announces his determination to excel himself. He has a number of novel features ready for production. They will appear in due course, and startle a world already accustomed to surprises.

And having made the above announcement, JOHN BULL proposes the only toast given and honoured at the JOHN BULL Dinner—a toast he ventures to consider particularly appropriate on the day chosen for the celebration of His Majesty's Birthday—

The King, God Bless Him.

Digitized by Google



On March 31st, 1903, JOHN BULL, the representative of the best traditions of the British Empire, gave a party—a disguise party. But there was no disguise about the host of the evening. There was he, clothed in paper and print, admitting no rival, but claiming all good men and true as his friends.

"I am glad to greet you all," said he, as he grasped hands with his guests. "And I daresay you will not be bored if I say a word about our policy. I say 'our,' because, you see, I rely upon a staff of exceptional experience and ability—English, Irish, Scotch, Greater British, and American."

The staff of exceptional experience and ability acknowledge the well-merited compliment.

"With such a combination we hope to make the country deserve the name of Merry England again: to set Pat, Sandy, and Taffy laughing at their own jokes, and to contribute to the gaiety of all the Nations. We shall pursue the policy of the British Press. We shall defend the right where'er we find it, and will oppose the wrong. And we shall seek to treat everybody and everything in the good old English spirit of fair play. It shall never be said of our policy that 'it isn't cricket. We shall show that JOHN BULL is neither a fool nor a bully, but a level-headed, accomplished, jolly, up-to-date humorist—proud of a country that extends from one end of the world to the other, and devoted to his King."

Cheers were heard again, but this time they came from the whole company.

"And as to our contemporaries—comic or otherwise—we disclaim antagonism. Their young men shall be as welcome to our board or our pages as our own select. All we ask of an occasional contributor with pen or pencil, is to be up to our standard, while we leave him free to be a half-timer under another flag. We believe in free trade, and consequently have no confidence in the boycott. And now, my good friends, I have said enough. Enjoy yourselves!"

And the order was obeyed right merrily. The songs and music were first-rate, and the wit encounters astounding. The portraits in the collection of the Royal Society of British Artists beamed with approval. Those portraits, possessing the power of utterance (and there were several speaking likenesses), were loud in their praise. The host of the evening was charmed.

Then midnight was announced by the bells of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, within a score of yards of Suffolk Street, within the same distance of 5, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. All unmasked, and light, learning, grace, and beauty were face to face.

Then came the compliment of the evening, contributed by our own Sphinx—the singing of

A SONG OF JOHN BULL.

When Taurus leads the opening years
  Tossing a golden horn,
Then high are hopes, and few the fears,
For April, shedding sunny tears,
  Laughs, as the Spring is born.
With style and tablet gaily dight
  We hail a brighter Taurus;
His touch and tone are deft and light,
His cap and bells ring out delight
  Responsive to our chorus.

Let merry peals proclaim his birth,
  John Bull, our liege, is Lord of Mirth!

Pied Folly revels in his train,
  Tripping beside the Sage;
Wit scatters chaff and golden grain,
Winged fancies, frolic of the brain,
  Light on each glowing page.
Sing "Bravo, Toro!" front of gold
  That cannot fret or gore us;
Thy heart, as English as of old,
Thy mien, as ever, brave and bold
  Chime to our ringing chorus.

Let merry peals proclaim his birth,
  John Bull, our liege, is Lord of Mirth!

All things come to an end, and the precedent was followed with John Bull's Birthday Party. "Bravo, Toro!" cried the departing throng. "Prosperity and good luck. Be worthy of your great name and great traditions, old friend." John Bull bowed and replied, "I will do my best."

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.
"TO MEET MR. THACKERAY."

From Whitefriars to Hyde Park Gate.

William Makepeace Thackeray! Yes, my first glimpse of the master who half hid his identity under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh and other *nommes de guerre*, was obtained at a round table. Not the famous "mahogany tree" in Bouverie Street on which he carved his monogram side by side with the initials of his old friend "à Beckett the beak" and "that excellent magistrate's" two sons, "G. à B." and "A. W. à B.", but at No. 8 Hyde Park Gate South when Kensington was without the postal "W."

Thackeray in Kensington.

I was a child in those distant days. I was *en route* for "Dominie" Birch (by the way, did this suggest the title to one of Thackeray's Christmas books?) who lived in Scarsdale Villas giving the western boundary to the playground of Kensington Grammar School (three laps to the mile), now the site of the High Street, Kensington, Station on the Metropolitan Railway. Opposite our house was the studio of Cope, the Royal Academician, next door to Redgrave. Our immediate neighbour at No. 7 was Cook, also R.A., the marine painter, who called his place the Ferns and denounced the side of our mansion as an eyesore. "I tell you what I will do," said he to my father, "I will paint Mount Blanc on the stucco." "Much better make it Vesuvius in eruption" replied the beak, "then you will be able to account for the smoke from the chimneys."

Thackeray as a West Suburban Landlord.

And I believe No. 9 belonged to Thackeray himself. The reason for my belief. Our parents were away on the Continent, and the control of affairs were in the hands of my eldest brother ("third election" at Westminster) and a sister a year older. We behaved very badly. We turned our small garden (afterwards to be converted into a studio by Corbould the drawing master of his present Majesty) into a military camp, and beseiged No. 9 with pea shooters. It was in the days of the Crimean War, when England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia were attempting to take Sebastopol. No. 9—he later on became head of B.N.C., Oxford—said he would write to his landlord. My elder brother informed the reverend gentleman (who objected to the rattle of peas when he was composing his sermons) that it was no use complaining to Mr. Thackeray as he was a great friend of our father.

"Whitefriars" and "Respected Outsiders."

The occasion of the great dinner was the entertaining of my father's most intimate friends and colleagues from the "Bouverie Street mahogany tree," and a few of the beloved "outsiders." One of the latter was Balfe the composer. He was a jovial, amusing Irishman. He played the accompaniment to my mother's songs, "Ne'er think that I'll forget thee" and "Dear Italy" (words by G. A. à B), when she subsequently sang them in the drawing room.

Art and Literature in Kensington New Town.

As I have said, facing 8, Hyde Park Gate South, was the studio of Cope the R.A. Coming home from school with his son Charley I used to know when the late Prince Consort was there by the horses walking up and down the street, which was only about three hundred to four hundred yards in length, and ended in a *cul de sac*. East of us were fields, now occupied by Queen's Gate. On the site of the Imperial Institute I remember a country fair. I was carried to it by my nurse somewhere about the earliest of the fifties, and remember the gingerbreads. The whole suburb was intensely literary and artistic. South Kensington was still Brompton with a slip then called Kensington New Town—due North of the last turnpike.

The Children's Favourite, "Ponny" Mayhew.

Thackeray must have been living in Kensington at the time of "The Great Dinner." The earliest arrival was Horace Mayhew, brother of Henry, author of "London Labour and the London Poor," and one of my father's school-fellows at Westminster. He was immensely fond of children, and was promptly captured by the olive branches and taken to the pantry to see the dessert. "We don't have this sort of thing every night, Mr. Mayhew," explained one of my brothers, "and those are our best decanters." I was returning, I fancy, from that visit to see the special dessert in the pantry with "Ponny" Mayhew when I came face to face with William Makepeace Thackeray. Ellerman, our man—on state occasions he was our butler, when we had auxiliary assistance from the ushers of my father's court at Southwark—was helping him to unwrap. When Ellerman had divested Mr. Thackeray of his coat, and left him revealed in the rather elaborate evening dress of the period, I have a recollection of silver white hair, gleaming glasses, and a fine mouth. He exchanged kindly greetings with his colleague "Ponny," did this tall, prosperous-looking gentleman. Then he peered at me, patted me on the head, put his finger and thumb in the pocket of his waistcoat (I fancy it was of velvet), and gave me a shilling. Then we exchanged smiles, and I knew intuitively that he loved children. For the remainder of the evening I held him in less fear than the rest of the company.

A Child's Impression of Thackeray.

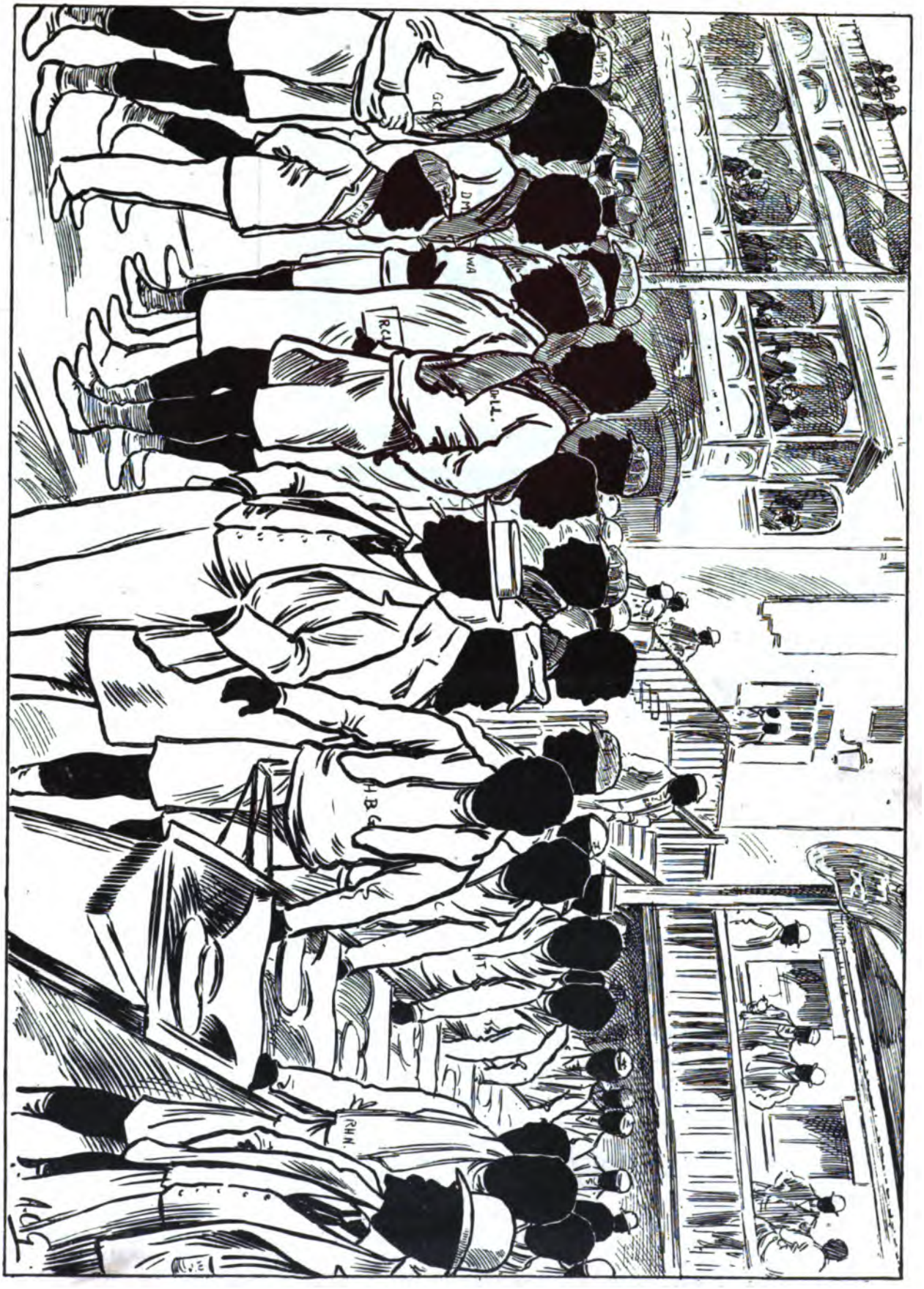
A Journalist writes: The book of the week is undoubtedly "Wisdom While You Wait." I congratulate the brilliant writers upon their success. "Live and let live" is an excellent motto for the human race in general, and journalists in particular. And that reminds me that a few days since the benefactors of the Institute of Journalists, by Royal Charter incorporated, were entertained by their confrères of the council. Mr. Frank Lloyd is the best type of newspaper proprietor. He has done wonders for the Orphan Fund, and completed the building of the Hall and Offices. All honour to him. The Institute is of infinite service to—as Americans call us—newspaper men. When we meet we never quarrel, and the building of the Hall and Offices has promoted nothing but brotherly love.

ON HYGIENE.

Of old when folk lay sick and sorely tried,
The doctors gave them medicine and they died.
This is a happier age, for now we know
Both how to make men sick and keep them so.

A CORRECTION.—It is said that at one of the oldest established houses of business in the world's metropolis all the employees are required to shave their upper lips. This is not quite accurate. The clerks are certainly expected to be clean shaven from ten to four. But there is no restriction to their wearing moustaches—out of office hours.

Digitized by Google



SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE—BEFORE THE START.

Digitized by Google

PING-PONG.

MRS. MACGINNIS ALWAYS PLAYS WITH THE BACK OF A HAND-MIRROR BECAUSE "ONE'S HAIR GETS SO RUFFLED, DON'T YOU KNOW."

HORACE ON APRIL 1.

I hate the profane and unmannered
  Who ride by themselves to the Race!
Maecenas has gone in his Panhard,
  Nor offered his Horace a place:
Then come—for the storms that are wintry
  Have ceased from the land and the sea—
Qua linter contendit cum lintre,
  My Phyllis, with me!

Observe, how the cive with his daughters,
  The swain and concomitant nymph,
Natate in a cymb on the waters
  Or curr by the defluent lymph,—
And there, 'twixt their knees with their . . . ventres
  (You *can* be correct when you choose—
Quo, Musa, poetam impellis?)
  Behold them,—the Crews!

O called to consume by your coaches
  Raw rations of obstinate ox,
O rent by the raucous reproaches
  Of clamitant captain and cox;
Ye heirs of the memories famous
  That cling to your classical streams—
Quos misit aut Isis aut Camus,
  Incumb on your remes!

Heu! auri funesta cupido
  Has wholly bereft me of tin,
Dum actis diurnis confido
  Which told me the boat that would win!

Dire day of the daft and the silly,
  Curst Kalends of guile and of gas!
O rerum dulcissima Phylli,
  Do lend me an As!

A. D. GODLEY.

JOHN BULL'S NOTE BOOK.

GREAT MEN ON EACH OTHER.

Sir James Macintosh on Hume:
"He is an extraordinary—an extraordinary ordinary man."

Coleridge on Cobbett:
"The self complacency with which Cobbett assumes to himself exclusive truths, which he can call his own only as a horse-stealer can appropriate a stolen horse, by adding mutilations and deformities to robbery, is as artful as it is amusing."

Lamb on Proctor:
"Proctor is jealous of his own fame, which he cannot now claim."

Coleridge on Tobin and Godwin:
"I used to be amused with Tobin and Godwin. Tobin would pester me with stories of Godwin's dulness, and upon his departure, Godwin would drop in just to say that Tobin was more dull than ever."

"Phillips, the publisher," writes Coleridge, "addressed some fulsome compliments to Dr. Beddoes in my hearing, to which the Doctor appeared to listen with patience. He was, after a peroration of ten minutes' duration, told by the Doctor that he was wrong in his chronology. 'Not right in my chronology? What has chronology to do with the matter?' 'Only this: that so far back as the year 1540 this kind of complimentary insult had become obsolete.'"

APRIL GREETINGS.

By ADRIAN ROSS.

TO TWO LIBERAL LEADERS.

R-s-b-ry and B-nn-rm-n,
  Stay in Opposition still—
You who *will* not lead, and *can*,
  You who *can't*, and always *will!*

JOSEPH TO HIS BRETHREN.

Oh! how have you been faring while
  I have had my airing,
Biltong and banquets sharing beneath a southern sky?
I come back safe and shining to find you all repining,
  Like Woolwich infants whining with faces very Rye!

THE BRETHREN MAKE ANSWER.

Oh! while you have been sailing to triumphs never failing,
We had to stand the railing of Clifford and his cult;
While Britishers would shout you, and Doppers cease to doubt you,
We tried to do without you, and this is the result!

TO AN AUTOCRAT.

Autocrat,
  Very grand,
Of the flat
  Russian land,
Your decree,
  Nicholas,
Seems to me
  Quite first class;
But if you'll
  Take advice—
(As a rule
  You're so nice!)
When thirteen
  Mornings, say,
There have been
  From to-day
(For you must
  Call to mind
You are just
  That behind),
I beseech
  Find out that
If by each
  Bureaucrat
Your decree
  Has been done?
That will be
  APRIL ONE!

Digitized by Google

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Jones (faintly) :—"I THINK, IF YOU DON'T MIND—I'LL GET DOWN AND WALK."
Farmer :—"WHAT, AIN'T YOU COMFORTABLE?"

To a Potentate.

Dear Wilhelm, though your song, and wire, and sermon,
Your sober-minded friends at times disturb,
We wish you joy in wrestling with the German
Verb.

'Tis this that makes professors grow unstable,
And say that Moses, and in fact the lot,
Their hitherto-believed-in books from Babel
Got.

This makes it hard to get the naval wind up,
In spite of all the scientific suav-
Ity with which your diagrams you pinned up
Have.

For this your German emigrants confess a
Desire to shun the mailed fist they know,
And to our colonies or the U.S.A.
Go.

But fight and win your all-unbloody battle,
And when you have reformed your royal fill,
We all the German language learn to prattle
Will.

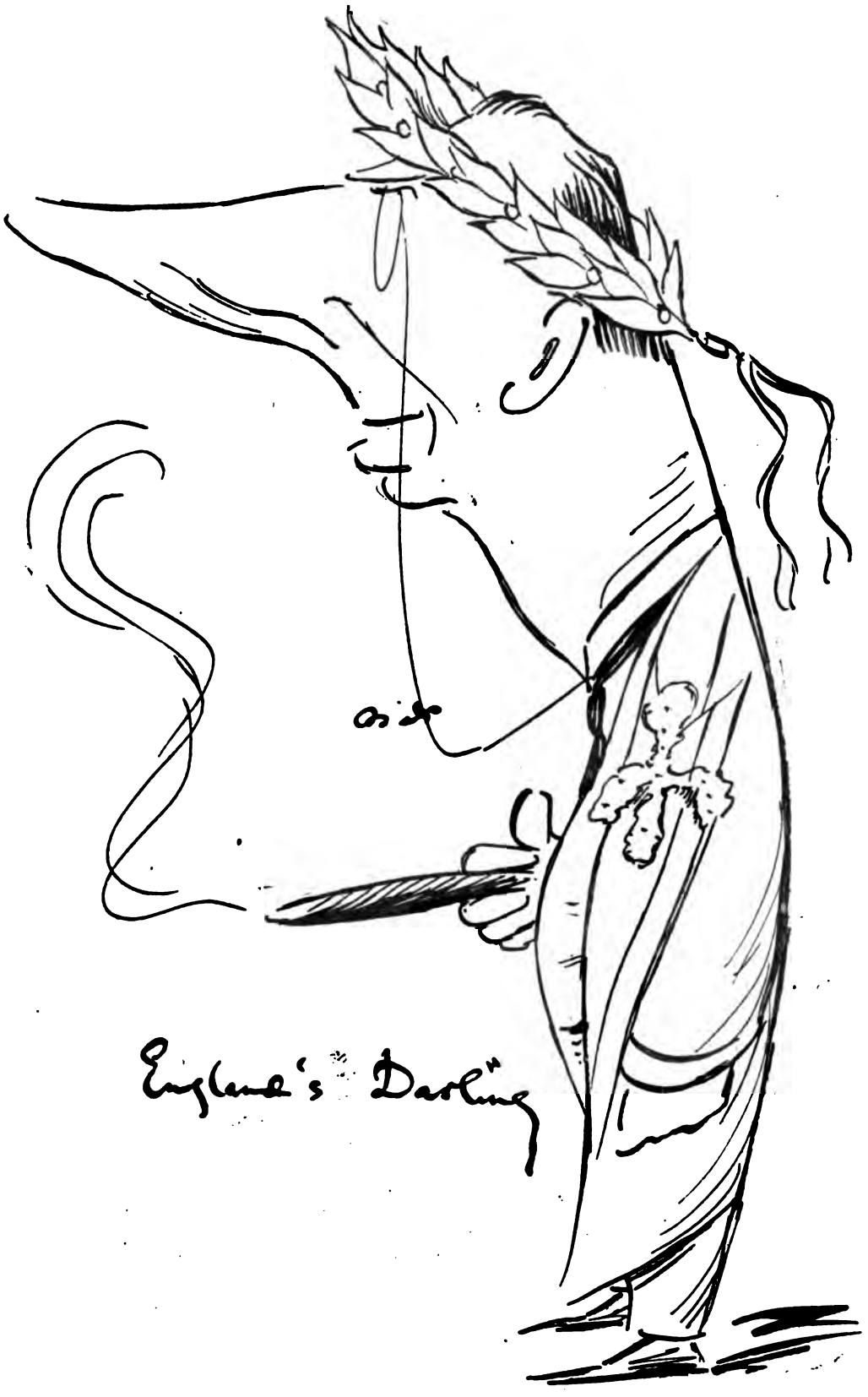
BOOKED.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. send us three books for review: "The Prayer Book Psalms; relieved of Obscurities and made Smoother for Chanting, with scarcely noticeable alteration;" "What is Meaning?" which confronts us with such pleasantries as "the dream theory" or the "pre-human query;" and "Happiness: Essays on the Meaning of Life," the author of which shows his happiness not in humour but in religion. The best of the best.

Mr. George Meredith introduces a new edition of Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt" (R. Brimley Johnson. 7s. 6d. net), with characteristic prose. An excellent gift.

"Bar, Stage, and Platform" (Chatto and Windus), by Herman Charles Merivale, being a collection of autobiographic memoirs, is one of the brightest books ever written. It has reached its second edition, and ought to go into its third, whatever may have been the numbers of the initial issues. Many a time and oft in the delightful days of not so long ago the present writer has acted in amateur theatricals with "H. C. M.," and once schemed out with him the scenario of a burlesque to be called "The Islands of Macassar." So it is pleasant to find Herman Charles Merivale, barrister, novelist, dramatist, and best of good fellows scoring once again a triumph.

Digitized by Google



SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

I.—THE RIGHT-HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N.

See page 11.

Digitized by Google

"APRIL FOOLS."

"MAKE VAY, YOU ENGLISCH OX PIG; VON'T YOU SEE ZEESE LEETLE BITS OF MAP WERE MEANT FOR WE!"

"PRANCE ON MY COAT-TAILS, PUMMEL, PINCH, AND PULL! YOU'RE ALL JUST APRIL FOOLS!" GUFFAWED JOHN BULL.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

I.

JOHN TO JOE.

To the air of "John Anderson, my Jo John."

Joe Chamberlain, my jo Joe,
When we were first acquent,
You seemed a little Englander,
Republicanly bent;
But that was long ago, Joe,
But that was long ago,
And wisdom comes with wrinkles,
Jo Chamberlain, my jo!

For when of late, we "tempted Fate,"
In spite of Mr. Stead,
What would the Cabinet have been
Without your business head?
For Nuncle was too gloomy,
And Nephew wanted go,
And all the rest sat doubt depressed,
Till *you* jumped in, my Joe.

Joe Chamberlain a diplomat!
Yet where was there a better?
With Delarey you "pal'd" straightway,
And proved De Wett's out-Wetter.
Pretoria and Bloemfontein
You won with matchless fence;
You waved your wand till even the Bond
Came back to common sense.

Then, with your eyeglass in your eye,
Your orchid on your breast,
Against "a stream of facts" full steam
You went with smiling zest—
Till the Empire, foes demented
Thought reeling to its fall,
Stood suddenly cemented
In arms before them all.

Until the ship of State to port,
Two big prize barques behind,
Your clever head had piloted,
And joy bells filled the wind;
And Bobs, and French, and Kitchener
Had laud from high and low,
Yet 'twas your hand upon the helm
That saved the realm, my Joe!

But though we thought we'd fixed it up,
That Boero-British mess,
We found we'd only mixed it up,
A trifle more or less;
And all our Tory Cabinet
Seemed throttling in the coil,
When up you jumped, and off you stumped
With your essential oil.

Because your head and speech were hard,
Some called your heart a stone—
Folk, John believes, who on their sleeves
Are given to wear their own.
But now you've friends unto earth's ends,
Whose hearts are not for show,
So give's your fist, Imperialist,
Joe Chamberlain, my jo!

A. P. G.

LATEST FROM LONDON

(For Country Consumption).

Illustrated by Rare Prints.

INTERESTING INCIDENT IN THE BOAT RACE OF 1903.

"THE WHITEWASHING OF JULIA" CONTROVERSY. PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE DISPUTANTS AS A BOY.

Existence may be summed up thus. Up till thirty—life. After thirty—liver. And then—just living.

FUN FROM FRANCE.

An actor who had been hissed off the stage as often as he'd appeared upon it, on account of his extreme ugliness, finally walked up to the footlights, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, take a good look at me, for it will be easier for you to get accustomed to my appearance than for me to change it."

When he had effected his purpose, and was afterwards playing Mithridates, at the very moment that Monima says to him: "My lord, I see a change in your countenance!" he was saluted by a gallery wag with the encouraging remark, "And a good thing, too!"

"I hope you have heard what D'Alembert has said about my work?" remarked M. le Mierre to a friend; "It is a distinct step in tragedy." "Forwards or backwards?" was the inquiry.

A French fish wife during the period of the Revolution attended the Opera on the occasion of a public fete. On hearing a choir perform she turned to one of her companions saying: "Just look at those rascals! just because it's a free day they are singing all at once in order to do us out of their solos."

The Countess of Egmont was much annoyed at a masked ball at the Paris Opera House by a Domino whom she could not recognise, and who seemed bent upon disconcerting her, entering upon the most intimate details of her life, with which he seemed strangely familiar. Finally, in order to prove how closely he was connected with her, he observed aloud: "You've a strawberry mark on your left leg!" Infuriated at this she appealed to the officer on duty to arrest her insulter. Whereupon, the Domino unmasked and disclosed the features of her father, Marshal Richelieu.

A gilded youth, complimenting a well-known French actress on the success of one of her leading parts, was met with the rejoinder: "But one ought, I fear, to be young and beautiful for that *rôle*." "But, madam," he at once put in, "you are a very good proof to the contrary!"

A French count, famous for his more than artless answers, thus met the complaint of the Duchess of Mazarin on the subject of the intolerable din of church bells within earshot of her hotel: "Madame, why don't you get the police to have tan laid down to deaden the noise?"

Digitized by Google

Young Lady (at the left)—"YASS! AND EVER SINCE WE WAS LITTLE GELLS MY MOTHER ALWAYS DRESSED ME AND MY SISTER THE SAME."

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

WOMEN WHO ARE FOLLOWED.

Many English women have complained to me that they can seldom go out in the streets in Paris without being followed and annoyed by men, many of whom look like gentlemen.

And some of them expressed their complaint in tones of indignation not altogether free from a little air of self-satisfaction that seemed to say: "Of course I knew if I were ugly, I would go unmolested, and a pretty woman like myself is bound to be noticed, and even stared at by men."

Now, I hate to say anything unpleasant to women, but there is a delusion in which they too often indulge, and which I should like to dispel at once.

There are women, beautiful as they can be, who can walk, in Paris like in any other big city, perfectly unmolested and in perfect comfort and security, and who would be unable to tell you whether any man had noticed them.

We men are not so bold as many women believe us to be, nor are we so silly. We have instinct, and we know pretty well the woman who enjoys being noticed and looked at, and the one who seeks enjoyment for purpose of vanity.

No man will follow a woman, much less "annoy" her, who does not feel that somehow "he has a chance."

A woman who is too often noticed and followed in the street should be offended by it, and have enough conscience of her value to mention it as little as possible. She should exercise more control over herself, and pay greater attention to the way she dresses, looks, and walks, when out in the street.

For, if she is constantly followed, take it for granted that there is in her appearance something—just a little something—that gives a wrong impression of her.

Let women have simplicity in their toilette, dignity in their manner, a severe gracefulness in their general attitude, and I guarantee that they will not be followed, much less annoyed. They will hardly be noticed.

When a woman tells me that she cannot go out without men looking and smiling at her, I have always a mind to say to her: "Perhaps you wink at them."

PARIS "NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

It is my intention to send you every week the best "Nouvelle à la main," or joke, that I have read or heard in Paris during the week. Whenever the joke or *bon mot* will not suffer by translating, I will send it in English; otherwise I will keep it in the French original. Why not? Does not every reader of JOHN BULL understand French? Of course he does, and so does his wife.

A philosopher of cynical proclivities was the other day noticing the motto of the French Republic, which is to be found engraved or painted on every public building, not as an ornament, but as an edifying lesson to mankind:—

LIBERTÉ. EGALITÉ. FRATERNITÉ.

"Helas!" he exclaimed, "un Songe entre deux Mensonges!"

OLD JOKES AND NEW.

Metternich on "fraternity": "I am so much disgusted with 'fraternity,' that if I had a brother, I would address him as my cousin."

Napoleon asked Madame de Souza, wife of the Portuguese Minister: "You come from Berlin; what do they say about us there? Are they fond of France?" "Sir," was the reply, "they are as fond of France there as old women are of young women."

Bismarck on England: "Speech is silvern, silence is golden. To say one thing and mean another is Britannia metal."

Frederick the Great had sent, through spite, Count Lusi, a man of very evil reputation, as his Ambassador to London. He asked Elliot, the British Minister at Berlin what London thought of the new Ambassador. "Sir," was the reply, "He is regarded as fit to represent your Majesty."

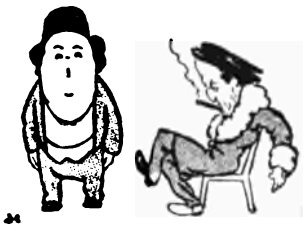
Pope Pius IX. offered some snuff to a cardinal: "Snuffing is a vice which I don't possess." "Were it a vice you would have it," was the Pope's reply.

Guillaume de Bantru, whose duty it was to introduce ambassadors under Louis XIII., was once visited by a local judge whom he wished to avoid. "Tell him I am in bed." "I will wait till he gets up." "Tell him I am ill." "I have come to bring him some medicine." "Tell him I am dying." "I have come to pray at his bedside." "Tell him I am dead." "Tell the deceased I have come to sprinkle his body with holy water." And the judge was admitted.

Minister to one of his congregation: "Mr. Johnson, I canna understand why you were na present at the hairvest thanksgiving." "Well, Minister, seeing the condeetion of ma crops did ye think it would be varra reverential on ma pairt to approach ma Maker in a spirit of sarcasm?"

Digitized by Google

THE TENOR AND THE IMPRESSARIO.



"SING," SAID THE IMPRESSARIO.
THE TENOR PERSON SANG:—
HE WARBLED OF HONEYSUCKLES AND BEES IN A SHADY PLACE,
AND THE IMPRESSARIO WATCHED HIM WITH A FROWN UPON HIS FACE.

SING," SAID THE IMPRESSARIO,
AND THE TENOR PERSON SANG:—
HE SANG WITH INCREASING FERVOUR OF THE LOVE THAT CAN NEVER DIE,
AND THE IMPRESSARIO WATCHED HIM WITH ENTHUSIASTIC EYE.

"SING," SAID THE IMPRESSARIO,
AND THE TENOR PERSON SANG:—
HE SANG WITH A TREMOLO TENDER OF LOVE, OF ITS THROBS AND THROES,
AND THE IMPRESSARIO STRAIGHTENED UP FROM HIS SEMI-RECUMBENT POSE.

LOVE, HATRED, PASSION, AND TERROR, AND ALL THAT THESE THINGS DENOTE,
HE GAVE WITH TREMENDOUS VIGOUR AT THE TOP OF HIS TOPMOST NOTE.

UP ROSE THE IMPRESSED IMPRESSARIO, AND WHEN HE WAS ABLE TO SPEAK,
HE ENGAGED HIM TO SING AT HIS CONCERTS, FOR SEVERAL THOUSAND A WEEK.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

My first visit to London! How excited my cousins will be! They will want to hear all about Daisymead and to know what I think of Town. Daisymead is a very gay place for the country—everyone says so who lives there. I have never been out of it, so perhaps I am not a good judge. But we have plenty of penny readings, and a garden party in the summer, and there is a Hunt ball once a year, which I shall be able to go to as soon as I am out. And we should have had amateur theatricals this year, only all the men wanted to play David Garrick. Father adores the country, and doesn't see why anyone wants to go to town. I was awfully afraid he'd say "No" when Aunt Valeria invited me for the season. If it hadn't been for mother I'm sure he'd have kept on saying "No." Ever since it was settled I've been in a whirl of excitement, and I've signed all my letters "In tearing haste." I have had five new dresses made up by the village dressmaker, and she says they are the newest things in her fashion-book. She says everyone will be surprised at them in Town.

Have got to London at last. Father and mother came to see me off. It was awfully kind of them, but I thought the train would never start. I had rather a nice journey up. There were two good-looking young Frenchmen in the carriage, and they were awfully attentive to me. Father had bought me a lot of papers to read in the train, and when I had finished with them I threw them down on the floor. The moment I did it, the young Frenchmen picked them up, and offered them to me again, with a respectful bow, and I was obliged to accept them because I couldn't talk French. Sometimes one paper fell down by itself, sometimes a heap would go down together, but in any case they were restored to me with a bow. It got rather tiresome at last, and I began to feel as if I were playing a game. At last they got out to have a drink at one of the stations, and I was able to throw all my papers out on to the line. But when they came back they were just as bad about the window, and worried my life out to know if I wanted it up or down. When we got to Victoria, my cousin came to meet me, and the Frenchmen bowed low and went away. "Do you know those people, Jane?" she asked me. I told her I didn't, but I was sure they thought that they knew me, as they had been staring at me all the way up. She didn't reply because she had to tell the footman about the luggage. I put down my pen to help her.

STAGES OF A SUCCESS.

A page from the diary of a modern Garrick.

MONDAY. Thought I had been "resting" long enough, so called upon Mr. Blank, and showed him the Press notices of my "triumphs" as Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth. Mr. Blank exceedingly civil, but deeply regretted he had no room for the legitimate drama. Besides, when he put up Shakespeare he reserved the title roles for himself.

TUESDAY. Had a shot at Mr. Threestars, and supported my claim to be considered the best Sir Peter, the finest Captain Absolute, and the only possible Paul Pry by appreciations published in the provinces. Mr. Threestars most complimentary, but had on his company list three understudies for each of those characters.

WEDNESDAY. Visited Mr. Chose and volunteered to appear in any modern play ready for production. Mr. Chose kind to a degree, but desolate. The fact was that his stock author had filled up the parts in his forthcoming comedy, and I was not included in the cast.

THURSDAY. Interviewed that well-wisher of the drama, Mr. Poster, and suggested that my name would be an attraction in the "billed" masterpiece about to be "presented" in London, after its glorious career in the U.S A. Mr Poster agreed with me, but pointed out that it was impossible to ignore the prior claims of those who spoke American with the pure native accent.

FRIDAY. Spent the day with the lawyer representing my millionaire uncle recently deceased.

SATURDAY. Busy with my plans for firmly establishing my reputation as our foremost actor. Finding myself residuary legatee under the will of my millionaire uncle (recently deceased), determined to build my own theatre, write my own pieces, and play in them myself.

Digitized by Google

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

THE BALLAD OF THE OUTSIDE BROKER

(Better known as the "Outer B.")

Being an attempt to vindicate the character of a much-maligned class, and to render current as a Popular Proverb the phrase "AS HONEST AS AN OUTER B," with apologies to anyone who deems himself entitled to them.

I.

In London town, some years ago,
There lived a very ancient gent,
And people loved him, for, you know,
He was so very innocent.

II.

"I cannot understand," quoth he,
When thinking deep, one summer morn,
"Why people hate the Outer B,
And treat his honesty with scorn.

III.

"I'll prove he's straight without much fuss,
And later on, twixt you and me,
A proverb new there'll be for us,
'As HONEST AS AN OUTER B.'"

IV.

He started on his task with glee—
(I mentioned he was innocent),
He opened as an Outer B,
And simply tons of money spent.

V.

When clients came, with orders fair,
He really was most kind and nice;
He'd say, "You'll lose your money there,"
Or, "Bless me, that's not worth the price."

VI.

If they should lose, 'twas he who paid,
And profits to them swiftly sent;
While from his purse each month he paid
A little gift of ten per cent.

VII.

Now people came from near and far,
They came in couples, came in gangs,
By cab, or 'bus, or motor car,
And Cook's brought crowds in Char-a-bancs.

VIII.

Whene'er he walked about the street,
Admiring crowds all flocked to see,
And asked the policeman on the beat
To indicate the Outer B.

IX.

Then soon the proverb got well known—
"AS HONEST AS AN OUTER B,"
And everybody had to own,
That none was half so fair as he.

X.

The end came suddenly: one day
He found he'd all his money spent.
He sent them much, but couldn't pay
The bonus gift of ten per cent.

XI.

Then people called him "thief" and "scamp,"
And much more vulgar names as well;
While thousands day by day would tramp
Up to his house to shriek and yell.

XII.

He told them they'd had all the gain—
He had not made a single cent.
They answered him, "Pray don't explain,"
And talked of him in Parliament.

XIII.

He cried, "Now, you've been treated well,
Oh, hang it all, you must agree."
They said: "It's just the sort of sell
Expected from an Outer B."

XIV.

And here I end my little lay—
The moral's rather hard to see;
But this is why we cease to say
"AS HONEST AS AN OUTER B."

HUAN MEE.

THE SPHINX.

EDITED BY TARBOX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Bound volumes of "John Bull" will be sent as consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions.

BOAT RACE ORACLE.

1.

A true prediction of the issue of this year's Boat Race is hidden in these mystic lines:—

Go lad, be bold, fix a trim crew.
See the dread Oracle deal!

Each line is to be recast as an anagram. What says our Oracle?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

2.

The proem will be published next week.

1. Rich and wretched, poor and odd.
2. Half an hour at least.
3. Eyes divine, diviner rod.
4. Seasonable feast.

3.

There's not a bird that cleaves the sky
With crest or plume more gay than I,
Yet guess me by this token:
That I am never seen to fly
Unless my wings are broken.

4. Make exactly 100 with these figures

9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

without displacing any of them.

5. What is hidden in this sentence?

"On Christmas Eve you rang out Angel peals."

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

When the reins of power changed hands the following pithy anagrams hit off the position: Gladstone, "G leads not"; Disraeli, "I lead, sir!" In the days of Pope Pio Nono his title, Supremus Pontifex Romanus, strange to say, was convertible into "Sum Nono super petram fixus." A more elaborate specimen shows that the month names throughout the year resolve themselves, without the omission or addition of a letter, into this happy motto for the New Year:

Merry durable just grace
My every future month embrace;
No jars remain, joy bubble up apace.

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

1. THE POISONED SANDWICHES.

"What are ye laughin' to yourself about, Mullarky?"

"'Tis the rec'llection uv a tale Father O'Flynn was telling' the quality ere yisterday night up at the Castle beyant, and I waitin' upon them, Jeremy."

"'Tis wisdom ye git when ye wait on the Father, Mat; but tell us the tale over, and don't keep the divarsion uv it all to yourself."

MULLARKY.

"Well thin, here's the whole box an' dice of it, Jeremy, though 'av coorse I don't purtend to put the Father's illigant prownounciation on anny anttidote of his. 'Eighty year agone,' said his Riverence, as he gev his greens a dust of the pepper-box, and began handlin' his knife and fork over a rale fine slice uv saddle o' mutton—'Eighty year agone the Sligo coach was druv by an original be name Mick McCluskey.' (I'll trouble ye for the cur'nt jilly, your lordship—) 'He was as full of Homer and Vargil as a turkey's egg is full of mate; but all that high larnin' didn't choke the fun and frolic out uv him, but mixed so finely wid it that Dan O'Connell hisself got as much as he gev McCluskey, whin he rode beside him on the box.' (Yis, I'll take another slice of that Kerry mutton—thank ye. I'm always constant to it.)

"'Well, this McCluskey was rale methodical for an Irishman—always on the tick of time, whether changin' his horses, or waterin', or feedin' them. And he was that pertic'lar about his own atin' and drinkin', ye'd think 'twas reg'lated by machinery.

"'F'rinstance, he used to bring out half-a-dozen ham or beef sangwidges at egzackly the same shpot on the road all through the coachin' saison—.' (Well, since you're so pressin', my lady, just one more slice of mutton.) Where was I? O, at the sangwiches. 'But wan fine day a pair uv young Dublin bloods, who were takin' the Sligo coach for the first time—thought they'd play a rale clever trick on McCluskey—so they stole and eat his sangwidges, which they'd seen him storin' away in the boot when he kem out of the inn-yard in the mornin'.

"'Well, at his us'al atin' point, McCluskey looks for his sangwidges, and as he was huntin' for them high and low, he hears one of the strangers sniggerin' behind. Me boy takes no notice of this, but prisently, when a couple of wicked dogs kem racin' into the road, barkin' and snappin' at his team like mad, says he, wid a disconsolate groan, "Bedambut 'tis the big fool I am. I thought I was purvided for them two villains there, but I find I left the provinder afther me that I'd intinded for them."

"'"And what was that, McCluskey?"' I axes innocent-like, for I guessed somethin' good was coming.

"'"Well, you see, your Riverence, I'd med up me mind to extherminate thim cannibals, and I'd put together as nate an assortment of pisoned sangwidges as you could wish to see, but, the omadhoun of the world that I was, I must have left them afther me at the inn, though I could allamost be sworn I put them in the boot."

"'By this time them two young bloods were whisperin' together and gettin' as green in the gills as if the sangwidges had been arsenicated in airnest. They confessed to the antics they'd been afther and abjured McCluskey to gallop 'em to the next town or they'd be dead men and no mistake.'

"'"My poor young gintlemen,"' says McCluskey. '"I'm afraid ye must be sayin' your prayers. Dr. McCarthy's away on his holiday, and the young medical student who's doin' duty for him isn't expariencedenough to administher the stomach-pump."'

"'"Then in Heaven's name what are we to do?"' they asked.

"'"Well, I'll tell ye what ye'll do, and its your last and only chance. We'll be dippin' down by the side of the Bay in another ten minutes. An emetic's what ye want, and say wather is the most powerful natural one I know, besides bein' the divel's own anecdote for pison. What ye'll do is this. You'll get into your vests and dthrawers and stockins', for there's no bathin' suits about, and ye'll go in and souse yourselves head over heels in that fine Atlantic wather, and you'll each if ye suck down the measure of a gallon or two of that same, and I promise you that though you may feel a thrifle onaisy inside ye'll stand a good chance of circumventin' the pison afther all."'

"So down my young bloods got, and started strippin' themselves like fury, and out wid them into the say like a pair o' hunted grampuses, puffin' and plungin' and swallyin' down draught after draught of salt wather wid the greatest of animosity, while McCluskey and the rest of us kep' encouragin' 'em to continue the salt wather cure till sorrow a drop more of it could they hould.

"'"You can come out now!"' says McCluskey; and out they crawled, more dead than alive. Ye may say that was the last practical joke tried on McCluskey.' (Thank ye, my lady, I will! I was always partial to batther puddin'.)"

A SUPPRESSED SEQUEL.

By H. BELLOC.

THE STORY.

A good story is told of Mr. Vile, the genial dramatic critic. He was approached the other day by an actor of his acquaintance, who went so far as to give him a five pound note, remarking at the same time that he hoped the great merits of the play in which he was performing had caught the eye of the public. Mr. Vile said nothing, but, when his visitor had left, drove to the nearest hospital, where he gave the note to the matron, and returning home, wrote a scathing criticism of the play, and especially of the actor concerned.

THE SEQUEL.

Hardly had he finished his article, when two officers in plain clothes entered his study, and arrested him with the remark that anything he then said might be used against him for his trial. They affected to regard his indignation as assumed, and when he protested that the whole thing was a mystery to him, remarked that their warrant was plain enough, and that he had better follow them quietly.

It was proved at the trial that the actor (who was already in custody for forging a vast number of bank notes) had been closetted with Mr. Vile for some time upon that very day. It was further proved that Mr. Vile had succeeded in passing one of the notes upon a neighbouring hospital, and a letter, written by the actor to a friend, was produced in court, wherein the writer talked of "old Vile being sure to take some of the flimseys."

Before passing sentence the judge could not forbear to denounce in burning words the character of the man who attempted to veil his nefarious doings under the cloak of charity, and there is no doubt that the hearty approval which Mr. Vile's condemnation met with among the public was largely due to the fact that he had passed off some part of his ill-gotten money upon a necessitous and charitable institution.

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."

BY THE EDITOR.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, PATRIOT.

There were very pleasant gatherings in Bouverie Street round the "Mahogany Tree." As my father scarcely ever was away from the Wednesday feast, week after week, month after month, and year after year, and I was continually with him as a child, I learned (and remembered) a good deal that happened in the famous dining room. Douglas Jerrold represented the extreme left, and Thackeray the most pronounced right. Mark Lemon—the best of

MARK LEMON.
From a caricature in "The Mask," 1863.

editors—was, neutral, with a tendency to Radicalism. My father, especially after he had been appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate, was also neutral, with a tendency to follow the policy of the *Times*. He had been on the staff of that paper as a leader-writer for many years, and was a fast friend of the Walters and the Ingrams. Douglas Jerrold used to say that the paper to which he contributed the Caudle Lectures set its watch by the clock of the *Times*.

Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold in Boulogne.

The "Mahogany Tree" had a magnetic attraction for those invited to the hospitable board. My father took a large part of his annual holiday at Boulogne, so as to be able to get back to town to the Wednesday council. True, "the across-the-Channel suburb of Folkestone" was very popular with the Bouverie Street Brotherhood. Dickens loved Boulogne, and was much honoured by the inhabitants. "Look at the way they treat him!" exclaimed an envious writer. "He is met on the quay by the Mayor, and conducted to a banquet. When *I* go to Boulogne they don't let off fireworks in *my* honour!" "No," replied my father, "for when *you* go to Boulogne, you take good care that no one shall learn your address!" (Boulogne in those days was the sanctuary for those avoiding imprisonment for debt.)

A Meeting on the Sands—not for Duelling.

My first meeting with Douglas Jerrold was at Boulogne. It was in the year of my father's death. I remember the little gentleman with the leonine head and the bright blue eyes talking and laughing with my father on the sands in front of the old Establishment, a low-roofed building, the site of which is now occupied by a palatial casino. I was duly presented to the author of "Black-eyed Susan," who graciously pinched my cheek, and, to the delight of my mother, approved of my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat and feathers. Later on I heard my father say that he was very glad to have met Douglas "away from the Table," as they were not always quite as friendly as he would wish to be in Bouverie Street. "A Beckett the Beak," as Thackeray called him, supported his neighbour in Kensington, and "W. M. T." and "D. J." belonged to opposite camps. But large-hearted Jerrold bore my father no malice. The obituary half-page that was printed in the paper they both served so well furnished the copy for the tombstone in Highgate Cemetery.

Why Not a Thackeray Brotherhood?

And this reference to Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray in Bouverie Street brings me to my subject. I see that the Dickens Fellowship claims as one of its objects to "combine in spreading that love of humanity which is the keynote of all his work." A Thackeray Brotherhood might be founded to consolidate the British Empire, composed of the Anglo-Saxon race. Thackeray could appreciate our American cousins, although I must confess that he was too fond of jeering at our brothers on the western side of the Irish Channel. For all that, Thackeray was a patriot, and took the keenest interest in the politics of the hour. Dicky Doyle left Bouverie Street on account of the attack upon the spiritual powers of the Papacy. Thackeray ceased to write because he objected to the treatment of Louis Napoleon, subsequently Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

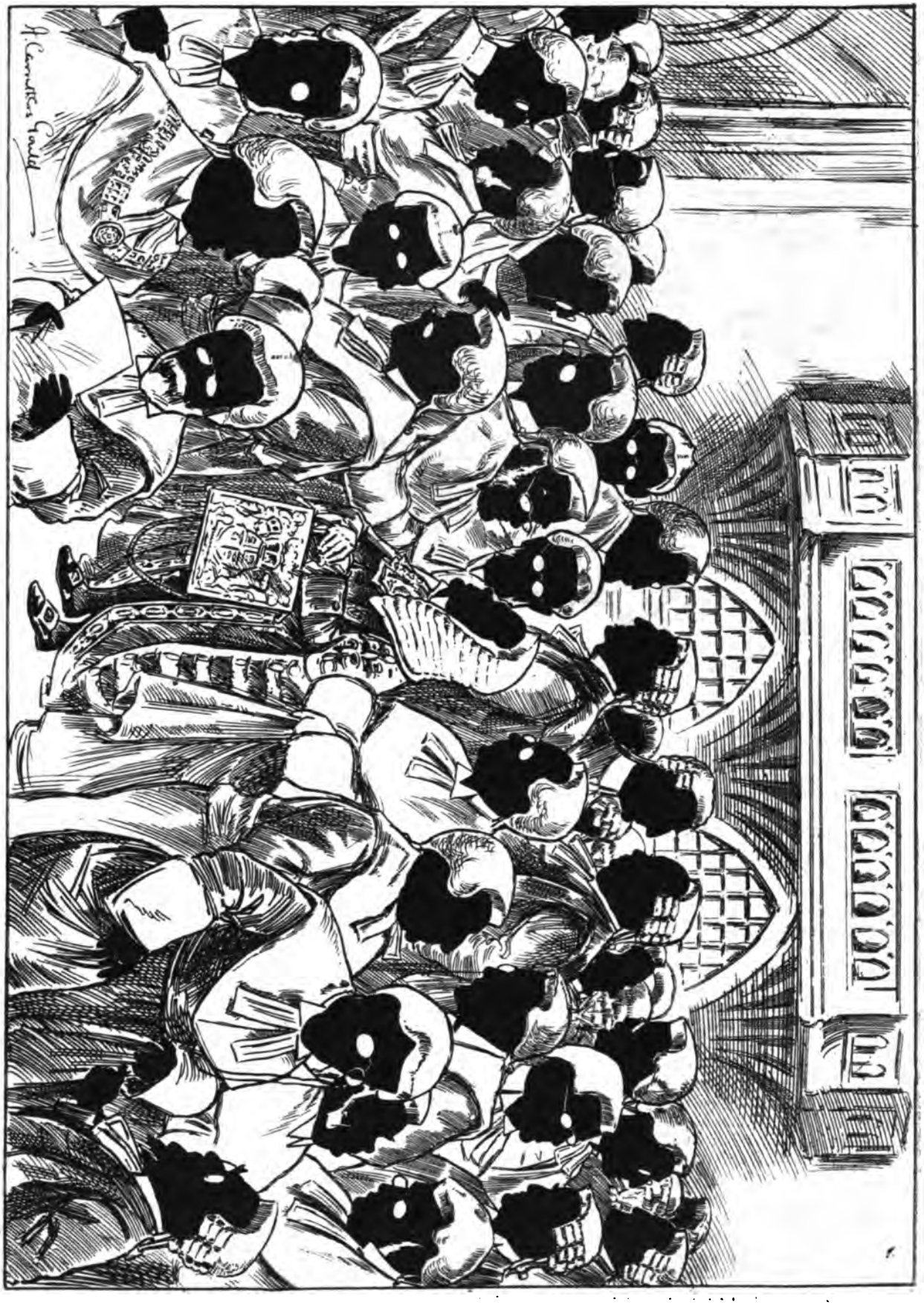
A "Beggar on Horseback" and "Who Would Have Thought It?"

The Table was never deserted by Thackeray, but he ceased to be a contributor. He may have wished still to have a voice in the composition of the cartoon. The first bone of contention was the appearance of "A Beggar on Horseback," in which Louis Napoleon, in rags and tatters, was represented with gory sword riding over dead bodies to power. Then came a number of cartoons attacking the Prince President right and left. The climax was reached when the Emperor visited this country. Thackeray and my father strongly recommended a heroic cartoon, showing Britannia grasping hands with France. They both believed that the best interests of the Empire would be served by a firm alliance with our neighbours across the Channel. The opposition were in favour of the same line of chaff that had been the tradition of the paper since the appearance of "A Beggar on Horseback." Thackeray had shown in his "History of the Next Revolution" that he was willing to admire the new Emperor, so he resented the attack from two points of view—the personal and the politic. There was, as customary, a compromise. Instead of Britannia and France grasping hands appeared Louis Napoleon in Rotten Row attire simply ringing the visitors' bell of Buckingham Palace. A sentry was presenting arms, and the cartoon was labelled "Who Would Have Thought It?" But in spite of the compromise, the author of the "Book of Snobs" wrote no more for the paper to which, until then, he had been a constant contributor.

A SERVICE STORY—WARRANTED UNTRUE.

A subaltern of sporting tastes, after morning parade, asked if any man in his company had a dog with which he wished to part. In the afternoon ninety-seven privates appeared with pet dogs—most of them wearing ribands—and kept the local printers at work for a week getting out bills headed "Strayed or Stolen?"

Digitized by Google



SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

THE LAW COURTS AT THE END OF HILARY TERM.

See page 18.

Digitized by Google

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

"WHAT DO YOU SELL THOSE FOWLS FOR?"
"I SELL THEM FOR PROFITS."
"PROPHETS, EH? I TOOK THEM TO BE PATRIARCHS!"

KEY TO THE SOCIETY SILHOUETTE.

AT THE END OF TERM.

Hilary sittings at an end. Bench and Bar meet for the last time before Easter in the Royal Courts of Justice—most of the Judges and a few of the Bar. A Commissioner in Lunacy—the most popular man in the profession—has put on robes to meet his colleagues once again. He is talking to the President of his late Division. The Lord Chancellor is within hearing distance of "the Chief," who is in conference with the namesake of "old Bob Ridley." Close together are a justice of Sterling merit and everyone's Darling. The Welshman comes to England finds another Roamer close to hand. A hardy man argues with a suggestion of an evangelist, "in the presence of the late Colonel of the Devil's Own." "Teddy" has no fear of the "Bruce." "Willie" of the same ilk, "with the suggestion," prepares another dinner to the profession. Before the scene closes he will have interviewed a Finley, a Lawrance, and a Carson. The Henn cackles with a cackle, or rather a keklewich. Amongst the rest are a justice who is never wrong because he is always Wright, a great Coward brave enough to sing and dance in the battle of Flowers, and a perpetual farewell on the Bench. It is easy enough for the man in the street—to say nothing of the members of the Inns of Court—to recognise Bigham, Barnes, Jelf, Phillimore, Danckwerts, Buckley, Lawrance, Byrne, Kennedy, and Channell. They say good-bye and are off. They deserve their holiday.

BOOKED.

Very daintily and prettily got up is "The Love Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," edited by Mr. Israel Gollancz for the De La More Press. JOHN BULL has placed this book among the *belles lettres* of his library.

OUR NIMROD.

Around the earth
  For sport and home again!
A month of mirth,
  Then on the roam again!
From Pole to Line,
  For years has my rifle cracked,
Till some opine
  That I'm just a trifle cracked.
Yet though I've flown
From Zone to Zone,
On game my guineas squandering
I've ne'er forgot
This dear old spot
  From which I first went wandering.
But my last bang
  I've had at the Wapiti,
My last boomerang
  At the Kangaroo hoppety.
Henceforth but cock
  And grouse and partridges,
To earth I'll knock
  With commonplace cartridges.
And only this
On days of bliss
  Felicitously varying,
A Farmer's Rage
For "Ensilage,
  Stud farm, and model dairying."

JOHN BULL'S NOTE BOOK.

A peasant, hearing the death of a centenarian discussed as an extraordinary occurrence, exclaimed: "That's nothing so wonderful! If my father were still living he'd be one-hundred-and-twenty!"

A well-known political lady was being discussed before Lord Salisbury, who said of her, "Yes, she is popular not only with men but with women too. You see she has no predatory instincts."

Teacher to boy: "If I were to lend your father £1000, and he were to promise to repay me £30 a month, how much would he owe me at the end of two years?" The boy: "£1000." The teacher: "You do not know arithmetic." The boy: "You don't know my father."

The member of a club whose reputation for cheating was proverbial had been caught in the act. He was had up before the committee and told he must resign; but before parting he was asked what form of cheating he had found most profitable. He replied "the lemonade trick." "What was that?" "When I have dealt at baccarat on right on either side, I turn round and say: 'Waiter, a glass of lemonade.' Whilst my back is turned my opponents double their stakes. I then deal myself a nine."

Digitized by Google

NOURISHING.

First Stud Groom (riding second horse out hunting): "I WISH I COULD GET MY HORSE FAT LIKE YOURS. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING—SOMEBODY'S FOOD, TOTHER'S TONIC, CHOSES MAGIC MARVEL APPETIZERS, AND, AS YOU SEE, HE'S AS THIN AS HE CAN BE."

Second ditto: "AH! . . . DID YOU EVER TRY OATS?"

FOX-HUNTING *versus* WAR.

"Now for my part I always did consider fox-hunting a greater sport than war," remarked the Hunt Secretary after an excellent dinner, and this evening the superiority of a pastime in which a man can indulge within a reasonable distance of his dining-room has been borne in upon me with overwhelming force.

"Speaking for myself, I say, if a man must kill something, why not *foxes?* I am of a kindly and peaceful disposition, with no inclination for killing or being killed, and it completely satisfies my sense of the fitness of things when at the end of a good run the fox is broken up by the hounds. Possibly foreigners and gamekeepers who shoot foxes may experience less unpleasantness in human warfare, but I am not ashamed to say that after having thoroughly tried both wounding and being wounded by the Boers, I find that neither affords me the slightest amusement nor satisfaction. Moreover, I inherit from my father, the late M.F.H., a rooted dislike to anything with barbed wire in it—boiling oil is another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say."

"Let us drink to the greater sport," said the Master.

"There can be no question as to which that is," interposed an enthusiastic young lady, who does not ride; "Hannibal was great, and Alexander, and Napoleon. Of course a man must prefer fighting for his country to galloping after a wretched fox. Didn't Lindsay Gordon say:

'No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap
Could possibly find its way?'"

"History," replied the Hunt Secretary gravely, "can at no time be entirely relied on. Also I must maintain that fox-hunting is quite a sufficiently dangerous game for any reasonable man, and I appeal to anyone present who has ever piloted a lady across country, as to whether the excitement and uncertainty of whether she will or will not jump on him when he is down, does nor constitute as great a danger as even the Australian poet could have desired?"

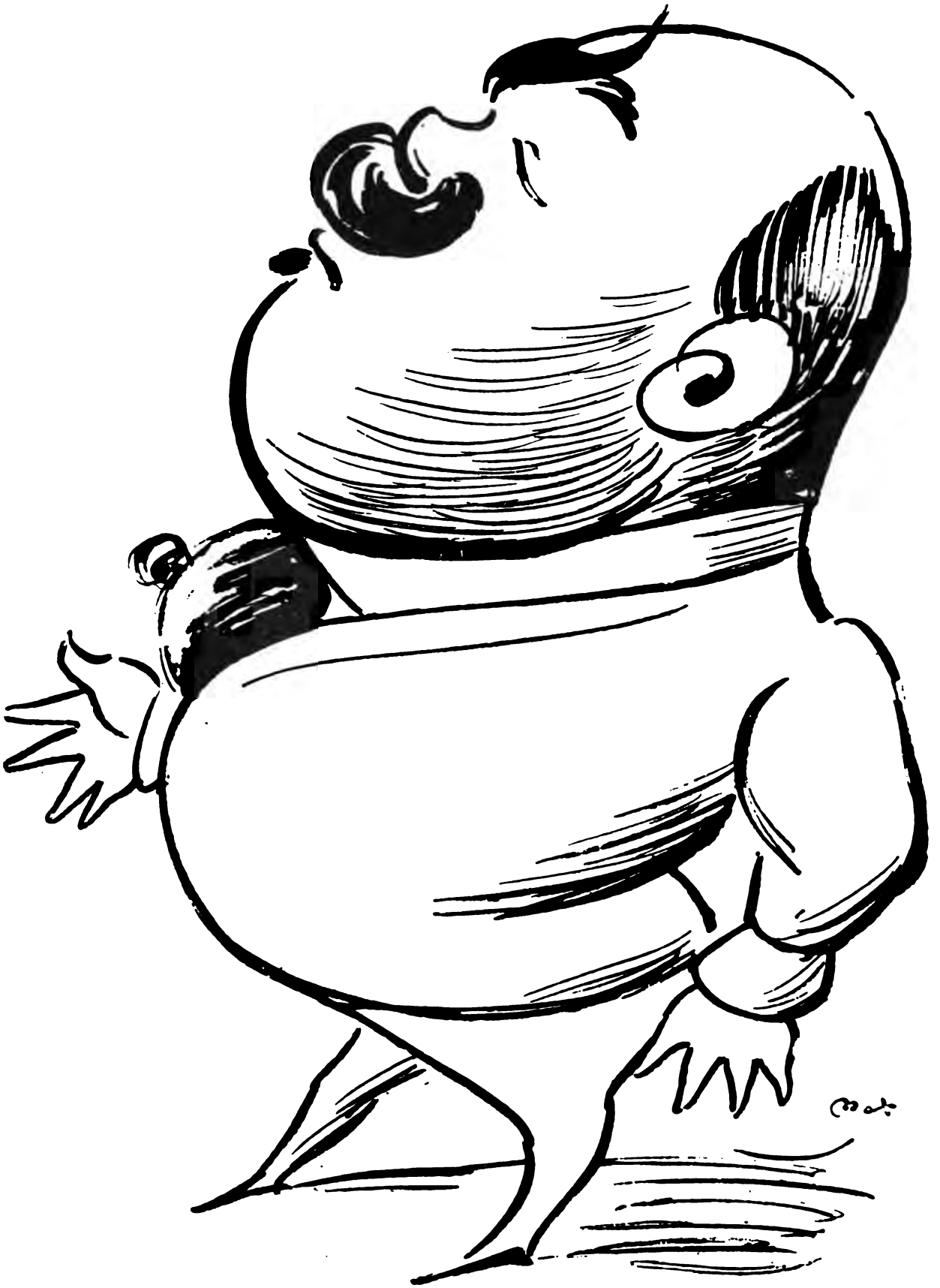
A stout, elderly dame hastily contradicted this statement. After an experience of fifteen seasons, she could not recollect having ever experienced the smallest temptation to follow too close, and jump upon her pilot when he was down. In fact, she could easily count up on her fingers the number of times when she had *accidentally* done so, and out of those nine or ten cases there were only three men to whom her horse had done any permanent injury.

A long, lank sportsman, well known as the hardest rider in the county, next chimed in. He was, he said, a man who liked to ride a good horse, but what with an insufficiency of income, and excess of expenditure, was never in a position to obtain one, it seemed to him that the hunting-field would never be able to compare favourably with the field of battle until it became a recognised custom for hard riders like himself to commandeer their friends' second horses.

The Master admitted this would be an excellent plan.

"I should just like to add, as a conclusive argument," remarked the Hunt Secretary, seeing that the ladies were about to rise, "that when the Government saw fit to abolish the Royal Buckhounds, Sir Robert Wilmot started a pack of farmers' staghounds on his own account. Could not the Government follow the lead?"

Digitized by Google



SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

II.—A Magnetic Personality—The P-rt-g--se M-n-st-r.

Digitized by Google

PROFIT AND LOSS.

John Bull: "I AM GLAD THEY ARE GOING TO HELP YOU."
Canada: "I WISH THEY COULD BE REPLACED BY BETTER MEN!"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

II.

MARCHING WITH BOBS.

Marching and marching
At stretch of speed, so strong the need;
Marching, forced marching,
And Bobs himself to lead!
Horse, foot, and gun at call,
Like wool upon a ball,
'Tis in and out and round about
He winds and binds us all.

Marching and marching
For weeks and weeks o'er moors and peaks;
Marching and outmarching,
Ten thousand grand old Greeks;
Till Xenophoris harangues,
Of stades and parasangs,
By all the Powers this march of ours
To Banagher it bangs!
Marching, forced marching,
So swift and far by sun and star,
Marching and marching
Away for Candahar.

* * * *

Oh, she was sore beset!
But through the Afghan net,
With bayonet stroke, our way we've broke,
And saved—and saved her yet.
"Rations! what rations
Are now to spare?" "A quarter share!"
"Then we'll stint our stomachs,"
Said Bobs, "to hermit fare.
The walnuts and the wine
Must keep till next we dine."
With tightened belts we took the veldt,
And so took Bloemfontein.
"Pretoria, Pretoria!"
From far and near we cheer and cheer,
"Pretoria for Victoria,
And Bobs who marched us here!"
"Aye, horse and foot and gun!"
Cried every mother's son.
"With this last march he's took the starch
From Boney and them all."

Curran was asked what an Irish friend of his, who had just arrived in London, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," explained Curran, "he's trying to catch the English accent!"

Queen Victoria presented Sir Edwin Landseer to the King of Portugal, on the occasion of that Sovereign's visit to England, as the painter whose works she had been collecting. "Ah, Sir Edwin!" exclaimed the King, "delighted to make your acquaintance. I was always very fond of beasts."

LATEST FROM LONDON

(For Country Consumption).

Illustrated by Rare Prints.

THE EASTER RECESS. SIR H. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN PREPARED TO TAKE HIS HOLIDAY.

THE MOAT FARM MYSTERY. THE FARM.

A lady once said to the Duke of Devonshire: "Really, Lord Hartington, I believe you hate Sir William Harcourt so much you would like to see him hanged." "Oh dear, no," was the reply, "only suspended."

THE MYSTERY OF THE STOAT FARM.

Mrs Smith of the Stoat Farm had disappeared.

* * * *

An evening organ discovered the fact, and devoted a column of its priceless space to conjectures.

* * * *

The local police inquired of Farmer Smith whether he knew where his wife was at the moment. His callous remark was, "Noa, nor Oi doant care!"

* * * *

Another paper called for investigation. The local police drew on the County Council and investigated.

* * * *

They dug up the garden and the orchard. They dug up the cornfields and the turnip fields. They drained the pond, and put the mud on a waste piece of ground.

The mud made excellent soil.

* * * *

They found bones in the pond, and brought out a special edition to announce the fact. They discovered that the bones belonged to superfluous kittens, and did *not* bring out an extra special edition to say so.

Then they dug very deep, and found more bones. This time it was too big for kittens.

* * * *

A reporter asked a scientific man, and declared that the latter reported the bones to belong to a Mamma.

* * * *

So it was supposed that Farmer Smith had murdered his mother.

* * * *

A rival newspaper suggested that the scientific man had said the bones belonged to a Mammal.

* * * *

Finally the scientific man himself explained that he said a Mammoth.

* * * *

Then Mrs. Smith came back, and explained that she had been at Margate with her aunt.

* * * *

Farmer Smith was asked to explain his secrecy.

He said that it was ploughing time.

And the Stoat Farm bore unprecedented crops next autumn.

* * * *

But the rise in the County police rate came to more than the increased value of the crops.

* * * *

Which is a proof of the Law of Diminishing Return.

A. R.

Digitized by Google

THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM.

Terrier: "WHAT IS YOUR COOK LIKE? I GET NOTHING BUT DOG BISCUITS FROM OURS."

Cat: "OH, I DON'T GET MUCH, SO I USE YOUR LARDER."

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

Some Paris papers have started a new kind of dramatic criticism. The day after a play has been produced, they publish a criticism of it by the author himself, or by the manager of the theatre. This is as piquant as it is novel, and if the French had the sense of humour as keenly developed as the Americans, the result would be highly diverting.

Just imagine a play by Mark Twain reviewed and criticised the following morning in a paper by Mr. Samuel L. Clemens.

This new kind of criticism is only a few days old, but the Parisian public has taken to it kindly. Two well-known men inaugurated it. They are M. Pierre Wolff, the dramatist, and Mr. Antoine, the actor and proprietor-manager of the Theatre Antoine. Both gave a very flattering account of their plays—how beautifully they were acted, how well they were received, and after giving a short synopsis of them, wound up with heartfelt thanks to the actors and actresses who appeared in them. Everybody was satisfied, author, manager, actors, editors who attracted the notice of the public, and the readers who were amused at the new idea, and never care a jot what critics say of the new plays.

All the same, I can't help thinking that dear old Toole, in his bright days, would have done better.

Why should not books be reviewed in the same way? Why should they not be reviewed and criticised by the author or the publisher? I should prefer—by the author.

I have never read a notice of any of my books, however favourable, which I did not think I could have done better myself, if I had had to write it.

Just imagine, if only for fun, a new novel by Hall Caine, reviewed by Mr. Hall Caine, or one by Marie Corelli, criticised by that talented lady! I say, just think of it!

We might have the good fortune to read something in the following style: "A new novel by myself is one of those literary events which keep the world breathless, in awful silence, for a long time before it comes to pass. The first edition of 100,000 copies was exhausted a week before the book appeared, but a second edition of the same number will be ready in a day or two. The story is wonderful, colossal, like everything that comes from the pen of a genius whose brow reminds one of that of Shakespeare, and even of—but perhaps it would be irreverent to name."

Or something like this: "His Majesty the King, and most members of the royal family, ordered copies of this book long before it was ready for publication, and no doubt to-day, and for many days following, there will be no other topic of conversation than my book at Buckingham Palace. I should like to call the attention of the reading public—and who is there that does not read me?—to the fact that this is the longest book I have ever published. It is also my best; but of this perhaps I may leave the public to judge."

At all events, I salute the new criticism. It should greatly add to the gaiety of nations.

PARIS "NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

I have heard this week of an intelligent Frenchman who has solved the *Entente Cordiale* question. He suggests that the waters of the Thames (*la Tamise*) and of the Seine should be joined. "Thus," he says, "les eaux de la Seine se *tamiseront*, et les eaux de la Tamise deviendront *Saines*."

EASTER IN IRELAND.

PARKNASILLA ALPHABET.

A was a dozen Awakenings at least,
B a Breakfast in Batches, a rare running feast.
C the Chatter and Clatter attending the start
To D — upon pony back side car and cart.
E was the Eatables packed on the car,
And F are Five Fourfooted Friends from afar.
G was a Girth that we pulled till distracted,
And H was a Habit perversely contracted.
I was the Inch that a horse wouldn't stir,
And J was the Jaunting car chased by a cur.
K was the Kingdom of honey-sweet heather,
And L was the Lake that we climbed two together.
M was the Maiden who screamed at a frog,
And N was the Native who carried a prog.
O was the Object we took for a fox,
And P was our Picnic spread out on the rocks.
Q was a Question by Benedict popped,
R the Reply interrupted and stopped.
S Slieve-na-shaska bold, barren and blue,
And T all the Transports we felt at the view.
U was the Urchin who led us astray,
V the Veil of Scotch mist that enveloped our way.
W was the Wetting of everyone's feet,
And X the slow eXodus out of the peat.
Y the far Yells that pervaded the heather,
And Z all the Zig-zags that brought us together.

A P. G.

THE POPE AND THE PRIMATE.

An interesting ecclesiastical question has been much discussed of late. It is this: Why should not the Archbishop of Canterbury be entitled to conduct the Pope's funeral service? It might be argued that this could not be, because the Archbishop of Canterbury is a heretic in the eyes of the Romish Church; but then the supporters of the proposition maintain that the Anglican Primate could conduct that service with complete propriety. It would be obviously unseemly to conduct such a controversy in the pages of a paper that prides itself upon avoiding outraging any susceptibilities, especially those of a sectarian character. Still, as the matter is one of moment, it may be excusable to touch the affair with a light hand. But it must be clearly understood that our action on this occasion is not to be quoted as a precedent. The only real difficulty in the way of such an interesting ceremony is that——(continued for want of space on the right-hand bottom corner of p. 25).

Digitized by Google

THE PIRATES.

CAPTURED!

CONDEMNED!!

WALKING THE PLANK!!!

SAVED BY A BELT!!!!

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

My aunt lives in what she calls a small, smart house. It is what we should call "pokey" in the country. She wasn't at home when I arrived, but came running in a few minutes afterwards in her hat. She seems to live in her hat. But I notice she looks younger with it on. Aunt Valeria's much older than mother, who is quite grey, and yet she looks ever so much younger. Her hair is a nice auburn, and her skin is so pink and white! I always heard London aged you, but I can see it is quite the reverse. She apologised for being out when I came. "I am always so busy," she said. "If I lose half-an-hour in the day I can't make it up." I don't know what she does—not needlework, I am sure. It seems to be all running in and out of other people's houses, like the rabbits in the rabbit-warren at home. She said she should call me her cousin, because it sounded nicer than niece. She looked at me with a sort of tired smile which is habitual to her, and told me they were going to two parties that night, and would I come, if I didn't mind? Mind! I was enchanted; two parties in one night! I had never heard of such a thing before.

Two or three people came in to dinner, and Aunt introduced me, with her smile a little more tired than usual. She said, "My cousin from the country," and everybody looked rather bored. No one said, "How d'you like London?" and they didn't seem to realize that I had only just arrived. One of them said, "Were you at the wedding yesterday?" and then, "Were you there last night?" When I had said "No," they turned away and didn't address me any more. A young man with very little forehead took me down to dinner. He didn't say anything till he had eaten his soup and looked at the menu, and then all round the table to see who was there. Then he opened his mouth twice without making a sound, but at last he said, "You were at the wedding yesterday, of course?" and then, "What did you think of it last night?" I had nothing to reply, and felt upset. It reminded me of my first day at school, when I felt so out of everything. After dinner I tried to talk to Aunt about Daisymead. She gave her tired smile, and said, "All going on the same way?" And when I began to speak about the vicar she got a sad face all ready, as if she were prepared to hear that he was dead. She was eagerly trying to listen to the conversation of the other women, who were all talking about places to which they had been.

When a man tells you unpleasant truths about yourself he is a cynic. When he says harsh things about the neighbours he is delightful company.

The Pope is still alive.

Digitized by Google

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

BRIGHTON AND BACK (WARDATION).

Friday May 1st is a Stock Exchange Holiday and the date of the Brighton Walk.

I.

If you're waking call me early,
Call me early, Jobber dear,
May One may be the dullest day
Of all the slumpy year.
Of all the drooping year, Jobber,
The muddiest sloppiest day.
For to Brighton I'm going to trudge, Jobber,
Trudge on the First of May.

II.

There'll be no "carry-over," Jobber,
But a dull and dreary crawl.
I shall long to be by your side again
In our Gorgonzola Hall.
But there'll be "a back" on the Brighton line
When we return next day.
'Twill be first class train when training's done
After the First of May.

"SUITE" CONTENT.

I.

Though some concerns are wearing out
And sing the swan song "Willow,"
We find our Waring wearing well
And Waring, too, is Gillow.

II.

Dramatic art the aid has sought
Of Waring (that is) Gillow.
They've Windsor done and "Hampton" caught,
And "decked" yachts for the billow.

III.

Each shareholder with "suite" content
Rests easy head on pillow.
He's "furnished" with his ten per cent.
By Waring (Hampton) Gillow.

MATCH MAKERS MATCHES.

R. Bell & Co.'s Rifle Club has been Bisley engaged in capturing some half-a-dozen prizes at the Minature Bisley.

The matches were made by Bell & Co.,
At Bromley, which is hard by Bow,
Are wooden and are waxen.
In other matches they excell;
They hit the bull and ring the bell;
Says Johnny Bull "you're shooting well
You matchless Anglo-Saxon."
"In wood and wax or rifle match
"*Fusee*" a care to pester.
You are a very striking batch,
De-"light" to the in-"vesta."

EXTRA 'DITION.

The yellow Press would right the wrong;
Or, some say wrong the Wright.
It raised a most tremendous song
When Whitaker took flight.
The newsboys yelled the "Special" shout;
"Exposhers! Extra 'dition!"
"London and Globe" they sought him out,
Still shouting, "Extradition!"

LOOK OUT! COPPER!!

I.

In days of youth, to merry larks
There came a sudden stopper,
When from the distance rang the cry.
A warning, "Mind the Copper!"

II.

Now, in Etruscan's wordy duel,
Someone will come a cropper.
For some say "We've a million tons,"
And others:—"Find the Copper."

III.

There's "Moreing" this than meets the eye
And "arrant Knave's" not proper.
But "Earle" and Lord assert they're right
So why cry:—"Cave Copper!"

THE LATEST TYPE.

Lady Stenographers and Yost typewriters are now carried on the Atlantic Liners.

There is many a type of girl
Upon the emerald sea,
But the typing girl,
'Mid the billow's swirl,
Is the tip top girl for me.
Who could suffer from *mal de mer*,
Or feel in a qualmy state,
Or refuse from his chair to stir,
When she whispers, "Will you dictate?"
For she is the girl of the Yost,
Certain to be at her post;
In characters neat,
She will cover each sheet,
And charge but a dollar, at most.
So farewell to pencil and pen,
A trim little damsel waits,
To type correspondence for men,
When they journey across to the States.

HUAN MEE.

THE SPHINX.

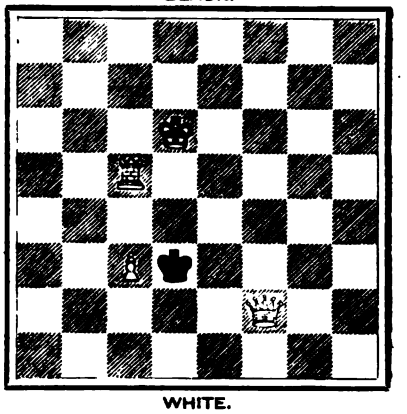
EDITED BY TARBOX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Bound volumes of "John Bull" will be sent as consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions.

CHESS CAMEOS BY GREAT MASTERS.

No. 1.—By FRANK HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

6. "I till the grapes."
Of what king's name is this an anagram?

7. "We is do."
What English proverb is this?

8. Interpret this Dog-Latin inscription:

O nec ango in ab illi
ardor pyram id contestata
potor ac an non.
Si deis puto nat times
ora res tu sed.

9. MISSING WORDS.

Days of ——— and times of evil.
Starving girls with ——— do toil.
No man ——— feast or revel.
Hushed is ——— and turmoil.
Fill in the missing words, which all contain the same letters.

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

A splendid anagram from Cleopatra's Needle, London, is "an old love stone replaced." Shorter specimens assure us that one hug is "enough," that a skeleton is "not sleek," and that editors are "so tired." As an interesting up-to-date specimen, Batcheller pneumatic tube system yields "Cute: much less time, by a better plan." Can anyone improve upon these?

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

No. II.—THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

"Put that flute aff av your lips, Jeremy."

"What for, Mullarky?"

"You've tuk the pledge, and whistlin' is the dickens dry work."

"I'm thinkin' that the pipe you favour is drier. But I'm only semi-teetotal afther all."

"There's a dale of cashuisthrey about this semi-teetotality."

"Much more in your total abstinators, accordin' to Father O'Flynn."

"Prove me that."

"Well, I was waitin' for his Riverence to come down to settle a disputation that's been goin' on for a fortnight between meself and my mother-in-law, and I heard him discoursin' wi' his new curate through his shtudy door.

THE FLUTER.

"'You're an out and out Crusader, Father Con,' says he. 'I am that, Father,' the curate ansurred him. 'Are you a *territorial* Crusader?' 'An' what might that be?' 'Well, I'll illusthrate it in this way, Father Con. When I was in Manchester a few years back, I dined at St. Chad's, and there I met one Father Brophy, a Crusader. He was a fine, fresh-lookin' man, and sartinly seemed as if total abstinence agreed with him. But I met him a week later at St. Patrick's, Oldham, and he took his tumbler of punch like a man. He saw me lookin' at him, and says he, "You look horrified at me, Father O'Flynn, so I'd betther explain that I'm a territorial Crusader." "And what's that?" "Well, I abstain with one set of friends—for the sake of example, in Manchester—and I drink with another set here." "And you can keep the pledge in Manchester?" "Of course I can!" I met that curate at Manchester two years after, or, to be more correct, I met him as priest of a parish. He took his tumbler, mind you, this time. "So you've ceased to be a territorial Crusader, Father Brophy?" says I. "I thought you couldn't keep to it." "But I have," says he. "Only my territory is somewhat more restricted." "How's that?" says I. "It's limited to the parlour where I see my parishioners, and, of course, to my church and schools. I'm still a territorial Crusader."'"

"Ah! then England has a terrible conthrary effect upon the Irish clargy, Jeremy, if that tale is true."

"I'm not sure, Mick, whether cashuisthry hasn't aqually conthrary effec's on some of the clargy in this counthry. For listen to how the Father led the new curate on, and the fool he med of him in the end, for he do still be makin' hares of us all.

"'Do you approve of the action of that Father Brophy,' axes he of the curate.

"'By no manner of manes, if he wasn't under doctor's orders.'

"'Then the doctor might order you a tumbler of punch every hour in the day, and you might still remain a total abstainer?'

"'Certainly, you might, on the understanding you took it as physic; but for my part I've never had occasion to call in the doctor in that way, and I hope I never will.'

"'I echo that pious sintiment,' says the Father, laughin', 'though I *did* notice when you were dinin' at the Castle last night that you made several medical calls on his Lordship's French cook.'

"'What can you mane, Father Michael?'

"'Oh, you understand me well enough, but as you ask for an explanation I'll give it ye, and attempt to prove that yourself is only a territorial Crusader, seein' that baronial halls are outside the jurisdiction of your total abstinence.'

"'Well, if you prove it to me I'll be surprised.'

"'Then, here goes. How many helpin's of clear soup did you take?'

"'Two, but what's that to say to it?'

"'I say nothin' agin' the want of etiquette in askin' for a second helpin' of soup at a dinner party, beyond this, that as each bowl of soup contained at least half a glass of sherry wine, you took twice as much of that liquor as I did.'

"'But how was I to know that there was sherry in the soup?'

"'By the sinse of taste. You weren't a total abstainer three years ago, and many's the pint of sherry you took before that. But I haven't done with you. Did you or did you not take two helpin's of thrifle, and a fine plateful of brandied cherries?'

"'Well, I don't deny it. But I ate them.' 'And what's the moral difference, if you plaze, between atin' alcohol and drinkin' it?' At that someone came in and shut the door, and I was thankful for it, for I got such a pain in my stomach, Mick, from houldin' in the laughther, that I think I should have died of it if I hadn't been able to let it go then. When Father O'Flynn kem out to me he suspected I'd overheard him. For, says he, 'Somethin's been amusin' ye, Mick, and I hope twill put ye in a more paceable frame to be reconciled to your mother-in-law,' and so it did. An' on the way down to the cottage he remarked, 'You may tell the neighbours that I've got it in my mind to prache thim a sermon, on an airly day, on the difference between moderate and immoderate timperance.'"

SLOW AND SURE.

(From the Greek.)

Charmus ran with five more in the three mile obstacle race,
And came in seventh out of six, a somewhat surprising place.
What? six of them started in all, and yet he was seventh, you say?
I knew I had put you a poser, well just in this very way:
A particular chum of Charmus, in his ulster beside him ran,
Crying out, "Go it, Charmus, go it, you good old man,"
And so, for his friend was in front, he really came in seventh,
And if he had four such friends, he'd have certainly ended eleventh.

A. P. G.

SERVICE STORY (LIE ?).

A distinguished battalion of the "old Constitutional Force" were out for their annual training. For some reason of an official character a detective wished to inspect the regiment. He was allowed to walk from rank to rank accompanied by the adjutant. He passed silently until he reached the last man of the rear rank of the final company. "I am sure you don't know him!" exclaimed the adjutant indignantly. "Why he is the best man we have—the very best. I am sure you don't know him." "No, sir," returned the detective, "I do not know him, but *I know all the rest!*"

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."

BY THE EDITOR.

CHARLES DICKENS, DRAMATIST.

The round table was in Portland House, North End, Fulham. The house is still standing, and is within a stone's throw of the bridge on the King's highway overlooking the Addison Road Station. It belonged to my father, then Stipendiary Police Magistrate for Greenwich and Woolwich. As he was "beak" of two courts, the Government allowed him a horse to ride or drive from place to place. I remember one horse, "Polly," then when she died we had a second mare, "Polly the Second." I was a very small child in socks and a sash. But I remember that little table covered with books in my father's study, with the bright, cheery-looking gentleman talking to him in the candle-light. The bright, cheery-looking gentleman in the candle-light was the literary lion of the hour, the century, perchance the ages—Charles Dickens.

SCENE FROM "NO THOROUGHFARE."
From "The Mask," 1868.

I am under the impression that Dickens had called to see my father about dramatising one of his Christmas books.

"The Chimes" with G. à B. and M. L. in Collaboration.

Charles had been a little disheartened by the trial trip at the St. James', and did not venture upon dramatic authorship until he joined hands with Wilkie Collins, and produced "No Thoroughfare" at the old Adelphi Theatre with Charles Fechter as Obenreizer. And again, the remuneration of dramatists was simply scandalous at the commencement of the nineteenth century. It is said that because Benjamin Webster declined to give Dion Boucicault the regulation remuneration—£100 an act—for "The Colleen Bawn," the playwright made his fortune. Dion accepted a percentage on the receipts in lieu of a sum down, and cleared £20,000 by the alteration. Again, it was scarcely worth Dickens' while to dramatise his own works, and so he got his two friends, G. à B. and Mark Lemon to convert "The Chimes" from a story to a play to outwit the pirates. My father and his editor on the paper they both assisted to found, worked in collaboration. My father—a busy man at the court all day—wrote the piece and Lemon rehearsed it. And as they were both doing very well with their pens in other directions, no doubt they were quite willing to help their colleague, Charles Dickens. Knocking up a piece was only child's play to them.

Charles Dickens and my father were fast friends. No doubt it was through the latter's influence that "The Village Coquettes" was produced at the St. James' Theatre. The house was opened by Braham, and the other evening, between the acts of "Old Heidelberg," splendidly staged, splendidly acted, and splendidly written, I found myself face to face with an old play-bill. The programme contained "The Postillion." The name of the composer of the music was very properly given, but the author of the libretto was ignored. I have, however, the book of the words. I copy from the frontispiece: "The Postillion: An Opera in three acts, by Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, Esq., author of 'The Roof Scramblers,' 'Revolt of the Workhouse,' 'Tyder in London,' 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey,' 'St. Mark's Eve,' 'Man-Fred,' &c." It was played for the first time at the St. James' on March 13th, 1837, with a cast consisting of Braham, J. Parry, Liffler, Hare, Miss Stuart, and Miss Rainsforth.

Dickens' First Play at the St. James' Theatre.

Only a week or ten days ago a Dickens Exhibition, organised by the Dickens Fellowship, was held at the Memorial Hall, in Farringdon Street. It was deeply interesting, and was visited by hundreds of working men. One of the exhibits (1359) was a photograph of Charles Dickens, his family, and friends, at Gadshill. There are nine portraits of the novelist, his eldest son with his wife, his two daughters, and his sister-in-law, together with Fechter, the actor, and Charles and Wilkie Collins. "The tenth and last figure," says the catalogue, "is that of a Mr. Hamilton Hume, the photographer." Poor Hamilton Hume! We were co-editors once on a time of a paper called *Black and White*. He had been an officer in the army, and served in the Crimea. An excellent journalist and a thoroughly good fellow. The photograph was published in a magazine of which Hamilton Hume was the editor. It caused some trouble, I remember, because it interfered with an arrangement that had been made by the great novelist to sit for his portrait to a firm of photographers. Hamilton Hume was a dramatist in a small way himself, and knew Charles Fechter. Hence the introduction. At the time the photograph was taken Fechter had retired from his Lyceum management, and was playing in "No Thoroughfare" at the Adelphi. Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins were the authors, and Charles Fechter was the leading actor.

An Item from Dickens' Exhibition.

I can quite understand Dickens' objection to the pirate dramatist. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was left a fragment, but I saw at the Surrey Theatre a piece (in which I think Mr. Henry Neville played the principal character) which finished the work for the author. The secret of the death of the hero was the mystery left unsolved. The dramatist of the version to which I refer laid his last act in the crypt of Rochester Cathedral. He sent the comic man into a lower vault, and then brought Rose Budd (the heroine) and Jasper (the villain) together. The villain put his knife to Rose's throat. Then emerged the comic man from the vault below. "Why?" asked the villain, annoyed at being interrupted in his murder of the heroine, "Why this intrusion?"

A Solution to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

A JUG OF GREEK WINE.

Deep bosomed dear, wrought without fleck,
Short of an ear, but long in the neck—
Gurgler of joy through your mouth's narrow slit,
Queller of care and awaker of wit;
Handmaid of Bacchus, the Muses, and Venus,
Yet is there something to settle between us.
Why thus full of liquor, before I touch wine,
And out of your cups, when I'm well into mine?
Mend your manners in this, for you surely should know
You but wrong all good fellowship, using me so.

Digitized by Google

SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

CELEBRITIES BY THE SEA—THE LOUNGE OF THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

Digitized by Google

Captain Kipple (concluding a tall yarn) :—"AND NOTWITHSTANDING MY GREAT EFFORTS TO ASSIST THEM THROUGH MY SPEAKING TRUMPET, THE CREW WERE ALL DROWNED."

KEY TO THE SOCIETY SILHOUETTE.

By the sad sea waves. The salt of London Society. Under care of Dr. Brighton. The Right Hon. ex-M.P. of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Dramatist and the Actress. The Baronet of the Shamrock and a sweet Singer of the Sixties. The domestic drama at home as well as abroad. A working scion of the great Frankfort firm. "H.M.S."—no, not a ship, but a decorated explorer. Dagonet and Walter of Kensington. The critic of things warlike and the admirer of far Japan. One of the Bull family and Bobs. The Squire and "Henry." Popular "Max" — novelist — and "Teddy." And two ladies of special distinction, Ellen the fair — sister of Kate—and Constance. Winston and the clever chosen of Chelsea. Then the introducer of Mrs. Tanqueray, and Beerbohm, not our excellent "Max," but of that ilk Tree. There are many others in that comfortable lounge. Most of them smile, and those who are absent envy those who are present. But, stay, is it not the sound of the call bell? If it is there will be a hurry for hats and wraps, and London will be itself—after an hour—as of yore.

Talleyrand was praising England: "C'est sublime." His friend retorted "Monseigneur, du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas." "Oui," said the Prince "et c'est le Pas de Calais."

Theodore Hook, observing a consequential old gentleman strutting pompously at the other side of the road, crossed over to him, hat in hand, and inquired with the utmost politeness: "I beg your pardon, sir—excuse the boldness of the enquiry—but are you anybody in particular?"

SELECTION FROM "THE ARMY ON THE MAKE."

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Fitz Churchill cried, "I'd like to know,
When *will* our soldiers be on show?
They're on the sea—on Afric's shore,
But never in their proper corps!"
"I scorn the taunt, the ready sneer;
When time is ripe, they shall appear.
Till then, my colleagues, trouble not
For youths who think they know a lot,
Lank lords who flutter like the moth
Round candles on an altar-cloth,
Then turn to make unseemly fun
Of long-delayed quick-firing gun."
"Enough of this! it riles my pride
When those whose brains are atrophied
By feast of Ministerial crumbs
Lavish on waste, uncounted sums!
I scorn thee with a high disdain,
So do not ask me to explain
My last peculiar metaphor—
I want to see those Army Corps!"
"Have then thy wish!" he called aloud,
And clerks came in a busy crowd;
Blue as the London milk or sky
The papers that they bore on high.
Like imps from pantomimic traps,
Up rose a host of German caps;
Beneath each cap a boyish shape
In tunic red as office tape,
And though they were not really stout,
They *were* officially "blown out."
There were—at least, he *said* so then—
More than two hundred thousand men.
"Specials" were many, sooth to say,
But all had strength to draw their pay.
The Minister looked up with pride,
Put on (if possible) more side,
Then fixed a St. John glance of flame
Full on Fitz Churchill's slender frame.
"*These* are our British soldiers true,
And, Winston—*I* am BRODRICK DO!"

WHERE TO SPEND EASTER.

Algiers.—If you wish to meet "impossible" Frenchmen.

Boulogne.—If you like Continental 'Arrys.

Cologne.—If you don't object to scents, pleasant and otherwise.

Dieppe.—If you are a good sailor.

Ems.—If you are fond of solitude.

Florence.—If you have a soul above the National Gallery.

Geneva.—If you wish to be within reach of Ouchy and Evian les Bains.

Heidelberg. — If you have been pleased with the piece at the St. James'.

Interlaken.—If you desire to meet "the personally conducted."

Jura. —If you are on pass with a motor.

Kronstadt.—If you have never been to Russia.

Lisbon.—If you are proud to follow Royal footsteps.

Madrid.—If you have never seen a bull-fight.

Naples.—If you are prepared to die.

Paris.—If you are anxious to live.

Ostend.—If you can wake up those who sleep.

Quebec.—If you must go to Canada.

Rome.—If you have the right introduction to the Vatican.

Uig.—If you love the Skye in Scotland.

Venice.—If you prefer gondolas to hansoms.

Wiesbaden.—If you affect to be out-of-date.

Zurich —If you can think of nowhere else.

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

They were playing at whist, and began discussing a lady who, at the age of sixty, had married a footman. Talleyrand, who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation, said: "At nine honours no longer count."

Dumont was denouncing a colleague of Talleyrand's: "That man is quite capable of murder." "Not of murdering but of poisoning," was Talleyrand's reply.

Rulhiere said: "Le ne sais pas pourquoi j'ai la réputation d'être méchant, je n'ai jamais fais qu'une mechanceté de ma vie," Talleyrand replied: "Quand finira tu elle?"

Bautru took off his hat to a cross which was being carried in front of a procession: "Ah, M. de Bautru, you are giving a good example." "We bow but we do not speak to one another," was the retort.

Digitized by Google

UP TO DATES.

Gadsby (wondering if that confounded Jenkins has really been accepted) :—"ARE BOTH YOUR RINGS HEIRLOOMS?"
Primula (hiding her hand) :—"OH, DEAR, YES! ONE HAS BEEN IN THE FAMILY SINCE THE TIME OF ALFRED, BUT THE OTHER IS NEWER, AND *(blushing)* ONLY DATES FROM THE CONQUEST!"

A SOLILOQUY.

AN ECHO OF THE RECESS.

To Golf, or not to Golf, that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The tops and foozles of outrageous pressing,
Or take i' the arms the loathly bag of clubs
And in a bonfire end them . . . then in sleep,
Like the fat boy in "Pickwick," find an end
Of bunkers, and the thousand fiendish lies
That Golf is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To slack, to sleep,
Perchance grow fat, ay, that's the rub of the green.
For in that golfless life what Fat might grow
When we have shuffled off these plaguey links
Provokes conjecture curst, there's the respect
Might make calamity of longer life.
For who would stand the hazard, the missed putt,
The foozled drive, the tales of holes in one,
The torn up card, and the slow pair in front,
The insolence of caddies, and the strokes
The patient duffer from the scratch man takes
When he himself might his quietus make
With one pen stroke? Who his own clubs would bear
And grunt and sweat beneath the rattling load,
But that the dread of Liver, Fat, and Gout
Those ever-yawning bunkers from whose depths
None can play out, puzzles the restive will
And makes us rather choose the ills we know
Than suffer those non-golfers groan about (?)
Thus *Liver* doth make golfers of us all.
And thus the sickly hue of London office
Is purpled o'er with the rude cast of health,
And business matters of great pith and moment
Compared to golf their fascinations yield
And end in liquidation. Hullo there,
My missing partner. Hurry up, old chap,
You've kept me waiting nearly twenty minutes.
My honour. Dash it, topped the beast again!
(He walks wearily towards the First Bunker.)

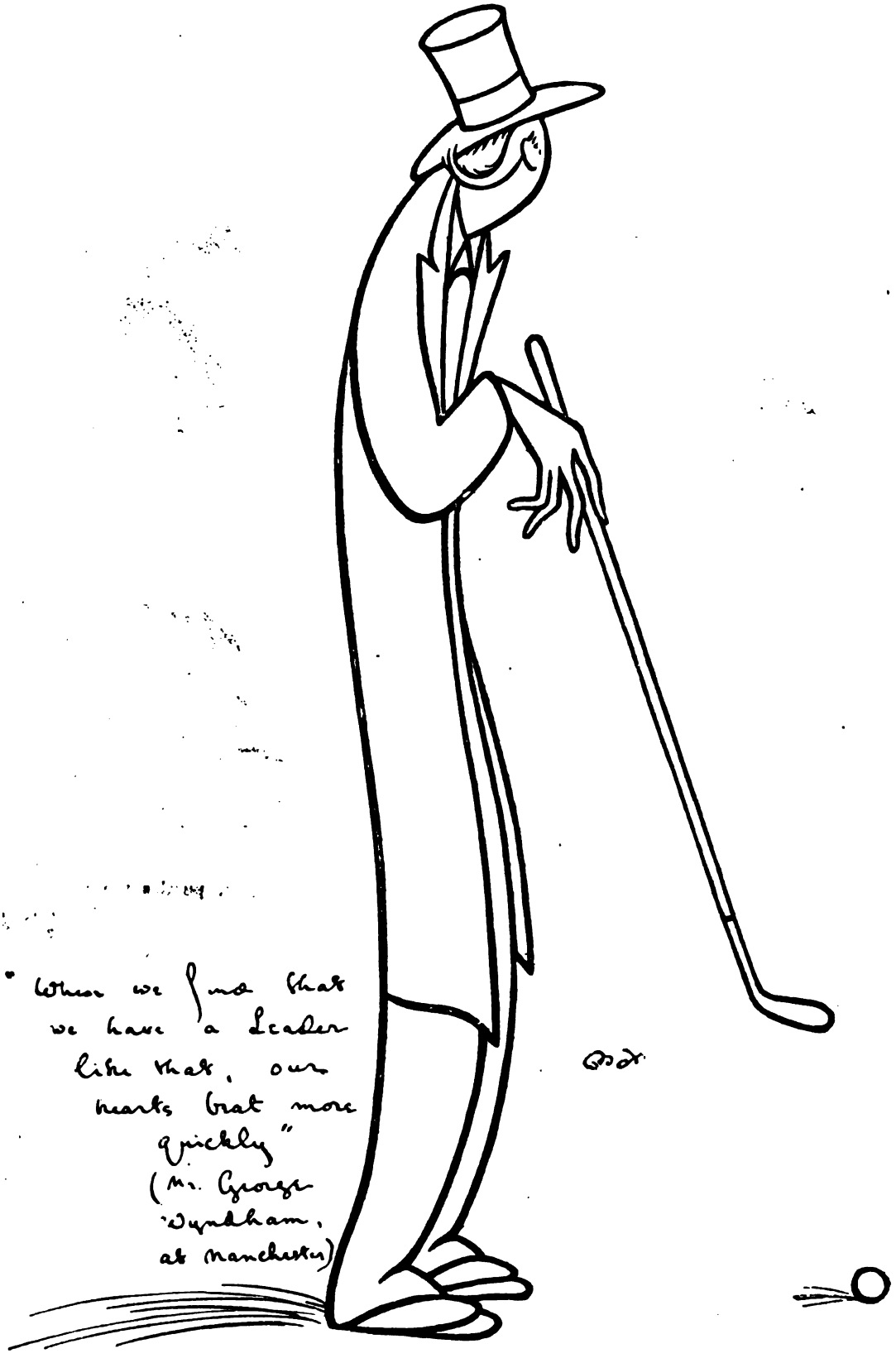
A-TH-R J-M-S B-LF- -R.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

VISITOR (*To Hotel Waiter, in the Reception Room*): "I say, this is the third time I have asked for an evening paper, and for the third time you have told me they are all in hand; and yet last night when the room was equally full—and so far as I can see, with the same people—you were able to get me half-a-dozen papers on the first application. How do you account for it?"

WAITER (*smiling*): "Why, sir, it's simple enough. Yesterday the chief item of news was the commencement of a terrible war, and to-night (*in an undertone*) they are all reading the evidence in a sensational divorce case!"

Digitized by Google



SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

III.—THE RIGHT HON. ARTH-R J-M-S B-LF-R.

Digitized by Google

A VALUED FRIEND.

Madame la République: "WE SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SIRE. YOU MAY RELY UPON THE HEARTIEST OF WELCOMES."

His Majesty the King has decided to visit Paris after his stay in Rome.—*Daily Paper.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A RHYME OF THE TIMES.

Warranted absolutely without foundation.

II. THE BELLMAN AND THE THUNDERER.

The Bellman and the Thunderer
Had gone at last to press,
'Twas 3.15 by Greenwich time,
As near as one could guess,
When from the Square of Printing House
They strode in sore distress.

* * * *

They entered their Pantechnicon
And stood, too sad for smiles,
To see their Cyclopædia
Uplift its pillared piles.
"If set on end, it should extend,"
They said, "ten million miles."
"If fifty thousand Pickford vans
Removed it for a year,
D'you think," exclaimed the Thunderer,
"That we should get it clear?"
"You wouldn't," cried the Bellman;
"You wouldn't! No, nor near!"
"Then what suggestion do you make?"
The Bellman whispered low;
"Ensure them with The Phœnix, sir,
And burn the blooming show!"
"A Parson's son must arson shun,
And hence I thunder 'No!'"
"Then let us start a Tournament,
A jolly, jousting joy
For high and low, for rich and poor,
For matron, maid, and boy—
A business recreation,
A ravishing employ!

"But briefly, very briefly
Let me its rules expound;
You buy a Cyclopædia
Or hire it for a pound,
And answer simple questions
From out its depths profound.

And you can solve them single,
Or if that task you shirk,
Your family may mingle
In this delightful work,
Or you may turn your flunkeys
Upon them, like a Turk.

"Well! if they solve these questions
Correctly, don't you see?
You may obtain a scholarship
At the Universitee.
Or just convert it all at once
To solid £ s. d."

* * * *

"By all that is infernal
In tone and taste and hue,
Do *I* conduct this Journal,
Or, prithee, friend, do *you*?"
And answer made the Bellman,
"For good or ill *I* do."

TARPA.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

(For Country Consumption).

Illustrated by Rare Prints.

With apologies to the Authors of "Wisdom While You Wait."

THE PROPOSED VISIT OF THE H.A.C. TO BOSTON. PORTRAIT OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

"THE TIMES" TOURNAMENT. TWO OF THE COMPETITORS.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

We found Lady Barbara in a sea-green room, streaming about in a sea-green gown. It was trimmed with yellow and white roses and looked like a little salad. The rooms were full of people, all talking. "No entertainment," she said, "only the jawbone." My aunt introduced me: "My cousin from the country." Lady Barbara turned her head about helplessly and looked as if she would run away. Then she caught a young man who was ambling by, and introduced him, and streamed away in the opposite direction.

We soon slipped away from Lady Barbara's. She didn't seem to mind whether we went or stayed. But it was not so with Mrs. Brookegreen. She gave us the warmest welcome—more like people in the country. She called us all "you dear things" and said it was too nice of us to have come on. After this we were "shooed" like chickens. She drove us all into a tiny blue drawing-room, and then out again into a tiny pink supper-room, and then she fetched us out in a hurry before we could get anything to eat. "Mr. Howler is going to sing!" she said, and she put her finger to her lip and said, "Shoosh!" When he had finished she "shooed" us into another room to hear Mr. Tallboy recite, and after this we tried to get into the supper-room again. It was difficult to get into the room.

Nobody asked me how I liked London. They only said, "Were you there last night?"

A very nice man took me into supper. He found me a chair, and then went to the buffet to struggle for some chicken. I am glad I haven't to do that. When he came back I gathered courage. It was nice to be sitting on a sofa having supper, with a young man to hold my glass. I glanced up at him, and said, "You look so good-natured. Would you tell me where everyone was last night?"

"Oh, don't you know!" he said. "Vera Vestal's supper-party—the one who sings at the Palace. Everyone was there. People don't like to be left out of a thing like that. Vera's awfully select."

"Of course she's very nice," said I, "and she must be very particular if she sings at the Palace."

At this he laughed till he had to put down my glass. I never saw such a curious place as London. Whenever I am serious people seem to think I am so funny, but if I joke nobody laughs.

Digitized by Google

Pompous Host (at dinner) :—"HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS PORT? IT IS '47."
Ingenuous Youth :—"INDEED, MY LORD. WHY, THAT WORKS OUT AT NEARLY FOUR SHILLINGS A BOTTLE!"

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

LES AFFAIRES MARCHENT!

Affaire No. 1.—Preliminary examination of the Humbert case is practically over. The trial will come off in June or July. All the prisoners have refused to answer questions. They will speak at the Grand Show, and make their revelations. We are all shaking in our boots. There is no guessing what they will say. So we are all declaring, even before we are asked, that we never had any kind of relations with them, never dined with them, never spoke to them, never shook their hands, never met them. This is not very chivalrous on our parts, because for twenty years they enjoyed wealth and consideration, and entertained royally. Surely some of us will have to confess that he partook of their hospitality without compromising himself very much. This is a strange trait in our national character, and not a good one. We laugh at the administration of justice, which we call rotten, we make fun of our magistrates, but we decline to shake hands with anyone upon whom hangs the slightest suspicion, and we do not even recognise in the street a former friend or acquaintance who has been honourably acquitted.

Affaire No. 2.—M. Jaurès, the Socialist deputy, threatens us with a lively revival of l'Affaire Dreyfus—with more startling revelations. When a Frenchman is dead, once said Theodore Hook, he is *mort*; when an Englishman is dead, he is no more. Dreyfus, though *mort*, is still alive.

Affaire No. 3.—Marcel Prevost *versus* Mdlle. Thouret. The lady meant to be prosecuted, and is going to be. More revelations to come. The novelist admits having been welcome in Mdlle. Thouret's house for ten years, all the time carrying on the intrigue with her; but he has a defence: "Simply to study psychology and give the world the benefit of his researches." Duel over Affaire. No one hurt.

Affaire No. 4.—"Willy," author of the Claudine Series, condemned to pay a fine of 2000 francs for publishing a vicious book. Defence: "I paint life as I see it—and even with great leniency." I have no doubt there are women like that garbage of Claudine, but the streets of Paris are crowded with good and respectable women. To give a morbid exception as the portrait of a more or less national type is as false a representation as mentioning only the dung hill after paying a visit to an exquisite garden full of flowers. A duel also over this. No harm done.

Affaire No. 5.—The tiara of Saitaphernes. What are we to believe? Is the "Venus of Milo" at the Louvre, the original work of Phidias?

Affaire No. 6.—The religious congregations! More manifestations to come. Who will give us Chartreuse now? Who will make it? More questions than I can answer.

I tell you, les affaires marchent.

PARIS "NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

The Chamber of Deputies is not so famous for its members' wit as it is for their use of forcible language.

A good rejoinder was heard, however, the other day.

"C'est impossible," cried a deputy, "aussi impossible que de regarder le soleil en face."

"Nous savons tous," quickly remarked an honourable member, "que vous n'êtes pas un aigle."

The French word "aigle" which means "eagle," also means "a very clever and brilliant man."

PROVERBS FOR THE WEEK.

Out of the House.—You may take the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Budget, but you can't make him cut a shilling off the Income Tax.

Everywhere.—It is a long Easter holiday that has no returning.

Near the American Bar.—A single swallow doesn't make a rush on summer drinks.

In the City.—You can't fill a purse out of a board composed of guinea pigs.

At the Tragic Wax Works.—Scratch the Russian Pole and you will find the Tartar Emetic.

In Dover Street.—A Miss — with three thousand fellow members—is as good as a lady's club.

Digitized by Google

THE LION SLAYER.

1. ON THE ALERT.

2. ON THE WATCH!

3. DISCOVERED!!

4. THE BITER BIT!!!

5. HEADS BELOW!!!!

6. AGAIN ON THE ALERT.

THE BUDGET ANTICIPATED.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

It is only natural that the Editor of a paper of Imperial popularity which has been received with unanimous favour by the Press—no doubt the Editor is earnestly grateful*—should be glad to have my opinion of the probable provisions of the Budget. I need scarcely say that I have interviewed the right hon. gentleman upon whom the responsibility of selection rightly devolves. I will not more clearly identify the right hon. gentleman, as he desires more or less to preserve his incognito.

"I see that there will be a deficit," I began.

"No," said my right hon. friend; "Not exactly a deficit, but a sort of retarded surplus."

"Do you mean that the financial year following the one for which we are estimating will be more prosperous?"

"Exactly; always supposing that the present Government remains in office."

"Then you imagine that if the Radicals were to come in there would be a great increase of taxation?"

"Obvious; because their cry is retrenchment."

I thought the matter over, and with the assistance of one of the party whips, saw what my right hon. friend was driving at.

"Will you tax sugar?" I asked.

"A distinctly sweet idea."

"Will you put an impost on motors?"

"It might be considered for the nation's wheel—or woe."

"I fear your last replies," I remonstrated, with a frown, "savour of levity."

"I beg your pardon, I am incapable of a jest in matters of business. I leave that sort of thing to my brother in the Guildhall."

"And how much is to come off the Income Tax?" My right hon. friend looked at me earnestly.

"Do you know that is a question that has been asked me by absolutely hundreds of our fellow Members?"

"And your reply has been?"

"You will hear if you are kind enough to consult them."

Then I made up my mind to do my duty to my constituents.

"I hope, my dear sir, in the work of matters of seemingly—I emphasise seemingly—more importance you will not forget the claims of Wrottenborough. As I have told you more than once, the local town pump is terribly out of repair, and we cannot restore it out of the rates. So if in the Budget you could contrive——"

But here the right hon. gentleman, seeing (no doubt) some important colleague hastily summoning him, hurried away.

I was sorry, for I am confident that if something is not done in the Budget for the town pump there will be a disturbance at Wrottenborough that possibly may lose me my seat.

* The Editor earnestly is.—Ed. JOHN BULL.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPHIC FOR EASTER WEEK.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

BACK TO BUSINESS.

The Bears have all come back from Berne,
The Bulls have used their first return
To Seville or Cordova.
The Stags have wooed the happy fates,
Assisted by the turn in "Tates"
('Twas nine, you know, or over).
And now they're back to business care,
But whether they be Bull or Bear,
Or e'en the Duck that's lame,
John Bull his best of wishes sends,
With Bull and Bear he's best of friends,
And likes to watch the game.

O! TEMPORA!

The day after "Marconigrams" were "regularly" started in The Times, *the readers found them irregular.* Verb. sap.

Said Marconi at the meeting,
"To the world and wife a greeting.
Marconigrams are printed in *The Times!*
The cables we're defeating,
We shall take a lot of beating
In forwarding the news from foreign climes.

"On commercial basis starting,
By Marconigrams imparting
Information in the columns of *The Times.*
Our rivals will be smarting,
For we don't intend departing;
We want the dollars, £ s. d. and dimes."

But alas for their aspiring;
For their weird and wireless wiring;
Next day the missives missed from other climes;
And those who were desiring
All the news to be acquiring
Found the usual Reuter's cables in *The Times.*

MRS. CHAIRWOMAN!

At the recent meeting of Louise and Co., Limited, it was suggested that lady directors should be elected.

I.

Oh! you who like to swear a bit,
And wildly shriek whene'er you're hit;
Attend a meeting now and then,
And fiercely tear your hair.
Although you've lost a bit of wealth,
Come, just congratulate yourself
You haven't got to face a pretty woman in the chair.

II.

You like to shout, "the thing's a rig,"
You like to bawl, "you guinea pig!"
Consign the board to durance vile,
Or else to—you know where.
You like to haggle over fees,
But fancy how you'd pause and freeze
Before the sweet amazement of the lady in the chair.

III.

You couldn't say, however wild,
"Oh! chuck it up," or "draw it mild,"
And, may be, just a simple "pooh!"
You wouldn't even dare.
You couldn't say, if things went wrong,
"You've not a leg to stand upon,"
You know you wouldn't like to with a lady in the chair.

IV.

But oh! the joy to oft attend
(E'en though you had no dividend)
The meetings where your eyes were dazed
With beauty rich and rare.
You really wouldn't mind at all
How frequently she made a "call";
You'd welcome special meetings with a lady in the chair!

HUAN MEE.

THE SPHINX.

EDITED BY TARBOX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Bound volumes of "John Bull" will be sent as consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

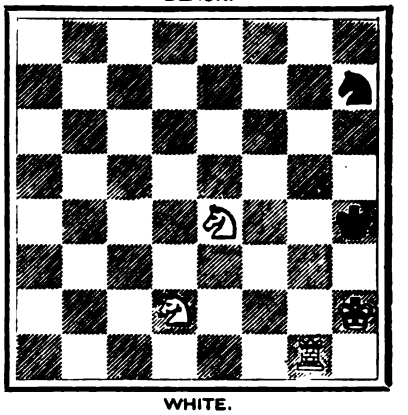
CHESS CAMEOS BY GREAT MASTERS.

We propose to give in this column a series of Chess Cameos by famous Masters, which will be at once a treat for solvers, and a treasure for collectors.

No. 2.—By ALFRED DE MUSSET.

A GEM OF THE FIRST WATER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

10. MISSING WORDS.

No —— ——— of disaster
——— ——— record;
He has won the day —— ———
—— —— —— and lord!

Each dash indicates a word which must be supplied, and each group of words thus inserted is formed of exactly the letters which spell "monastery."

11. AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

A, with 8d. in his hand, meets B and C, who have five and three loaves respectively.

In hungry mood they all agree to share the loaves equally, and to divide the money fairly between B and C. What does each receive?

12. A WORD-SQUARE OF SIX LETTERS.

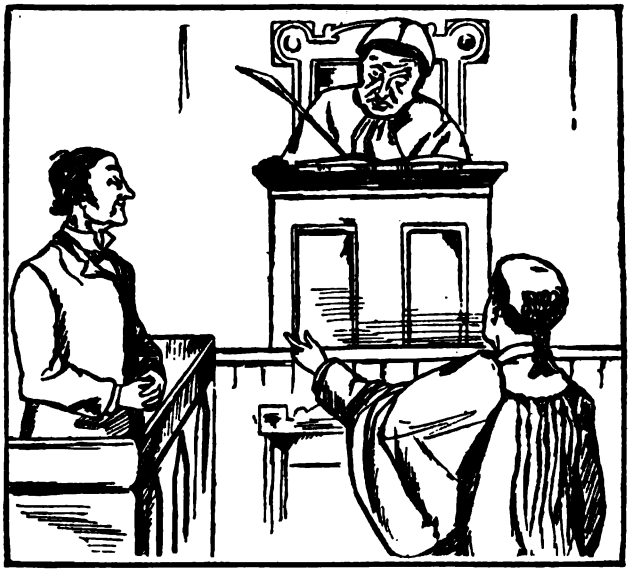
My *first* a holy man was he,
Who sought to *sixth* his fellow man,
He saw my *fifth* perched in a tree.
And on my *fourth* to view it ran.
He was not *third*, but clever reckoned,
Though dressed in rather shabby *second.*

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

No. III.—THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION *(continued)*.

"And did ye hear the Father's sarmon, Jeremy?" "Deed an' I did, Mick! but however did you miss it?" "Through havin' to carry one of the Masther's cows to the Vet. She got into a clover field and she was that inflated I thought she'd have exploded on the way. You couldn't have blown her out betther yerself wid the latest aeroshtatic pump. But the Vet's the newfangledest operator intirely. He made a nate indecision in the poor baste wid the further ind of an ould spur. (He was a throoper in his time.) 'That's the ways to prick the hydropsy out of her,' says he. And by the time I got her safe back to the bawn-field yez were all comin' out of chapel. But tell us what ye can remimber of the Father's discoorse."



From an Original Drawing by Jeremy.

"That ud take me too long, Mick, but I'll give ye as much of the consecerated essence of it as I can. Av course it was full of sthrong, holy bits that a man like myself wouldn't dar' to attimpt to thravesty to you. I'm bad enough, dear knows, but I'm not quite as blasphamious as that. Howsomedever these are some of the lines he steered upon, and troth he seemed to me to do a dale of steerin' to keep the two temperance parties pullin' the Cause straight betune 'em.

"He began by praisin' the Crusaders. He said they done a grand work long ago under Father Mathew, and took the shine out of all the folk in the two Baronies for their quite conduct and steady industheri'; but afther a bit they grew to think Teetotalism was the wan and only mother of Vartue, and Drink was the sole and single parint of the seven Deadly Sins.

"'One of them boys,' says the Father, 'long before I was priest here—I won't disrespect his memory by mentioning his name—larnin' that I was in the habit of breakin' bread with a respectable publican Cahirciveen way, not to say takin' a glass of punch wid him afther it, said he'd couldn't see his way to comin' to Mass until I'd took the pledge along with me two curates. He's dead and gone, poor fellow, and came back to religion in a quare way.

"'He'd been an awful boy at the drink in his own time, but when he turned his back on it there was no one so hard on any neighbour who took a drop onct in a way. And he druv two of his sons out of doors because he caught the smell of whiskey off av them.

"'Well, he got wind wan night that a consignment of porter was comin' to the Cahirciveen Hotel, so he and some of his out-and-outers disguises themselves as Rories of the Hill, and makes believe they wanted to rob the porther and freckened the driver so that away wid him like mad into the darkness. Then they tapped the barrels and turned their contints into the dyke and off wid themselves, as proud as paycocks of their disintherested timperance work.

"'But, lo! and behold you! in the mornin' there was a magisthrate's warrant out agin the total abstinator and his friends. And what do you think for? The price of the porther? That in raison; for the carrier had pinethrated their disguise. Far worse nor that—the price of half the pigs in thim parts, that had met their deaths like the Duke of Clarence by suicidin' thimselves to death in that ditchful of Guinness's porter.

"'You may say that Counsellor Connolly had the fine fun out of the case in court. "Not content, my Lord," says he to the judge, "wid feloniously abstractin' the goods of this respectable hotel-keeper, this heartless hypocrite does not share 'em as Brennan of the Moor would have done, with his wild confederates. No! he stoops to villainy of a far deeper dye—I may say the very blackest dye—he places the irresistible temptation of Guinness's best double X in the way of those poor deluded dumb craytures whose swollen corpses we have just sorrowfully viewed, but on which he has no doubt feasted his own murderous eyes with malignant satisfaction."

"'"Who trated the pigs," was the sayin' they all had out ag'in me boy ever after that. 'Twas a smart piece of exparience, but it knocked sinse back into the poor fella, and he forgave his sons, and he dthropped his vi'lent timperance carryin's on after that for good and all, though he lived and died "a total."'

"I wish the new Curate would take example by him, then. You heard of what happened between him and poor Hallessey?" "I did not, Mick." "Well, Hallessey had the heavy drop taken, and was corkscrewin' his way to the pub in the best bee-line he could consthruct for himself under the carcumstances, when Father Con grips him by the arm. 'The Devil's followin' you into that public house, Tom Hallessey,' says he. 'Well, if he does,' says Tom on the instant, 'I can't stand him a trate, for I've only the price of the wan half glass left me!'" "Yes! Father Con should be more judgmatical in his dalins wid the drink question; but I must hurry off to give my ould cow the Vet's second bolus. Don't forget to tell me the end of the Father's sarmon when you're round agin in the mornin'."

SPANISH CHESNUTS.

"Lend me twenty reals," said a young Spaniard to his friend. "I can't; I've unfortunately only ten about me." "Well! give me them, and owe me the other ten."

A Spanish lawyer reached an inn at Santander one bitter March evening, and finding the parlour fire blocked up by other travellers gave the following order: "Waiter! take out a couple of dozen oysters to my horse." "Two dozen oysters?" "Yes, and look sharp about it. He can open them himself." Out went the waiter, and with him all the rest of the company to see the strange sight. When our legal friend had secured the warmest corner at the fire the waiter returned. "He won't eat them, sir!" "Won't eat the oysters? You don't say so! Well, he must be done up, poor fellow. Then open them for me, and I'll eat them to his better appetite."

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

A CHAT WITH "DICKY" DOYLE.

The round table was in Savile Row. In a club of which Richard Doyle was a member. The club was composed entirely of members of the Church of Rome. Subsequently the club was practically absorbed by the Junior Athenæum. I had come to see "Dicky"—everyone called him by his little name—to ask him to join a paper I proposed to

SOCIETY AFTER DINNER IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

produce, which, annexing a title used thirty years earlier by my father, I intended to call "Figaro in London." I was a lad of two-and-twenty, and "Dicky" was twice or thrice my age. Would he join my staff? He smiled. Well, he was not doing very much work just then—only drawings of gnomes and the like for private friends who made the commissions a business matter—but he was pleased with the idea. He would consider it. I showed him the cover—we had got as far as a cover—and he approved of it. The last cover he had designed was for "The Owl"—did I remember it? Of course I did, and I recalled the names of Borthwick, Ashley, and Thomas Gibson Bowles—the latter had been an occasional contributor.

Why "Dicky" left the "Mahogany Tree."

Naturally we talked of other things. He had been a great friend of my father. He told me that he had illustrated "The Almanack of the Month" for him from cover to cover, and he spoke of Leech and Thackeray. The latter had been anxious to work with him, and through his instrumentality he had drawn a second series of "The Manners and Customs of the English" for Thackeray's publishers and Thackeray's magazine. The first series had appeared in a paper of which my father had been one of the founders, and "Dicky" Doyle a very early contributor. He had severed his connection with that paper for conscientious reasons. I asked him—for I had heard rumours to the effect—had the severance come as a surprise that had caused great inconvenience to the proprietors? "Not at all," said "Dicky," "I expressed my opinions very strongly at the table from week to week, and when the attacks on the spiritual Powers of the Papacy became intolerable I tendered my resignation." The table was an institution in Bouverie Street which Thackeray had christened the "Mahogany Tree." Round that table sat Doyle, Mark Lemon, Percival Leigh, John Leech, and my father. I understood "Dicky's" allusions. I could quite believe the story if the surprise was without foundation.

"The Owl" and its Staff.

Then we spoke of "The Owl." "Dicky" was not on the staff, although a friend of most of its members. "The Owl" had no illustrations, but only a cover. It appeared only during the session. "Why?" I asked. "Because the contributors, who were principally private secretaries to Ministers, wanted a holiday quite as much as their masters. But in spite of its intermittent appearance "The Owl" was a great success. The staff (including the proprietor) had souls above filthy lucre, and the profits were said to be absorbed by boxes at Covent Garden and dinners at the "Star and Garter." Altogether a very agreeable arrangement. "A Richmond Edition of Bouverie Street?" I suggested, but Doyle did not answer my question.

How to Use Old Blocks.

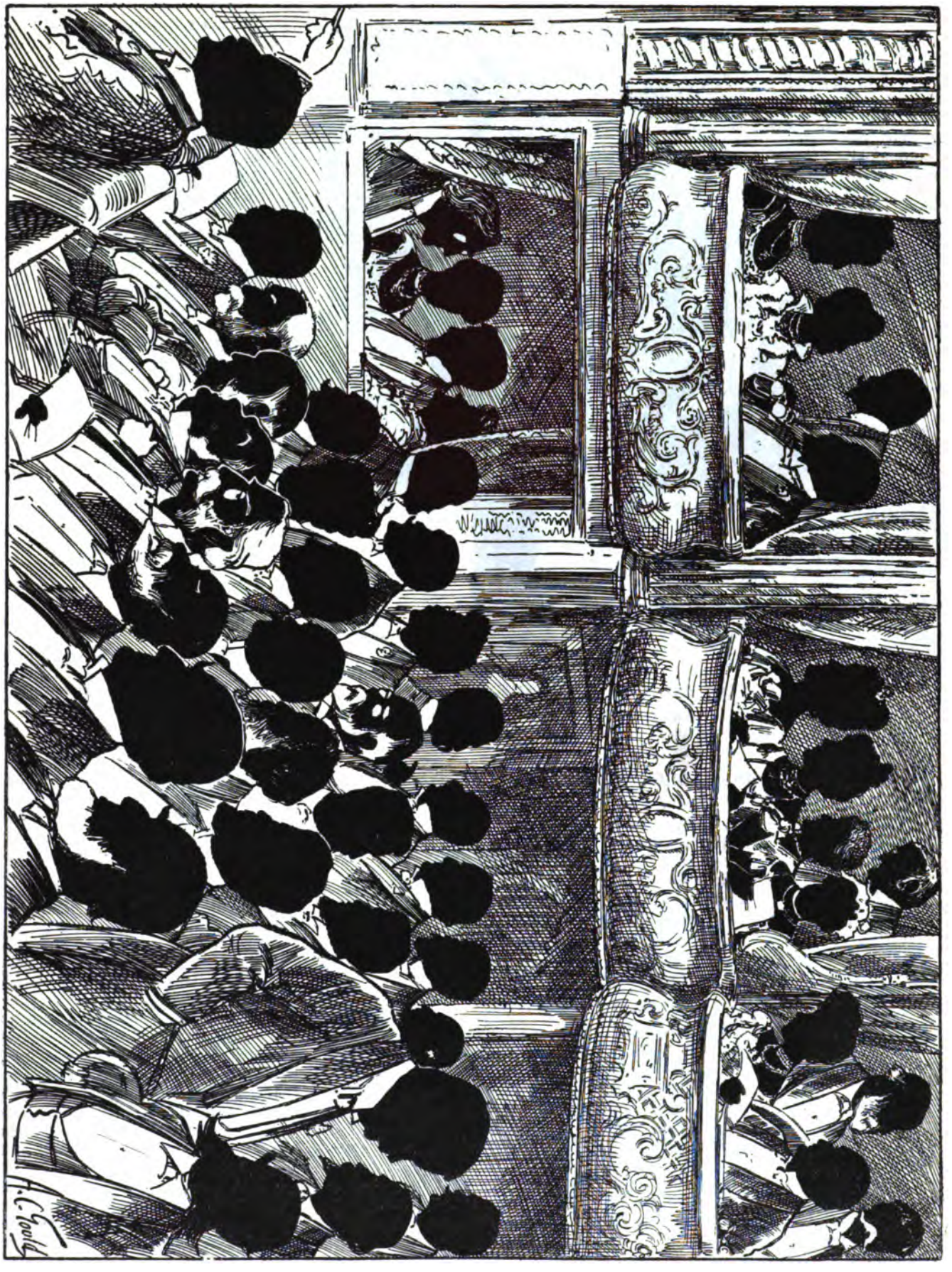
I am sorry to say that my projected paper did not appear, and consequently I did not have the honour of numbering Richard Doyle as one of my contributors. Before we parted that evening we had a long chat about illustrations. I told him that I had come across a "cartoon" from the "Figaro in London" appearing as a headpiece to a cheap comic song. He laughed, and told me that my father in the days of his youth delighted in adapting his blocks to all sorts of purposes. He once illustrated a more or less serious novel with blocks of a distinctly political character. I am reminded by this recollection of a very brilliant brochure written by two clever authors which has appeared during the last few months, "Wisdom While You Wait." I congratulate the compilers. I once myself had to use old blocks to illustrate a story I called "The Mystery of Mostyn Manor." The publisher provided me with some engravings—he said he could afford nothing better—of a man with a long beard breaking open a writing desk, a fellow clean-shaven killing somebody, and a person in a short moustache reading a letter in the Tropics. The individual so treated was evidently intended for my villain, so I used him—with his beard—at the commencement of my story, made him an assassin—disguised without it—towards the end, and, saving him from the gallows by procuring for him a commutation of the death sentence to transportation for life, sent him (in the last chapter) to repent—with his moustache—in Australia.

TEN MINING EXPERTS.

Ten little experts started for a mine,
One the chairman didn't like, then there were nine.
Nine little experts, sad it is to state,
One thought he'd tell the truth, then there were eight.
Eight little experts, from county west of Devon,
One thought he'd better "Bear," then there were seven.
Seven little experts, leaving with their picks,
One the opposition bribed, then there were six.
Six little experts really *did* arrive,
One saw a snake or two, then there were five.
Five little experts, sorry there's no more,
One wed a Wafric maid, then there were four.
Four little experts couldn't well agree,
One was told to "hang himself," then there were three.
Three little experts had a lot to do,
One did the company, then there were two.
Two little experts found a grain per ton,
One vanished with the grain, then there was one.
One little expert found his work was done,
Made report and joined the board, then there was none.

HUAN MEE.

Digitized by Google



SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

A FIRST NIGHT.

See page 42.

Digitized by Google

OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

"PARDON ME, BUT IN PICKING UP OUR HATS, DONT YOU THINK THERE WAS SOME SLIGHT MISTAKE?"

MORE "IMPERISHABLE POETRY."

Mr. W. E. Henley contributes to the current number of one of the magazines a pæan on the motor-car entitled "A Song of Speed," dedicated to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. Lest there should be any doubt at all about its merits, Mr. William Archer describes it in a prefatory note as "This Imperishable Poem." The "imperishable poem" in question is already rather long, and those persons who have read it might have imagined that the magazine had printed all there was, but this is a mistake. Here is the rest of it:

Speed!
Behind you the panting policeman,
Before you a nervous old lady
Whom you proceed to run over.
Splendid!

And then the rapturous,
Subtle, entrancing
Odour of petrol,
Scenting the roads
With its matchless aroma,
With a thrust in the throat
And a rush at the nostrils
Of the happy bystander
Who feels indescribable
Qualms as he sniffs it!

And the pure delight
Of writing about it,
Page after page
Of heated eulogium—
Breathless, ecstatic,
And quite without effort,
Words!

Words!!
Words as your weapon,
Vague, violent,
Swelling phrases,
Vehement, or orotund,
And, as that antient
Thane McBeth
So effectively put it,
Signifying nothing.

Words!
Strung in a loose,
Irregular measure,
Rushing tumultuous
With no rhymes to bother you,
And no sense to speak of.
Glorious, garrulous
Words!
Words at so much a line!

And then the glorious
Fun of bamboozling
The solemn asses,
Who bow down and worship
The respectful "pars"
In the halfpenny papers.
The pat on the back
From poor Mr. Archer,
Who boldly declares
The stuff a poem,
The poem a masterpiece.
While the British Public,
Owlish as ever,
Accepts the verdict,
And gapes reverentially
Over the jargon.

Was ever joke
So huge and complete
Perpetrated
In any other age?
How Swift would have loved it!
And Sydney Smith,
And Douglas Jerrold!
A simply transcendent
Rib-shaking, side-splitting,
Seventy-five-horse power
Electric-ignition
Joke!

KEY TO THE SILHOUETTE.

The Most Illustrious Personages in the British Empire will be present. In the Royal Box on the same tier, a philanthropic Countess, a literary Duchess. The lady promoter of the Primrose League, the most popular Peer-journalist, the R.A. black-and-whiter of Dickens, and "one of the best" of the Rothschilds. In the stalls, amongst the Lawyers—the Chancellor, the Chief, "George," and "Teddy." Amongst the Editors—Sir Edward, the Sage of Fleet Street and the Sage of Buckingham Gate, the most popular man on the *Post*, with a brother ex-Chairman of the London District; good Sir Douglas, "W. T. F." of the *Chronicle*, and "C. S." of the *Sphere* and elsewhere. Other journalists, Leonard, "Our principal Cartoonist," the Knight Doctor, "T. P.," "W. A.," "G. R. S.," and Carr. Any Authors? Why, certainly, the Laureate, Anthony, who tells a hopeful tale, Wing the dramatist; Henry, Author of the same ilk; ditto Walter and Sir Gilbert, novelist, playwright, and M.P. Artists? Why, yes, the President and Crane Walter. Anyone else? Two gentlemen; one found usually in front of the footlights, the other directly in rear of the boxes.

Digitized by Google

PURE AND SIMPLE.

Miss May (in an awed whisper, as the singer nears the end of a quite unintelligible but marvellous vocal performance): "ISN'T HIS SINGING TOO LOVELY FOR WORDS, GENERAL?"

The General (who likes to be able to understand a song): "I SUPPOSE SO. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DISTINGUISH ANY YET."

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

When these lines appear we shall be assembling (six hundred odd—some very odd) in one House We shall be expecting to hear the provisions of the Budget. Some of us will have done our level best to anticipate its provisions. For instance, I myself have laid in a large consignment of cigars to fence a possible tax upon tobacco, and many of the Nationalists (so I have been told) have taken up a huge number of whiskey bottles to safeguard themselves against a possible increased impost on ardent spirits.

Naturally, I wish to stand well with the Press—the protector of our liberties, and the reporter of our speeches. So I have had several most interesting lobby interviews with certain admirable visitors to the Gallery. I regard those visitors as members without seats. They are sweet little cherubs perched up aloft looking after the fortunes of poor M.P.'s on the floor below them.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked a respected friend, who ably represents an influential illustrated weekly. "Would you like me to give you—three weeks in advance—the great oration I propose to deliver on that burning subject of the moment, the Wrottenborough town pump?"

"No, thanks; I think I can take it better when I hear it from below."

"Would you like my latest photograph? It has been prepared at my own expense, so I can secure to your widely-read organ a peaceful use of the copyright."

"No, thanks," was again the reply. "We all know you so well that we do not require a pictorial reminder of your existence."

I felt that I might have been too egotistical, so I attempted to be of purely personal service to my friend.

"It has often occurred to me that you gentlemen of the Press have a real grievance. When we below are at prayers, you are required to be absent from your accustomed places. Surely this is a hardship."

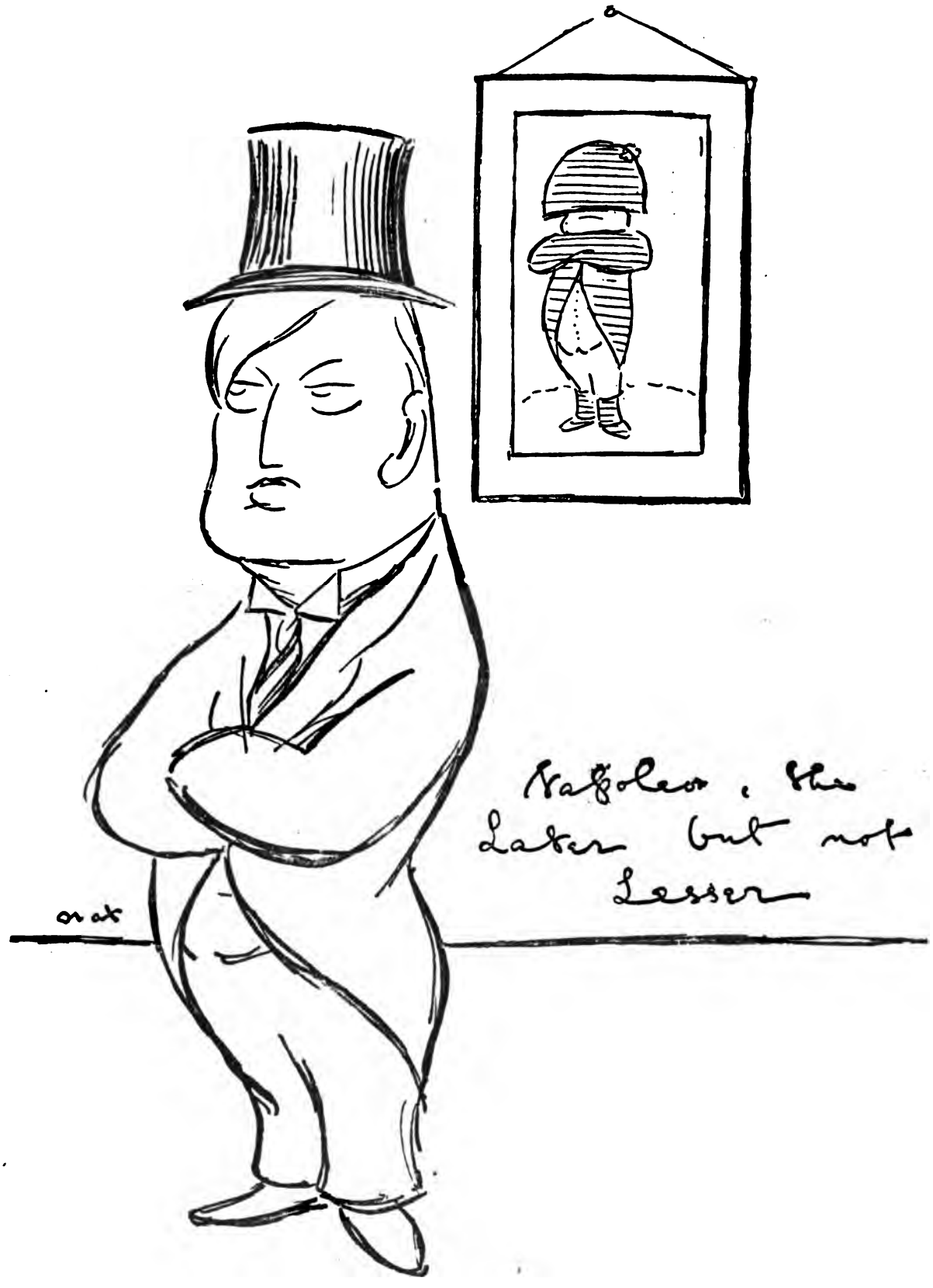
"Not at all," was the prompt response. "We feel that the House of Commons is past praying for."

And then my friend hurried off to talk to a member of the Cabinet. I did not blame him, as I yet have to secure Right Honourable rank.

Well, here we are, full of courage and golf. I shall keep my eye on the House in the interests of JOHN BULL, which of course means the best interest of that mighty British Empire to which we are all proud to belong, and which we love with every drop of our life's blood. But to please my constituents, to whom I owe so much, it is necessary for me to solemnly declare that although I am Imperialist to the backbone before everything, I am member for Wrottenborough first.

Now we are on the eve of meeting—more when we have met.

Digitized by Google



SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

IV.—MR. ALFR-D H-RMSW-RTH.

Digitized by Google

H.M. THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1903.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

No. 4.—JOHN TO WILFRID.

There's nae a' jest aboot the Hoose
Of any worth at a'!
The smoke room is nae joke room,
Since Wilfrid's been awa'.

He was the latest left to us
Of that sae comic crew
Of Attic Salts who kept us freish
When we were feelin' fou.

For Bernal Osborne, Dicky Dowse—
Yon auld, cut di'mond blades—
Are but tradeetions of a House
Now solemn as the shades.

Tho' Balfour, as a Scotsman should,
Now guides the Government,
He disna, no! nor never could
Scots humour represent.

And C.-B. finds his fence nae place
For crossin' wutty swords,
And Rosebery's electric grace
Is "bushel'd" in the Lords.

And, sobered by £12,000,000,
Even Flavin maks no bull,
Tim Healy gibes genteely,
And Saunderson's grown dull.

And we have only Thomas
To cheer our drumlie souls.
O Fortun'; filch not from us
His merry games of Bowles.

But Tommy on his Men of War
His harpin' canna' cease;
While Wilfrid's the true Piper
For pipin' times of peace.

And since the Boers we've bunkered
On Constitution Hill,
And done for every drunkard,
He'll be mair welcome still.

Then come, mak' way for Wilfrid
To catch the Speaker's eye,
Or thirty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.

Your Cockermouths and Cockertons
Are Cockadoodle doo!
When miners reach majorities
Like ours the country through.

Then O here's luck, Sir Wilfrid,
And welcome back again
To those prepared impromptus
That sparkle from your pen,

And then in sheaves go flutterin'
Away frae bench to bench,
Till Tories e'en are splutterin'
Wi' mirth they canna quench.

Bring all your barley waters,
And cask on cask o' Kops,
Gallons o' lemon squashes
A bin o' ginger pops—

That we may drink a Wilfy-waught
Wi' three times three times three
To Camborne's chosen champion
Of teeto-tal-i-tee!

G.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

OUR WEATHER FORECAST.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

A very irregular verb.

I get a cab with difficulty. Thou forgettest half the luggage. He gets into a block. We forget to secure our tickets. You or ye tardily register the boxes. They miss the train.

I was booked First. Thou wert using the wrong ticket. He was Third. We were overcrowded. You or ye were pugnacious. They were surcharged.

I have caught the boat. Thou hast entered the wrong carriage. He has started by the Brussels train. We have complained. Ye have remonstrated. They have taken no notice.

Let me get my luggage! Stop me because I have lost my ticket? Let us hurry up. Look sharp, you or ye! Let them pass!

I should not have travelled in holiday time. Thou shouldst not have muddled everything. He should not have advised us to go. We should have ordered our room before starting. You or ye should have seen the mess we got into! They should not have chaffed.

I would have sooner gone by some other route. Thou would'st have been right in thy prophecy. He would have been civiler had he identified me. We would have done better to leave the luggage unregistered. You or ye would have been wiser to go to Eastbourne. They would have all been happier at home.

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

The Duchesse de Sagan, who was a contemporary of Napoleon's, pushed the license of divorce to such an extreme, as to be able to play at whist with three ex-husbands, whilst a fourth betted on her. In allusion to her practice of pensioning them off, it was said: "Elle se ruine en maris."

Talleyrand said to the Emperor Alexander of Russia: "The French are a civilised people, but their Sovereign is uncivilised; Russians are uncivilised, but their Sovereign is civilised. The French people ought therefore to be the allies of the Russian Sovereign."

On one occasion Dumas was being asked his pedigree. "Sir, your father was a quadroon?" "Yes." "And your grandfather?" "A mulatto." "Your great grandfather?" "A negro." "Your great great grandfather?" "A monkey. You see, I began by being what you are."

"I hear Jones the company promoter's portrait is to be exhibited at the Academy. The pose will be quite appropriate—his hands in his pockets." "Most inappropriate; his hands ought to be in his neighbour's pockets."

Mrs. Jones, to little girl: "Which do you like best, Aunt Jane or Aunt Martha?" Little Girl: "Aunt Jane." Mrs. Jones: "Why?" Little Girl: "Aunt Jane makes tarts." Mrs. Jones: "So does Aunt Martha." Little Girl: "Yes, but Aunt Jane puts them where I can get them."

Jean Baptiste Rousseau showed Voltaire an Ode which he had written to Posterity. When he had finished reading it, Voltaire said: "That letter will never reach its destination."

When Talleyrand pronounced against the Spanish War, Napoleon denounced him in the most unmeasured language. Talleyrand retorted: "Quel malheur qu'un si grand homme soit si mal élevé."

A Scotch minister met three young men who saluted him. The first said, "Hail! Father Abraham"; the second, "Hail! Father Isaac"; the third, "Hail! Father Jacob." The minister replied: "I am neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob; but Saul the son of Kish, in search of his father's asses, and lo! I have found them."

Sir William Harcourt said to Lord Charles Beresford when he was one of the Lords of the Admiralty: "You are all very well at the Admiralty, but you do not look much like a statesman." Lord Charles retorted: "If it is a matter of looks you do not look much like a weathercock."

Digitized by Google

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

"WHAT HO! LANDLUBBER!"
"YOU—YOU IN A SAILOR'S CAP; WHY, YER AIN'T SEEN THE CANAL YET—NOT EVEN AS A LONGSHOREMAN!"

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

The single eye-glass was originally worn by people whose eyes were different, in order to remedy the defective one. To-day, it may be asserted that, out of a hundred men who wear single eye-glasses, ninety-nine see through—the other one.

The single eye-glass is tolerable in a man of a certain age who is both clever and *distingué* looking. John Bright, with his fine mass of white hair, and his intelligent, firm, yet kind expression, looked beautiful with his eye-glass on.*

When a man looks silly the single eye-glass finishes him, and makes him look like a drivelling idiot. If, besides, he is very young, it gives you an irresistible desire to smack his face or pull his nose.

The single eye-glass originated in England, but it is now worn in France quite as much, especially by young swells who, lacking the manliness of young Englishmen, look supremely ridiculous with them on. Great Frenchmen have worn single eye-glasses, among them Alphonse Daudet, Aurelien Scholl, President Felix Faure, Gaston Paris, Alfred Capus, now our most popular dramatist, wears one; so does Paul Bourget; but the latter is short-sighted on the right side. Marcel Prevost, too, is guilty.

America is almost free of eye-glasses. An American dude, with his trousers turned up, wearing a single eye-glass, a hat just perched on the top of his head, and sucking the handle of his umbrella or stick, is a sight for the gods to enjoy. In the Far-West, where the bump of veneration is not highly developed, the wearer of a single eye-glass might be "tarred and feathered," if not lynched. One way or the other, he would be a success.

But the most impudent, the most provoking single eye-glass of all is the one which is now worn in Paris, generally by very young men, without strings. As they frown, and wink, and make the grimace unavoidable to the wearer of that kind of apparel, they seem to say: "See what practice can do! I have no string to my eye-glass, yet I am not afraid of its falling!" Rich Annamites grow their finger-nails eight to ten inches long to show you that they are aristocrats, and have never used their hands for any kind of work. French parasites advertise their uselessness by this exhibition of the single eye-glass without string. And, with it on, they eat, talk, smoke, run, laugh, and sneeze—and it sticks! Wonderful, simply wonderful!

When you consider the progress that civilization is making every day, the discoveries that are made, the pluck and perseverance that are shown by the pioneers of all sciences, by the princes of commerce, by the explorers of new fields, in your gratitude for all they have done, and are still doing for the world, please do not forget, but salute the well-groomed young man who has succeeded in being able to wear a single eye-glass without a string.

PARIS "NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

A Parisian, proud of his city, which is built in solid cut stones, and just returned from London, gave it as his opinion that, like the ancient Britons, the modern ones lived in mud houses, with this difference, that the mud now used was baked first.

* But *did* John Bright wear an eye-glass?—Ed. JOHN BULL.

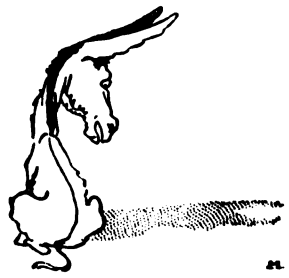
READY FOR THE STAGE.

Mr. Arnold F. Graves has dared much in taking "Clytæmnestra" as the subject of his five-act, blank-verse tragedy (with odes in rhyme, to be cut for the stage). He is intruding on the precincts of the great three Attic tragedians, more especially Æschylus; but he has come off very creditably. He is quite unlike Mr. Stephen Phillips; he has no "purple patches," but he has not many bad moments, and preserves a high average level. The play would act; it has unity and a definite plot. Clytæmnestra is a thought too weak and hesitating; she has not the inhuman grandeur of the Worst Woman in Greece. By the way, was the famous nightshirt scene at the Adelphi taken from Æschylus? The revolver is the modern "consecrated" medium of the *crime passionnel*, especially in matters conjugal, and answers to the axe of the Queen of Mycenæ. Has not M. Marcel Prevost, the prose poet of the semi-chorus of "Demi-Vierges," been shot at twice but recently? (The lady *said* she did not aim at him, but that is doubtful, as he was not hit.)

Clytæmnestra being inclined to waver, Orestes has to kill her unintentionally, which weakens his character. Also, though he should be a sportsman, he ought not to say, "They're off, at last." On p. 50 *Clytæmnestra* is printed for *Cassandra*, and on pp. 86, 91, the word *Oracle* is prefixed to speeches which evidently belong to the Pythia, who speaks for the oracle of Apollo. Professor Tyrrell contributes an interesting preface, and owns that he urged the author to publish. He has no reason to blush for his advice, nor the dramatist for his daring.

Digitized by Google

THE ASS'S SHADOW.

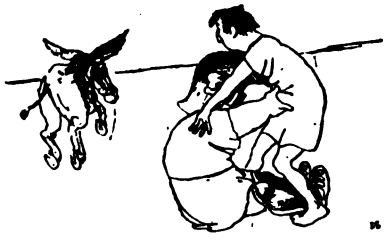


Showing:—
What wondrous things may come to pass
From out the shadow of an ass.

The tubby Tetrach sat upon two yards of desert land,
Beneath the shadow of an ass,
Who searched in vain for blades of grass
Amongst the desert sand.

"I've hired you the substance, not the shadow of an ass,"
This, in the vulgar Latin tongue,
The Driver at the Tetrach flung.
Oh, Driver! O Nefas!!

But, seeing that the Tetrach took no heed of what he said,
The Driver caught his ample girth,
And lifted him from Mother Earth!
The Donkey turned its head.



Then seeing their attention was withdrawn a little space,
The Donkey galloped off alone;
The Driver saw, and gave a groan,
And followed it apace.

This story has a Moral good, that you are best without,
For any reader of this screed
Himself must be an ass indeed,
Without a shade of doubt.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

Father came up to see me last week, and he took me for a run over to Paris. It was rather a disagreeable journey, but it was all most delightful at the end. I had never seen Paris before, and I was charmed at the sight of the great city which has such a white and innocent look. We went to such a curious hotel. Aunt asked father if he knew of a good one, and he said he knew of a nice family hotel where he always used to go when he was young.

It seems that the character of the place has entirely changed since then, and father hasn't been to Paris for thirty years. I don't think people would call it a family hotel now. The young men used to stare dreadfully at me, and I never saw father so cross. It made it so bad for the waiters, and I'm sure that it wasn't their fault. Father left the hotel the next day, just as I thought we were going to have such a pleasant time.

What astonished me most was the dresses. They were not at all like the Paris fashions of the dressmaker at Daisymead.

She always has the latest Paris fashions, and she goes away for a little time every Spring, and tells us what is going to be worn when she comes back.

It seems rather wicked to doubt her word, but I wonder if she ever goes to Paris at all? Perhaps she can't find it and gets lost by the way! I can see that all the dresses I brought up from Daisymead are entirely wrong. My hats are too high, and nobody wears pom-poms any more; my skirts don't do, and my jacket is altogether wrong. People said "English" wherever I went, and I don't see how they knew except it was by my clothes, for I am sure my accent is very good (papa paid for all the extras at the Daisymead School), and I haven't got a horse-face like the English "mees" in the caricature. But to return to the dresses. The hats were long and flat, something like a boat-shape, but longer, and they began low down at the back, reaching nearly to the nape of the neck, and the hair came down underneath. No feathers were worn, and no high trimmings; even the rosettes were as flat as a pancake, made of little flat pleatings with a large jet ornament in the centre. Most of them were covered with flowers—only very flat ones being used. Not roses but rose-buds, or else violets, or field-daisies, all looking as if the poor things had been picked with very short stalks.

Although the skirts are so short the Parisiennes always hold them up a little at the back. I suppose they cannot get out of the habit, or else they like to show the heels of their shoes. A great deal of green was worn (generally rather dull in tone) and blue and green were worn together, the peacock-shades of both I saw a good many bonnets at the Madeleine, but father said they were mostly worn by *grandes dames*. I asked him if the ladies at our hotel were *grandes dames*, but he did not seem to think that they were.

BOOKED.

"The Gourmet's Guide to Europe," by Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, assisted by Mr. Algy Bastard (Grant Richards), is distinctly interesting. It discourses pleasantly of "food and feeding," like the immortal work of Sir Henry Thompson, the originator of the historical "octaves." The authors publish more than forty menus, all of moment to the gentlemen for whom the Guide is written. The book deserves to go into a second edition, and when it does it would be advisable to add "the bill of fare" of the first John Buil Dinner, given at the Royal Societies Club, on the 1st of April, 1903. Here it is: Dublin Prawns, Saddle of Mutton, Lark and Kidney Pudding, Potatoes in their jackets, Turnip-tops, Jam Roly-Poly Pudding, Marrow-bones and Toasted Cheese. This toothsome repast was served with wax candles, churchwardens, and pewter tankards. The drinks were Stout, Stingo, and Whisky and Soda—the latter for those "under doctors' orders."

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

April 21.—CONSOLS, RISING; INDUSTRIALS, QUIET; KAFFIRS, DITTO; TURKS, SLEEPY; EGYPTIANS, LIVELY; MINES, A GOOD DEAL OF "CARRYING OVER"; ARGENTINES, INFLATED; YANKEES, DEPRESSED; TRUNKS, DOWN; LOANS, BUOYANT; RAILS, ADVANCING.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

THE LATE LAMENTED LYCEUM.

Last performance on April 23rd, 1903, Shakespeare's Birthday and St. George's Day: Sale by Auction at The Mart.

On April twenty-third that is to be,
Alas! alack! "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ*,"
On the Birthday of the Bard
(Oh, the irony is hard),
The last of the Lyceum we shall see.
In days of bygone glory
They would oft unfold the story
With Shakespeare's fancies stepping from his page.
But upon St. George's Day
All these scenes will fade away,
And the Bard of Avon's ghost will quit the stage.
So again we cry "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ*,"
Alas! alack! that such a thing can be.
The playhouse once so smart,
They will offer at the Mart;
It's "Hammered" when the auctioneer says "Three."

A better fate by far it should deserve
Than knocking down, like this, without reserve,
Oh that wicked L.C.C.
(*Hinc illæ lacrymæ*)
Is more ready to destroy than to preserve.
The home of Irving's triumphs disappears.
"*Eheu fugaces*." Ah! the fleeting years.
When the hammer falls 'tis certain
They've rung down the classic curtain.
("*Hinc illæ lacrymæ*." Forgive these tears.)
We've been sad, and we've been merry,
Wept or laughed with Ellen Terry,
But alack! those days will never come again.

To the Vikings she's departed,
And rehearsals have been started
By Sir Henry, for his Dante, at the Lane.

HOT, CROSS AND BUNKERED.

"*Fight for the Trams, Cars besieged, men, women, and boys perspiring, dishevelled, and in many cases hatless.*" *So a contemporary described the new service of the London United Tramways on Good Friday.*

It was a summer's evening,
The driver's work was done,
And he beside his tramcar door
Was sitting in the sun.
Before him sported in the street
Electric cars and motors neat.

'Twas Easter-tide, the driver said,
This grim and fearful fray,
We'd started cars to Bath and back,
A penny all the way.
We had another service, clean
From Shepherds Bush to Aberdeen.

The people came a million strong.
(This lot lived round about.)
They waited there in solid square
To see the cars turn out.
No better sight was ever seen,
They all had chosen Aberdeen.

Then from the Tup'ny Tube there came
(Our Tramway Line it feeds)
The young, the old, the prim, the bold,
And some in widow's weeds.
Another million, dark and fair,
Attacked the million waiting there.

The blood coursed down the road in streams,
They fought from dawn till night;
The bruised and lamed, and the smashed and mained
Continued still to fight.
We used the cars for dead and quick
And buried most at Hampton Wick.

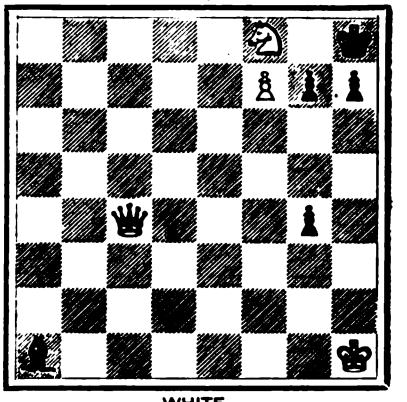
HUAN MEE.

THE SPHINX.

For Rules and Conditions see last week. Short pseudonyms can be used.

CHESS CAMEOS BY GREAT MASTERS.
No. 3.—By S. LLOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Puzzles will be continued next week.

An ingenious attempt to make a sentence, using each letter of the alphabet once, which seems to indicate the comprehensive, varied, and solid qualities of this column, runs thus:—"My big Sphinx! vow fleck'd quartz." (i used for j).

SOLUTIONS.

1. Oxford will Cambridge beat,
Or else declare dead heat.

2.
J o B
O — U
H aze L
N oe L.

3. Army.

4. 9×8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1=100.

5. Ourang-outang.

6. Tiglath-Pileser.

7. Well begun is half done.

8. One can go in a billiard or pyramid contest at a pot or a cannon. Side is put on at times, or a rest used.

9. Dearth, thread, dareth, hatred.

10. No *mean story* of disaster
Army notes record;
He has won the day, *yon master*,
My one star and lord.

Each group of words spells "monastery."

11. Each eats $2\frac{2}{3}$ loaves. B gives $\frac{7}{3}$ loaf to A, C gives only $\frac{1}{3}$ loaf. So B receives 7d., and C 1d.

12.
P A S T O R
A T T I R E
S T U P I D
T I P T O E
O R I O L E
R E D E E M

Cameo No. 1.

K—Q7, / K moves, R—Q5, / K × R, Q mates.

Cameo No. 2.

R—Kt5, / Kt × R, Kt—B6, / Kt—B6 ch, Kt × Kt mate.

Solutions from G. P. M., F. R. B., A. T., W. H. B., F. J. L., M. P. F., H. G. H., Tor, Brit., and others.

Digitized by Google

THE PROMISE OF MAY.

Since April from the 1st
Has played and played the fool;
May's bound to do her worst
And only play at pool.

And so the May our brush
Endeavours here to limn
Suggests a tearful gush,
If not a fearful swim.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

No. IV.—THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION *(concluded)*.

"Morrow, Mick! How's the invalid?" "Finely, thank ye, Jeremy; atin' everything before her, and milkin' away like mad; but ye promised me the rest of the Father's sermon when I'd be round ag'in!" "So I did, but where did I get to?" "Where he was talkin' at the Totals." "To be sure! Well, av course the Moderates and the other sort were smilin' to themselves at the warmin' he was givin' thim, whin, says he, 'It's my honest conviction that moderation is the true idale in drinkin' as well as everything else. Wine and porter and spirits for the matter of that are the gift of God if we don't indulge in them beyond raison.' At which all the Moderates nodded at each other wid an air of satiswhacksion. 'But what is a "Moderate," after all?

"'There's one I know who passes for one, whom I once overh'ard giving this prescription for the composition of a glass of punch. 'Mix the materials in aqual portions—half whiskey, and the other half whiskey and water,' and I heard the same fella' advise a friend, whom the doctor had limited to a single glass, to 'pour the liquor on the outside of it, if you want to have more nor a thimbleful.' I'd rather hav' to dale wid the uncharitablest out-and-outer than an insinuatin' Tomfool like that." The Totals had the laugh turned to their side now. "Deed, an' it's the jokers who do far too much of the Devil's work in this poor distressed country of ours—outside the Law Courts and in them—as if a joke couldn't be cracked widout crackin' a bottle, not to say a head along wid it.

"'I told yez a tale of a Total—I'll tell ye another of a Moderate, and leave ye to judge which of the two was the more respectable mimber of Sassiety. He was a real play-boy, full of fun and divarsion of every sort and kind, and his hotel bar was crowded every day and all day, for he was a publican. Many's the poor boy he was the ruination of by manes of his funny tongue, for it became the fashion to go and hear him reel his yarns at the "Joker's Rest," as he christened his public.

"'Well, he was full and runnin' over wid quare stories from every quarter, and you had only to start a tale yerself for him to match it wid a better, and it became the habit for anyone who came to the bar to stand him treat before takin' a drop himself. "What a head he must have had," I obsarve many of ye thinkin' to yerselves, my friends. So he had—a cruel, hard head, as I'll explain presently. But whenever a boy asked him, "What'll you have?" he always answered, "A glass of my special brown sherry," and it became the custom for the young buckeens to drink a lot of that same, and purtind they thought it fine, though 'twas dear and nasty doctored stuff at the best. He kept it in two little glass barr'ls, labelled "Superfine Quality," but it was always noticed that he only turned the tap of one of them for himself, and I won't say there was no suspicion it was because it contained the choicest quality.

"'But everyone was out there, and I'll explain to you why. From year's end to year's end that little glass barr'l of his was supplied by his own hand wid plain unadulterated toast and water, for which he charged his friends sixpence a glass, for tratin' him to the best of brown sherry.

"'They say he built a new wing to the "Joker's Rest" out of what he had saved in ten years on that same toast-and-water. And he was a *Moderate* drinker, or rather a Territorial Crusader'—this wid a side look at Father Con—'as I've heard some denominate it.'

"Well! he was the tarrible rogue entirely, Jeremy. I heard of such another up in Dublin—an ould winda-claner be name of Frank Splay. A friend of mine, wan Edward Edge, who was the Prodesan Dane of St. Patrick's body servant, used to be tellin' me about him. Here is wan of his notable villainies. 'Well, Frank,' says Edge to him, says he, one day, 'how didja fare yistherda'?' This Edge had the Divle's own quare accint which I'll thry me best to personate for ye. 'I was clanin' the windas for such-an'-such an ould wan,' says Splay. 'Tell me, did she give ye a tundherin' fine dinner?' 'Faith she did; I eat may be the best of a leg of mutton—the dinner was out of the way good' 'And did she give ye ne'er a ha'p'orth to dhrink?' 'Begob, and she did so; "heth an," says she, "me poor man, I believe your dinner isn't complate without the dhrink!" "Begor, I believe not, ma'am," says he.' Well, what the divil, should he do, but he takes and drinks two or three pints o' Guinness's finest. 'Y' ould thief, Frank,' says I, 'but yer afther breakin' Lord Plunket's pledge!' 'Heth an' I am not,' says he, 'sure I didn't *pay* for the po-ert-ther!'

"Well, there was another time he was clanin' for an ould lady on the Sarc'lar road. Mindja, there was an old cupboard in the cordner wid the divil a less nor a matther o' three pounds o' beef in it. Well, when th' ould wan had her back turdned an' she out o' the room, what the blazes divilment should he be up to but he goes up to the cupboard and, crule end to the thruppence, but he eat every dambit o' the beef out o' that, and bad luck t' all but he sticks th' ould cat locked up inside the cupboard.

"Presently she comes down to the kitchen an' opens the press. 'Oh, milleah murther!' says she, 'the cat's afther atin' all me beef on me—the whole o' what I had for yer dinner. I'm sorry, me poor man, I've nothin' furta give ye t' ate!' 'Faith, so am I, ma'am,' says he, 'more's the pity!"—an' he wid the three pounds o' beef in his ould body all the time, the great ould thief." "He was that, Mick! but bedambut what a sacrilagious way of talkin' them two Dublinites had betune them.'

UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

A Spanish author tells this story: One Lefèvre, the son of a poor Alsatian miller, entered the French Guards on the eve of the Revolution, rose from the ranks, got rapid promotion, and finally became Field Marshal Lefèvre, Duke of Dantzic. Disgusted by the bad behaviour of his son, who shrugged his shoulders at all his advice and remonstrances, he at last cried out: "You infernal young puppy! What the devil do you mean by assuming this superior manner to *me*?" "I don't forget," was the reply, "that you are the son of a poor Alsatian miller, while I am the son of the Duke of Dantzic."

If it were true that every man is a law unto himself most of us would be locked up—if we weighed out proper justice.

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

CONCERNING JOHN LEECH.

"How will that do?" I hear again. The speaker is standing in front of my father in the study of 8, Hyde Park Gate South. He is a neighbour of ours who lives a little nearer Hammersmith than we do, and he has come over to chat with my father on the latter's return from his court at Southwark. He is showing him a drawing is this tall sporting looking gentleman with the scarf and the scarf-pin. I know him very well—Mr. Leech. He has been a fellow-student with my uncle and namesake, the Doctor who won decorations on the medical staff of the expedition under Sir de Lacy Evans in Spain, and a contemporary of dear "Professor" Leigh, another of my father's oldest friends. I know Mr. John Leech very well. He is kindly and fond of boys. Why, his book about "Master Jacky's Holidays" was founded upon my brother Gilbert's mythical adventures on his return home from St. Peter's College, Westminster. I see him standing in the firelight talking to my father about the newest work they have in hand in collaboration. They have written and drawn together "The Comic Histories of England and Rome," and are fast friends. It must have been something very urgent that brought Mr. Leech to Hyde Park Gate South, because he and my father were wont to meet one another every Wednesday round the Mahogany Table, in Bouverie Street. My father urges him to stay to dinner, fixed for the then regulation hour of six o'clock, but he cannot. He is engaged to another neighbour of theirs—Thackeray. In those days, Kensington, the old Court suburb, was full of representatives of the pen and the pencil.

A Working Man in the Fifties.

I am reminded by this recollection of Mr. Leech's visit to my father of the working day of a barrister-journalist in the early fifties. My father was up, dressed, and breakfasted by nine o'clock. Then for the sake of exercise walked over to Southwark. Then he spent six or eight hours in a badly-ventilated police-court dispensing justice, and drove home to arrive at Kensington by about half-past five. He dined at six; slept from seven to eight. Then until two in the morning he was writing his daily articles for *The Times* and weekly contributions to the *Illustrated London News* and the paper he helped to found. He was very proud of his contributions to the latter, and pasted them in a book which I possess—it was saved from the fire that destroyed his library—and showed that he was a contributor from the day of its birth to the week of his death. On one occasion he wrote the whole of the leaders of the day's issue of *The Times*—a feat which, I believe, has been equalled by two living contributors to the great organ of Printing House Square. But the work was too much for him—he died before he had completed his forty-fifth year.

Leech as a Fox Hunter.

John Leech was very fond of sport, especially of hunting, and my father's delight was to object to the cruelty of killing a fox, unless to rid the country of vermin by shooting! A famous successor to Leech at Bouverie Street, Sir John Tenniel, also loved the sound of the pack in full cry, and I carried on in my day the family tradition of laughingly denouncing the best-liked pastime of English country gentlemen. My father wrote "A Quiziology of the British Drama" (the cover was by John Leech), which contained parodies of the dramatists of the day. In a long sporting speech, burlesquing the famous description of a race by Lady Gay Spanker, my father described a fox being followed for ten miles down a high road, and ultimately being killed by meeting face-to-face a sheep-dog! Leech turned his experiences in the field to good account in his delightful illustrations to the Jorrocks' Series.

Leech Drawings Scarce.

The drawings of John Leech are scarce and valuable. Unfortunately they are nearly all unfinished sketches, because the finished work appeared from the artists' hand on to the wood-block, and of course vanished in the engraving. The application of photography to the reproduction of pictures doubled the incomes of the leading draughtsmen in chalk, lead, and ink. I remember that Mr. Mark Lemon took a deep interest in the subject—as he naturally would as an editor—and had some plan for reducing and enlarging blocks made of india-rubber. Then came the earliest development of process graphotype, which required the artist to draw with a fine brush on a chalk surface. But photography worked in the interest of the artist as process had come to the aid of the proprietor. Had photography reached full development, in the days of John Leech, the world would have been richer for scores and hundreds of finished original drawings, in lieu of a few studies and tracings, the property of literary clubs or collectors in black-and-white.

Round About the Mahogany Tree.

Although Leech overflowed with humour in his drawings, there were very few "good stories" told about him. He was quiet and reserved, and perhaps that was the reason he was so closely associated in his work with my father, who after an adventurous boyhood, commencing with his Westminster schooldays, sobered down at an exceptionally early age into a dignified ornament of the Bench. The two friends found a third in Thackeray, of whom it was smilingly said that so anxious was he to follow in the footsteps of Fielding that he would have willingly accepted a magistracy in Bow Street. Thackeray, Leech, and my father lived in Kensington, and once a week for years travelled the same road home from Bouverie Street, although there may have been occasional visits to the Garrick Club—then in King Street—of which Thackeray and my father were both members. And here I may say that I have recently read in some magazine—I think it was in the *Pall Mall*—an article dealing rather harshly with the early days of the famous Table. As an antidote I quote—

Here let us sport,
Boys as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old Tree.

Evenings we knew
Happy as this,
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see;
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just;
Peace to your dust
We sing round the Tree.

The lines are signed "W. M. Thackeray."

A Proposed "Thackeray Brotherhood."

Since the appearance of the first of these papers, "To meet Mr. Thackeray," I have had several letters suggesting the idea of an organisation on the lines of the Dickens Fellowship, in honour of Thackeray. In the days of my youth everyone talked of "Dickens and Thackeray." I shall be only too pleased to do what I can to carry out the idea. I shall be glad to receive suggestions. As a commencement, what about a name? I propose myself "The Thackeray Brotherhood." Can anyone suggest a better title?

Digitized by Google

SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY PRIVATE VIEW.

Key:—E. ABB-Y; SIR W. AGN-W; SIR ALM- T-D-MA; PRINCESS H-NRY OF B-TT-NB-RG; G. B-GHT-N; M. C-LN-GHI; S. R. CR-CK-TT; DUKE AND DUCHESS OF D-V-NSH-RE; F. D-CKS-E; W. P. FR-TH; E. J. GR-G-RY; ARTH-R H-CK-R; PROFESSOR H-RK-M-R; C-L-N H-NT-R; MRS. J-PL-NG; BP. OF L-ND-N; S-YM--R L-C-S; P--RP-NT M-RG-N; W. Q. ORCH-RDS-N; W. O-L-SS; SIR E. P-YNT-R; V-L PR-NS-P; ARTH-R DE R-THSCH-LD; J. S-NT; J-HN S. S-RG-NT; S-L-M-N J. S-L-M-N; M. H. SP--LM-NN; M-RC-S ST-NE; J. M. SW-N; H-MPHRY W-RD; SIR E. W-T-RL-W; G. F. W-TTS; J. MCN--L WH-STL-R; BP. OF W-NCH-ST-R.

Digitized by Google

"THE VIKINGS."

(With no apologies to Dr. Henrik Ibsen.)

There was a young lady called Hiördis—
A double dot over the word is—
In a bower she'd abide
With a white bear outside,
A custom which rather absurd is.

There was a bold yeoman called Gunnar,
Who knew how such termagants won are;
But fearful he felt
Of the bear, as he dwelt
In a land where no sponge cake and bun are!

So he called in a Viking named Sigurd,
As strong as a bull of a big herd—
He wasn't afraid,
Killed the bear, won the maid,
And Gunnar was happy and sniggered.

But Sigurd's dear wife had a brother,
The hope of his father and mother;
And when he was slain
She told Hiördis plain,
That she had been won by "another."

The end of the story was striking,
For Hiördis bore Sigurd a liking,
So shot off a dart,
That went through his heart—
It's the way to make love to a Viking.

There is a fair lady called Terry,
Whose acting is dear to us, very—
But when she has Viked
As long as she's liked,
We hope she'll do something more merry!

EPISCOPAL PLEASANTRIES.

Bishop Magee was once coming out of the House of Lords with a young Duke. They had been listening to an old peer who spoke very indistinctly. "What language was the old fellow talking?" asked the duke, who had been unable to understand him. "Gum Arabic" was the quick reply.

Another episcopal story that will bear re-telling concerns Bishop Wilberforce. He was giving a dinner party, and the coachman (who was a clumsy fellow) was brought in for the occasion to assist at table. All at once there was a crash of crockery from the direction of the novice. "It's all right," said the Bishop to his startled guests; "That's only the coachman going out with the brake."

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

Yesterday my aunt took me to the theatre. I had never been to a first night before. I thought I should have such a jolly evening, and that I should get all manner of wrinkles from the actresses' dresses, and be able to tell all about the fashions in my next letter home. But when the play began I found the people were all in ancient dress—helmets and spears, and draperies and daggers; and when they went out to dinner they wore bed-quilts—regular patchwork counter-panes. And the play was so awfully sad—I never felt so depressed in my life. And it was all so dreadfully dark, we couldn't see the people's faces at all. It seems they had forgotten to light the footlights; and what should we say at Daisymead if a fit-up company had forgotten such a thing The third act was called "Light," and I said, "Now I am glad of that, for I suppose now we shall be able to see something." I never could remember which was the prompt side before, but now I shall never forget it, for it is where the leading lady went when she forgot her words. Things like that often happen at a *première;* the actors are nervous, or the scenery goes wrong; but Londoners have their first nights all the same, and they wouldn't miss them for worlds. And the leading lady I speak of was so beautiful and enchanting that if she had said her words backwards I should have liked to listen to her all the same.

When the people really enjoyed themselves was between the acts, when they all talked away, and were jolly as possible until the curtain went up again. When the play was over, all the people applauded as though they had enjoyed it enormously, and the actors came on and bowed, the same ones again and again. At last the audience began to call out for the gentleman who had forgotten the footlights, and the leading lady dragged him forward, and everyone was delighted to see him. As for me, I couldn't help laughing. She was in her antique dress, and looked about six feet high, and he was just a little dandy in very correct evening dress, smiling a convulsive smile. It was like the meeting of two different centuries—at least, that is how it seemed to me.

I noticed that it was correct to make out that you were very friendly with the leading lady, and that all the people who hadn't been introduced to her spoke of her by her Christian name. (Aunt really has known her from her childhood, by the way, and she always goes round to see her on the first night at the end of the play.) Mrs. Brocke Green gushed about her more than anybody, but she looked rather silly when my aunt said, "I suppose you're going round to congratulate her, since you know her so well?" She said No, she had never been round after the play, that she thought it inconsiderate, and always refused, though she would give her eyes to be there. She did get round somehow, however—somebody brought her, I think—and when she came across my aunt she said, "Ah, dear lady, you here?"

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

One of the Kirkpatricks, a Scotch farmer, was told that a kinswoman of his, Eugene de Montijo, whose mother was a Kirkpatrick, was going to marry Napoleon III. "Aweel," said he, "I've never thocht varra much of the Buonopartes mysel', but noo that the're coming into oor family I'll jest hold my tongue aboot them."

The wife of a minister fell asleep during her husband's sermon. He stopped short and said: "Sally McPherson, ae folk ken when I mairred ye I got na beauty, yer friends ken I got na siller, and if I did na gets God's grace I made a varra pair bargain indeed."

An auctioneer was vaunting the quality of the grass on a farm which he was putting up to auction. One of the audience got impatient and exclaimed: "Oh haud yer tongue, ye haivering idiot. Gerse! gerse! fine gerse! Dod man Nebuchadnezzar wad hae eat'n't a up in a fortnicht."

A pious Scot who had already had more than was good for him, insisted on his wife producing more drink. Before recommencing his potations, he insisted on saying yet another grace. Whilst he was reverently closing his eyes, the guidwife slipped the bottle behind the cushion of the sofa, hoping that in his then condition, her husband might forget his wants. When he opened his eyes again, he stretched forth his hand for the bottle, but finding it gone, he turned to his wife and said, "Feth guidwife, I am thinking it mair needfu' I s'uld 'watch' than 'pray' in your company."

Louis XVI. was reproaching Mgr. Dillon, Archbishop of Narbonne, for hunting himself and yet preventing his parish priests from doing so. "Votre majesté," said he, "chez moi c'est nue qualité, que jai heritée de mes ancêtres chez eux c'est un vice qu'ils se sont arquis."

Digitized by Google

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.

Stout Body (to young person from Registry Office): "I'M AFRAID YOU ARE RATHER YOUNG FOR THE SITUATION. ARE YOU SURE YOU COULD COOK DINNER FOR A LARGE PARTY?"

Young Person: "O, YES 'M—QUITE SURE. WHY, THE VERY LAST PARTY I WAS WITH, SHE WAS QUITE AS LARGE AS YOU, IF NOT LARGER."

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

THOUGHTS ON UMBRELLAS.

By Max O'Rell.

Tell me how a man uses his umbrella, and I will tell you his character.

The English Puritan always carries his umbrella open. If he rolled it, you might, at a distance, take that umbrella for a stick, and he thinks that this would give him a rather fast appearance.

The miser does the same, because an umbrella that is never rolled lasts longer.

The man who always takes an umbrella with him is a cautious individual who never runs risks, and never embarks in speculation. He will probably die rich; at all events in easy circumstances. On the other hand, the man who always leaves his umbrella behind him is generally one who makes no provision for the morrow. That man is thoughtless, reckless, always late for the train or an appointment, leaves the street door open at night, and is generally unreliable.

The man who is always losing his umbrella is an unlucky dog, whose bills are protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are coming off, who is always in trouble on account of one thing or another.

The man who leaves a new umbrella in his club and hopes to find it there the following day is a simpleton who deserves all the bad luck that pursues him through life.

The man who comes early to an "At Home" may not show his eagerness to present his respects to a hostess betimes so much as to aim at having a better chance to choose a good umbrella.

The man who is perpetually showing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of meanness and low suspicion. Let him be ever so rich, if he asks your daughter in marriage, refuse her to him. He will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than of his wife.

If you are fortunate enough to have your umbrella when it rains (which shows rare perspicacity) and you meet a friend who has left his at home, and asks you to shelter him, try immediately to meet another friend or acquaintance to whom you may offer the same service. By so doing, you will be all right in the middle; you will have your sides also well protected, and you will have obliged two friends instead of one.

The possession of a well regulated watch and a sound umbrella is to a great degree a sign of respectability. More watches and silk umbrellas are pawned than all the other pieces of man's apparel put together.

The man who carries a cotton umbrella is either a philosopher, who defies the world and all its fashionable conventions and prejudices, or an economist, who knows that a cotton umbrella is cheaper than a silk one, and lasts longer.

The man who walks with short, jerky steps, and never allows his umbrella to touch the ground, is a very proper man, and not uncommonly a downright hypocrite.

On the other hand, the man who walks with a firm, long step, swinging his body slightly from right to left, and using his umbrella like a stick, is generally a good, manly fellow.

"NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

Visitor to servant (at an "At Home.")—"I can't find my umbrella."

Servant.—"What kind of an umbrella is it, sir?"

Visitor.—"Quite a new one."

Servant.—"Oh, sir, the new umbrellas have all been gone since four o'clock."

JOHN BULL'S NOTE BOOK.

A minister reproached one of his congregation for using strong language. "But, Minister, what am I to do if a man tells me a lee?" "Gie a whustle." Next Sunday the minister got up into the pulpit and preached on Samson, who, he said, saw foxes "wi' tails a hundhred yairds long." A whistle was heard. "Maybe the foxes' tails were just fifty yairds long." A second whistle. "The foxes' tails were *just* fifty yairds long, and I will na tak off another yaird for all the whustles in the warld!"

"I am getting on fairly well with them," said an M.P. to our lobbyist. "I am President of thirty-two clubs, including the Amateur Organ Blowers, the Fancy Bell-Ringers, the Ping-Pong Players, and the Little Bird-Nesters' Social Gathering. The last, I confess, is rather trying, as I am expected to inaugurate every season, as President, by climbing up a very lofty tree and bringing down a bird's nest. And the practice nights of the Blowers and the Ringers—to which I am invited—are sometimes a little inconvenient. But on the whole, I repeat, I am fairly successful in retaining the confidence of my constituents."

Lord Morris was expatiating on the effect of Lord O'Hagan's Jury Act, which lowered the qualification of jurors in Ireland: "'Gentlemen of the Jury,' says I, 'take your accustomed places'; and begorra, half of them made for the dock."

Digitized by Google

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

Niece: "YOU SEEM TO FIND A 'FREE WHEEL' RATHER HARD WORK, UNCLE! WHY, YOU'VE GOT YOUR BRAKE ON. WHATEVER FOR?"

Uncle (who isn't quite at home with his new bicycle): "YES, I KNOW. I'M CERTAIN THE CONFOUNDED THING WILL GO DASHING DOWN HILL BACKWARDS IF I DON'T!"

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

La belle France, La belle France,
Enchanting realm of old romance—
The Tourney's queen, the lovers' lance,
Trouvère and troubadour.
Blest land of visionary gleams
That now St. Francis' holy themes,
Now Joan the Maid's Domremy dreams
Inspired with ardours pure.

La Belle France, whose arméd might
With sword and mace and arrow flight
O'erpowered in Senlac's stubborn fight
Our Harold and his Thanes.
And thus, unto our endless good,
Commingled Norman hardihood
With Saxon in the imperial blood
That lightens through our veins.

La Belle France, to whom a debt
Of Law and Letters deeper yet
We owe, since proud Plantagenet
Controlled us in thy tongue;
Till, moulded, mellowed, tone by tone,
By that chivalric speech our own
Took captive people, court and throne,
While Chaucer greatly sung.

Then we were found, ma belle France!
True sisters in "belle alliance,"
The Christian standard to advance
With Priest and Paladin.
And side by side we fought and prayed,
And fought until, in Jesu's aid,
We broke at last the magic blade
Of mighty Saladin.

Ah, then from friendship falling out,
"St. George!" "St. Denis!" was the shout
That unto victory, turn about,
War's balance did incline.
Yet through the years each foe could feel
Right worthy of the other's steel,
Du Guesclin made our squadrons reel,
And great King Harry thine.

Again from foes we grew to friends,
And leagued — to make the more amends—
In generous arms for Justice' ends
Against the incroaching Russ.
And blows we met, and blows we plied,
Fought on and conquered, side by side,
While "Vivent les Anglais!" loud you cried,
"Brave French!" rang back from us.

Now we've been tiffing for a while,
But John and I and all our Isle
Feel always *triste* without your smile,
We do, ma Belle France!
And see! the King between us stands,
Whom each loves best, and takes our hands,
Once more to knit them in the bands
Of old belle alliance.

A. P. G.

MOMENTS WITH THE LIFTMAN.

"Good morning, madam; good morning, sir! Yes, the hotel is very full — has been all through Easter. First floor, madam; first floor, sir!

"Yes, madam, all sorts are here—children, madam; and babies, sir. They all come, all of 'em. Second floor, madam; second floor, sir!"

"Yes, madam, I've been going up and down this lift a number of years —I forget how many, but it's a long bit over a score. When I first came things were very different—not a soul, so to speak, at Christmas, and Easter was quite solitary. Third floor, madam; third floor, sir!"

"They do tell me, sir, it's the servants who's to blame. It's not likely that gentlefolk, madam, will do with job-cooks and housemaids that can't put in more character than a fortnight. It's not be expected, is it, madam? Is it, sir? Fourth floor, please."

"So everyone comes to the hotel for the Season, and shuts up their own town houses. Fact is, I expect the gentlefolks find that when all is said and done, a hotel is more like home than what you may call home when it ain't! Fifth floor, please. Good night, madam; good night, sir!"

Digitized by Google

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

THE BRITISH KING BETWEEN US STANDS,
WHOM EACH LOVES BEST, AND TAKES OUR HANDS
ONCE MORE TO KNIT THEM IN THE BANDS
OF OLD BELLE ALLIANCE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

I humbly confess that the provisions of the Budget are disappointing—bitterly disappointing. I am an Imperialist. I am a thick-and-thin supporter of the Ministry, but still I again assert the provisions of the Budget are disappointing—bitterly disappointing.

I consider it my duty to make no secret of my opinion. In the Lobby, where I have the pleasure of meeting representatives of the Press, I have declared that the financial arrangements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer have given me grave dissatisfaction. The Lobby representative of the *Sleepboro Argus* has used my sentiments pretty freely. But when he says that the omission discovered in the Budget will count twenty in a division, he is out in his calculation. I am not quite sure that I should have gone so far as to print my opinion. As a matter of fact I represent my constituents, who I know will be deeply disappointed at the omission which has so seriously affected their real interests; yet in spite of this, I am not at all sure I would be justified in abstaining from voting, and certainly I should be freely condemned if I went into the Opposition Lobby. So I think the representative of the *Sleepboro Argus* is wrong in suggesting that my personal objection to the omission in the Budget would entail a loss of twenty votes on a party division to the Government.

For all that, the disappointment is very annoying. It is not because I took considerable trouble about the matter that I feel resentment. When I caught the Premier, I told him frankly that it was absolutely necessary that my views should be respected. He was charmingly courteous—he always is—but preferred to discuss golf. I approached the Duke in the other House. He certainly remained awake while I was offering my explanation—a concession I of course appreciated—but he said that he never worried himself about figures nowadays, and thought if anything might be taxed it should be motor-cars, because they made such an infernal row—or words to that effect. The other Chancellor—the Speaker of the Upper House—was equally polite. His Lordship, however, preferred to talk about the Maske of Flowers—a terpsichorean entertainment that apparently was given at the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn—and swordsmanship. I was pleased to learn that the Head of the Law was a Maître d'Armes in France. Then I buttonholed the Colonial Secretary. He was intensely sympathetic, and yet thought that Wrottenborough was scarcely—from a municipal point of view — the equal of Birmingham.

"Now we should have managed it better in our city," he said, emphasising the last word. "We should never have allowed the question to become a burning one. I am sure you will forgive me for saying so, but Wrottenborough is slightly behind the times And now let me show you my new orchid. It is called, in honour of my recent visit to South Africa, the Cape of Good Hope."

When I found the Right Honourable Joseph could do nothing for me I threw up the sponge.

"You see," he said, "it would never do. We should have the Press down upon us."

"I beg your pardon. I have considerable influence with the Editor of the *Wrottenborough Argus*, and the manager of the *Wrottenborough Patriot*, I am credibly informed, has an interest in the contract."

But it could not be done. So I was forced to assent to the Budget without even asking a question on behalf of my ill-used constituents. However, I need not be reticent in the organ of the Empire—the representative of the best interests of all that has made Britannia the Pride of the Ocean, the Ruler of the Seas.

Why the Budget can never be entirely satisfactory to my constituents is explained by the fact that amongst its numerous financial arrangements no provision has been made to restore the Wrottenborough Town Pump.

"JOHN BULL" COMPETITION.

The proprietors of JOHN BULL have much pleasure in announcing that they have arranged a unique competition for the benefit of their readers. Competitors must be between the ages of four and eleven years, and the first prize will be free tuition at any Board School in the Kingdom (to be selected by the winner), or the competitor will be allowed to send 6s. 10d. in cash to this office for a year's subscription to JOHN BULL.

Many other valuable prizes will be awarded to successful competitors. The competition costs you nothing in money, time, or labour. We supply you with the questions *and also with the answers.* All that you have to do is to certify that you are a regular buyer of this paper.

FIRST SET OF QUESTIONS.
(with answers).

1. Q: When was beef tea first mentioned in English history?

A: When Henry VIII. dissolved the papal bull.

The key to this question is evidently the word "beef." Beef of course comes from the bull, and the student of history turning up the word bull in his history book will at once discover the answer. Any person with the usual fund of knowledge may similarly solve the following questions:

2. Q: Why must a chemist be a woman?

A: Because he must be an Ann Eliza or else a Charlotte Ann.

3. Q: Why is a duck like a lady bird?

A: Because they're both lady birds.

4. Q: Why is a cigar like a piece at the theatre?

A: Because if it's a bad one it won't draw; if it's a good one you feel inclined to take a box.

"By Thames and Tyber," by Mrs. Aylmer Gowing (John Long), is a remarkably clever piece of work. The dream that carries the reader to Rome is particularly interesting. "As Cæsar's Wife," by the same authoress, was very good. "By Thames and Tyber" is even better.

Digitized by Google

"OF NO CONSEQUENCE."

"EXCUSE ME, MISS SMITH, BUT 'ER—IS IT VERY MUCH FARTHER TO THE VICARAGE?"

"WE" IN PARIS.

With apologies to a contemporary.

We followed the mode. Everyone is in Paris just *à present.* "May we" or shall we May week? A short journey from Charing Cross to Folkestone or Dover, under the ever-courteous protection of the Mail guards, and a pleasant trip from shore to shore under the cautious guidance of the brave captains of the Channel steamboats, were matters of moment, or at most of hours.

"Vous prenez votre diner sur le restaurant, carr?" asked the thoughtful *conducteur* at Boulogne.

"May we. Tray beang," and we sank into the comfortable cushions of a well-upholstered compartment. We dined. Plain fare, but excellent. *Le potage* admirable, and *le pain* of that day's baking. On our arrival in Paris, to dash across from the station to the hotel was a duty, as well as a pleasure.

"Je swee enchanté de vous voir," said the always observant manager"; "la même chambre à cocher n'est ce pas?"

"May wee?"

And we retired to rest. When we took a chaise in the *salle à manger* the next evening, nothing could have been more appetising than the *pure de pois.* In honour of the day—Friday—the *menu* was *maigre.* And after all, although there is nothing much better than a *tête de veau en cafe pique à la Suisse,* it is good sometimes to make the *pièce de resistance* a simple *plat,* such as a *sole à la Normande Dieppoise souffle aux fine herbs vertes Tonquin.*

"Il y'a bookoo du monde ici n'est ce pas?" we observed to the *garçon.*

"Yes, sare," he replied, "there are many—will you see the *Times*?"

We were delighted to find that he believed we possessed the accomplishment (so rarely found in foreigners) of speaking English.

"Bong je vous comprong tray beang," we returned, cordially.

"Good night, sare!"

But we did not give him a *franc,* as there was something in his manner that did not quite please us. Besides—no doubt on account of the *bookoo du monde*—our room was an *etage* or two higher than it might have been.

CONFESSIONS AND DEFINITIONS.

Being Suggestions for a Lady's Lexicon.

Absurd. Any woman who does not affect our own particular fashions.

Abuse. Just criticism of one's friends applied to oneself.

Accent. Piquante Hanover and Paris, intolerable Boulogne.

Accuracy. Long obsolete, but now coming into use.

Actor. The crowning triumph of a crush.

Actress. Every woman.

Admirer. Every sane man.

Ambition. To be most loved and most hated.

Art. To make three hours of face-massage look like a five seconds' dip in rain water.

Authorship. To annex an up-to-date story by smiling modestly whenever it is mentioned.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

A NAVAL NOTE.

Lord Charles Beresford is attending Classes in Naval Tactics on board H.M. Ship "Victory," at Portsmouth.

"What, Charlie Beresford! the deuce!
Attending Cooking Classes?"
"Yes; learning the Gridiron's use,
To guide young naval asses."

NOT TOO LATE.

An appeal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Since even our Premier, to his shame,
Goes sneaking from the Lobby
To practise at his favourite game,
Do tax the dangerous hobby—
Our breakfast table thus you'll free,
For all we pay to Paddy.
Tax every tee, instead of tea—
Caddie instead of Caddy.

A HAPPY RETURN.

When Lawson faced the Camborne Toll
He did not Liberal courage lack;
"I scorn," said he, "each Tory Dole,
But I'd give the Boers the Transvaal back."

Camborne electors, aiming higher,
On sounder restitution bent,
Noting the national desire,
Gave Lawson back to Parliament!

Digitized by Google

SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

V.—SIR H-NRY IRV-NG.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

CONSOLS, RISING; MONEY, CHEAP; INDUSTRIALS, WAKING UP; TURKS, DITTO; KAFFIRS, LIVELY; TRUNKS, RISING; TOBACCO TRUSTS, QUIET; EGYPTIANS, RISING; ARGENTINES, DITTO; MINES, QUIET; COPPER, FLAT; YANKEE RAILS, GOING AHEAD; HOME RAILS, RECEDING; BAGDAD RAILWAY PUSHED BY GERMANY; JOHN BULL ALOOF BUT WATCHFUL.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

PLACE AUX DAMES!

It is stated that following the example of France and America a paper run entirely by women will shortly appear in London.

I.

It used to be the boast of men
They ran the daily Press.
They pushed the pencil, drove the pen,
And ink slung, more or less.
A paper new, new women start,
To tons of money mint.
In silk, we know, they all look smart,
How will they look in "print?"

II.

We know at us they "set their caps";
Their "formes" are dreams of grace.
They print a kiss, a "proof," perhaps,
That Cupid's "in the case."
Their "pars" of course they'll never tell,
Nor "publish" each caress.
They've learnt the art to "make up" well
And when to "go to Press."

III.

When dealing with Financial Page
Of "City Facts and Features,"
They're certain to become the craze;
The dear ambitious creatures.
Small "Trunks" they'll buy, as woman should,
For frocks to suit the wearer.
They'll know if "Dora's" figure's good
And what is wrong with "Sarah."

IV.

Of course, they'll have their "Little Chats"
At "Bertha's" agitations.
And "Evans!" put "Jays" price for hats
Before the "Tape" quotations.
But when all things are said and done
(Misogynist's confession).
They'll give us some unconscious fun,
Yet make a "good impression."

RAND CHINESE LABOUR.

How inconsistent people are
With all their fuss and noise.
Some won't have "John" at any price,
And yet want yellow boys.

VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM.

Dedicated to the man who feels doubtful about reaching Brighton in the Stock Exchange Walk.

I.

Oh! Journalistic men who talk,
Why did you take our little walk
So much to heart?
Why do you publish, day by day,
Our training form, also the way
We live apart
From those who study gourmet whims
At Lyons, Mabeys, or at Pimms?

II.

Oh, Journalists! who should be wise,
Why do you fiercely advertise?
I did not ask.
I put my name down as a jest,
And now I heartily detest
The awful task;
But can't resign, though overmatched
I head a column "list of scratched."

III.

Oh, Journalists! I've got to go,
For, thanks to you, the world would know
If I retired.
I've heard so much, from day to day,
About that little jaunt in May,
That now I'm tired.
So if you find I cannot stay,
Don't go and give the show away.

HUAN MEE.

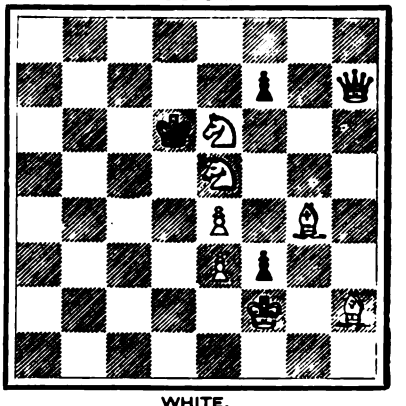
THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Bound volumes of "John Bull" will be sent as consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS BY GREAT MASTERS.

No. 4.—By J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

13. A PUZZLE SENTENCE.

Ground
turn evil star.

14. A CHARADE.

I'm the most fearful of fates upon earth,
Cut off my head and bright moments have birth;
Lop off my shoulders and riddle my riddle,
Anything seems to be found in my middle.

15. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

What number divided by 20 yields 19, and by 9 yields 8 as remainders? By what simple rule can questions of this particular sort be solved?

16. MACARONIC VERSES.

Luce metat ipse sutor,
Cantas Orci madentes!
"Qua forum an empti putor
Potor tria quarto pes!"

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

A most troublesome task is the construction of a sensible sentence in which each letter of the alphabet is used once, and only once. A very ingenious attempt, in which u is used for v and i for j runs thus: "Fix sad brow, quiz nymph, get luck."

That a man who is his own doctor may have a fool for his patient is indicated by the fact that the words "Dangers of amateur physicking" resolve themselves into the perfect anagram: "The sick men pay for drugs again."

Digitized by Google

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VIEW OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC 40 YEARS AGO.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

A MEDICAL DISQUISITION.

"You may thramp the world over
From Delhi to Dover,
And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon;
Circumvent back
Through the whole Zodiack,
But to ould Doctor Mack you can't furnish a Paragon.
Have ye the dropsy,
The gout, the autopsy?
Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez,
Nohow infarior
In skill, but suparior,
Heth an' lineal postarior to Ould Æsculaypius.
He and the Wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety.
Here's to his health,
Honour and wealth,
The King of his kind and the Crame of all Charity!"

"What's that screed you're singin', Mick?"

"Wan the Father was givin' Father Con afther breakquest this mornin'."

"An' what did the Curate think of it?"

"He said 'twas a pity that there wasn't more sinse in the songs the people do be singin'.

"'Which means the people and the *priests*,' says the Father, laughing. 'But what partickler fault do you find with the phraseology of this song, Father Con?'

"'The Geographical description is outrageous, and the Medical terms employed are inaccurate and revolting, if not indecent.'" "What a sour-face that curate is, Mick!" "He is so, Jeremy." "But before continnyin' their conversation give us a bit more of the song."

"Well, I'll raysume it to as far as the Father got, to the best of my rec'llection.

"How the rich and the poor,
To consult for a cure,
Crowd on to his door in their carts and their carriages—
Showing their tongues,
And unlacin' their lungs,
For divle wan symptom the Doctor disparages!

Troth! now and he'll tumble,
For high or for humble,
From his warm feather-bed with no cross conthrariety;
Makin' as light
Of nursin' all night
The beggar in rags as the belle of Society.

And as if by a miracle
Ailments hysterical
Dad, wid one dose of bread pills he can smother,
And cure the love-sickness
Wid comical quickness,
Prescribin' the right girls and boys to each other—

And the sufferin' childer—
Your eyes 'twould bewilder
To see the wee craytures his coat-tails unravellin'—
Each of them fast
On some treasure at last,
For ould Doctor Mack's just a Toyshop out travellin'.
He and the Wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety,
Here's to his health,
Honour and wealth,
The King of his kind and Crame of all Charity!"

"And didn't anny of that rache the Curate." "If it did he didn't purtind to it, Jeremy. They were atin' a pair of turkey's eggs at the time, and says Father O'Flynn, 'The song I've been singing together with this egg reminds me of a medical question I heard was put to a Protestant Dane who was one of my best friends in these parts. He used to live at Parknasilla before it was converted into a Hotel. Well, one day he was drivin' along by way of Cahir Daniell when he came up with old Father John walkin' tired like along the road.

"'"May I offer you a lift, Father O'Sullivan," said he. "Thank you kindly," said the old priest, and got up on the side car and away with them for Derrynane. "I've heard tell," said Father John, "that you are larned in all the sciences, as havin' been once Professor of Mathematics at Trinity College, and so it occurs to me you may be able to settle a little matter of special intherest to me and my parishioners who rear fine flocks of turkeys, and would be glad to establish a medical industhry in them. Can you tell me, Mr. Dane, what part of the turkey the Turkey rhubarb comes from?"'

"Well! even Father Con laughed at that."

"And what part of it does the rhubarb come from, Mick?"

"No part of it, ye Gazabo! but from the counthry of Turkey."

RIDDLES IN RHYME.

She asked me a riddle: "So nice and new,
Quite fresh from my uncle's ranches,"
Concerning a horse of a certain hue
And the nuts upon certain branches.

This I guessed and went on: "Now distinguish between
That horse and a well-known shred dish."
"I give up." "Well, the one is a reddish horse
And the other"—"I see—a horse reddish."

Being rude as could be, he asked Mrs. T.,
A live D.S-c., this riddle:
"Why, with you at my side, should I *not* have descried
That brute over there with the fiddle?"

"Give it up?" "Yes, at riddles I never have shone."
"Then don't think the answer too shocking—
Because even a blackleg you see should be hid
By a blue"—"Stop you wretch!"—"a blue stocking."

A speaker at a Scotch meeting said: "Were I to ask myself this question——" "Ye'd get a d——d silly answer, Jock!" was the reply.

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."

BY THE EDITOR.

DELANE AND "MEN OF THE TIMES."

A small table in Serjeants' Inn. It is contained in a corner house of the square, and I have come to it with my father (who has business with his editor) from the Theatre Royal Adelphi, where there is being performed a piece by Buckstone, with a cast containing Webster, Wright, and Madame Celeste.

THE "TIMES" STAFF.
From "The Mask" of 1868.

I am a boy of eight, anxious to get back to the playhouse, and listen rather impatiently to the conversation carried on by my father and his editor, which turns on the subject of a leading article. When we left the house, my father bade me remember the occasion. "You have missed the farce," said he, "but you have had the honour of making the acquaintance of Mr. Delane, editor of the *Times*."

The Power and Justice of the "Times."

It was said of Delane that he controlled the writing of others, but seldom wrote himself. He was certainly devoted to the interests of the great paper of which he was the literary director. The leading journal, or as it used to call itself when advertisers wanted to quote it in its own columns, "a morning paper," was regarded with deep admiration by the general public, and absolute devotion by its regular staff. The Briton carried with him everywhere his sense of the power and justice of the *Times*. I remember once finding myself at Amiens in the time of the Franco-German War before a group of officers who wanted to kill me because my passport was marked with a German visé. Fortunately I got out of the awkward position by producing my commission. But I still have my doubts whether it would not have been better to have told those angry warriors "that if they dared to shoot me I would certainly write to the *Times*."

The Press and the R.A. Banquet.

The respect paid to the British journal abroad was merely a reflection of the honour in which it was held at home. To this day only one paper receives an invitation to be present at the Banquet in Burlington House, held on the eve of the opening of the Royal Academy. Read the list of guests and you will find "*Times* Reporter." Even that representative of the British Press was ignored by that august body, the Royal Academicians, until there was a difficulty about "taking" a speech of the late Prince Consort. One of the most important orations of the evening one year went wrong. It was decided to introduce the Press for the future. In other words, the *Times*.

The Staff Forty Years Ago.

Taking down from my bookshelves a volume of *The Mask*, edited by Alfred Thompson, ex-Carbineer, and one of the founders of the A.D.C. at Cambridge, and Leopold Lewis, solicitor and adapter (for Sir Henry Irving) of "*Le Juif Polonais*," otherwise "*The Bells*," I find a caricature of the staff of the *Times*. It appeared nearly forty years ago. I copy the key: Mr. Delane as Jupiter, the Thunderer of Printing House Square; Dr. Dasent as Juno; Mr. Mowbray Morris, Mercury; Mr. John Forster, Vulcan; Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Minerva; Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne (S.G.O.), Neptune; Dr. Russell, Mars; Mr. M. J. Higgins ("Jacob Omnium"), Hercules; Mr. Davison, Apollo; Mr. Tom Taylor, Cupid; Mr. John Oxenford, Bacchus; and Mr. Walter. the Eagle (a bird with Proprietary Rights).

A Leading Dramatic Critic.

I am particularly drawn to one caricature in that sketch in *The Mask*—John Oxenford represented as Bacchus, God of the Drama and Wine. He was the leading dramatic critic of the sixties, and the best of good fellows, excellent *confrère*, and kindly creature. I heard him say once when responding to his health, that when he wrote a critique, as a dramatist himself, he never forgot the labour and anxiety represented by a first night, and objected to setting down scathing sentences about actors. "I didn't want anyone," said he, "to have to hide away my notices from the wife and the children."

Russell, and the Policy of the "Times."

I am afraid there is but one survivor of all the brilliant company depicted in caricature by Alfred Thompson. But it may be said—remembering his services to his country—the greatest of them all. The first and best of War Specials—William Howard Russell—appears as Mars. To Sir William—known affectionately to his intimates as "Billy"—the country owes the reform of the Army dating from the dark days of the Crimean campaign. He represents the censorship of the Press. In the fifties that censorship was uncontrolled by the professional censorship recommended at a later date by Lord Wolseley in his "Soldiers' Pocket Book." "Look here," was the final instructions of the Secretary of State for War to a trusted subordinate on the eve of his departure for the East to put things straight in Balaclava; "mind you are very civil to Russell of the *Times*." But all the civility in the world did not influence the representatives of the *Times* in those days. And the situation of half a century ago remains to this moment unchanged.

Digitized by Google

A DAY WITH BOBBY AND BETTY.

Digitized by Google

RATHER GAVE HIM AWAY.

Fond Father (showing off his offspring's intelligence): "NOW, ELSIE DEAR, WHAT IS A CAT?"
Elsie: "DUNNO."
Fond Father: "WELL, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY LITTLE ANIMAL THAT COMES CREEPING UP THE STAIRS WHEN EVERYONE'S IN BED?"
Elsie (promptly): "PAPA."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

A GOLFER'S DREAM.

I dreamt that I was bunkered in a blizzard,
When suddenly a drunkard or a wizard
Sent me flying to the moon
With an aluminium spoon
That he'd landed fair and square upon my gizzard.
Now what the Place of Flame had he been thinking of?
What in its owner's name had he been drinking of,
The sanguinary rascal,
To mistake me for a Haskell,
And smack me to the sky and then go slinking off!
For a while my epidermis bit like mustard,
While my foe, as the term is, thus I "cussed hard."
Then I pulled myself together
To face the fiendish weather
And went flapping through its thickest like a bustard.
Well! presently my rage, so truly go'fic,
Cooled down into a stage more philosophic,
Till at last, still quickly mounting,
I fell the stars a-counting,
While I slowly sucked a lozenge stamped "The Coughic."
And I noted in those forces astronomical
Deviations from their courses somewhat comical,
E. G., a well-known Plough
Seemed hung up anyhow,
Yes! that Share's share of work was economical.
And I saw The Lion actually handing
To O'Ryan, at that old rogue's demanding,
Twelve million billion pounds
To establish better grounds
For a future Anglo-Irish understanding.
And higher still and higher as I fluttered,
This sentiment the Lyre slowly uttered,
"The Bull—as—you—may—say,
Is—in—the—Milky Way;
So—both—sides of him—are—nicely bread and buttered."
"Which means?" roared out the great and little Bears—
"A most exciting state in our affairs.
It denotes that Taurus stock
Is as steady as a rock.
Why—the Crown—itself—has—telegraphed for SHARES."
"Though not given," quoth the Fish, "to such adventures,
I've expressed a written wish for some debentures."
Then the Dog Star barked, "And I
Shall an application try.
But, please, to what address, ma'am, have you sent yours?"
Then all the Stars in one mad rush were jumbled,
And, struggling to escape the crush, I stumbled,
And wildly shrieking "Fore!"
From my * * * * * * bed
—upon—the—floor—
On my head, that still is sore, out I tumbled.

G.

JOHN BULL'S NOTE BOOK.

He was once asked what kind of music he liked best, and replied: "I would rather hear Offenbach than Bach often."

A Scotch teetotaler was found lying at the bottom of a ditch in a hopeless state of intoxication. "I thought you were a teetotaler," said his friend. "Ay," was the reply, "but I'm na a bigoted one."

An Irish cottier, the owner of a flock of ducks, was drawing water from a well: "What's the value of those ducks?" said a British tourist. "Sixpence each," was the reply. "Why, man, take them to London and you'll get six shillings a pair for them." "D'ye see that wather?" said the Irishman. "It's worth tin shillings a glass *down below*, but how the divil am I to get it there?"

Another Irishman was holding forth at Clonakilty on Lord Roberts: "Shure he's a grand man intoirely, and it's to Pretoriah he'll be going, and it's not all the Peelers there is in Clonakilty that'll shtop him." There are about six policemen in Clonakilty.

A man wished to blackmail a lady by threatening the publication of letters she had addressed to him. "Do as you please," was her retort; "all that I am ashamed of is their address."

Someone told Talleyrand that Thiers was a "parvenu." "No," he replied; "arrivé."

Digitized by Google

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

The proceedings of the Nationalist press of Paris, in connection with the visit of King Edward, have convinced me more than ever that the worst enemies of a country are those journalists who make patriotism a profession or, I should rather say, a *métier*. Outside of Paris the Nationalists, or "Patriotards," have practically no following, and the Parisians themselves are getting pretty sick of them. To the "Patriotards," patriotism consists in insulting foreign nations, especially England, the "hereditary enemy," and in publishing semi-national statements which injure France, make the French particularly ridiculous abroad, but help to sell a few hundreds of their dirty rags.

These intelligent Nationalists suggested that King Edward should be received with shouts of "Long live the Boers!" and "Down with Fashoda." But the Parisians, who are not such fools as the "Patriotards" take them to be, reflected that the first cry would not restore their independence to the Boers, and that the second one could only flatter the English by reminding them of a great diplomatic victory over the French, and, instead of following the advice, they welcomed the amiable King to their city.

The English, too, have "Patriotards." They are to be found somewhere in the Strand and in the music-halls (on Saturday nights especially). I hope that, when President Loubet returns the King's visit, they will not advise their compatriots to acclaim him with shouts of "Vive Waterloo!" and "Vive Fashoda!" I hope they will not suggest the display of the flags of Tunis, Tonquin, and Madagascar, and shouts of "Long live the independence of these countries!" Because it might remind the French that, if for interfering with the independence of small nations John Bull holds the record *facile princeps*, they themselves have not a conscience absolutely clear.

The three leading "Patriotards" of France are Lucien Millevoye, editor of the *Patrie*; Edward Drumond, editor of the *Libre Parole*; and the aged and now doting Marquis de Rochefort et de Luçay, better known as Henri Rochefort.

Some twelve years ago, Drumond was an unknown journalist. One day he wrote a book called "La France juive." The book was not a sincere one, but it was clever, and it attracted a good deal of public attention. From that day, the author has lived on the Jews, and will live on them till the end. For him, Dreyfus was guilty, *because* he was a Jew, and he attributes to the Jews every calamity that befalls the world—from the volcanic eruptions at the Martinique down to the terribly cold spring that we are experiencing.

If the French had any humour in them, the "Patriotards" would not have a day more to live.

"NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

The joke is great, but unknown to English people, although of a certain age. It will go down to posterity, with the history of the Commune.

Pascal Grousset was at twenty-six *Ministre des Relations Extérieures* under the Commune.

As the Commune was in Paris, that is to say, entirely surrounded by the French troops, the *relations extérieures* of the Commune were less than few, and caused much amusement.

Pascal Grousset was then a most handsome man. One evening, he made the acquaintance of Henri Rochefort, who could not help admiring the beauty of the Minister.

"Well," asked a friend of Rochefort after the interview was over, "what do you think of Pascal Grousset?"

"Well," replied Rochefort, "*voilà un garçon qui a plus a'extérieur que de relations.*"

ANOTHER HORROR OF WAR.

She: "YOU MUST FIND VERY LITTLE ROOM IN A—TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER?"

He: "RATHER! WHY IN OUR MESS THE CEILING IS SO LOW, WE CAN ONLY HAVE FRIED SOLE FOR DINNER."

AN OLD MOTTO

(Newly Illustrated).

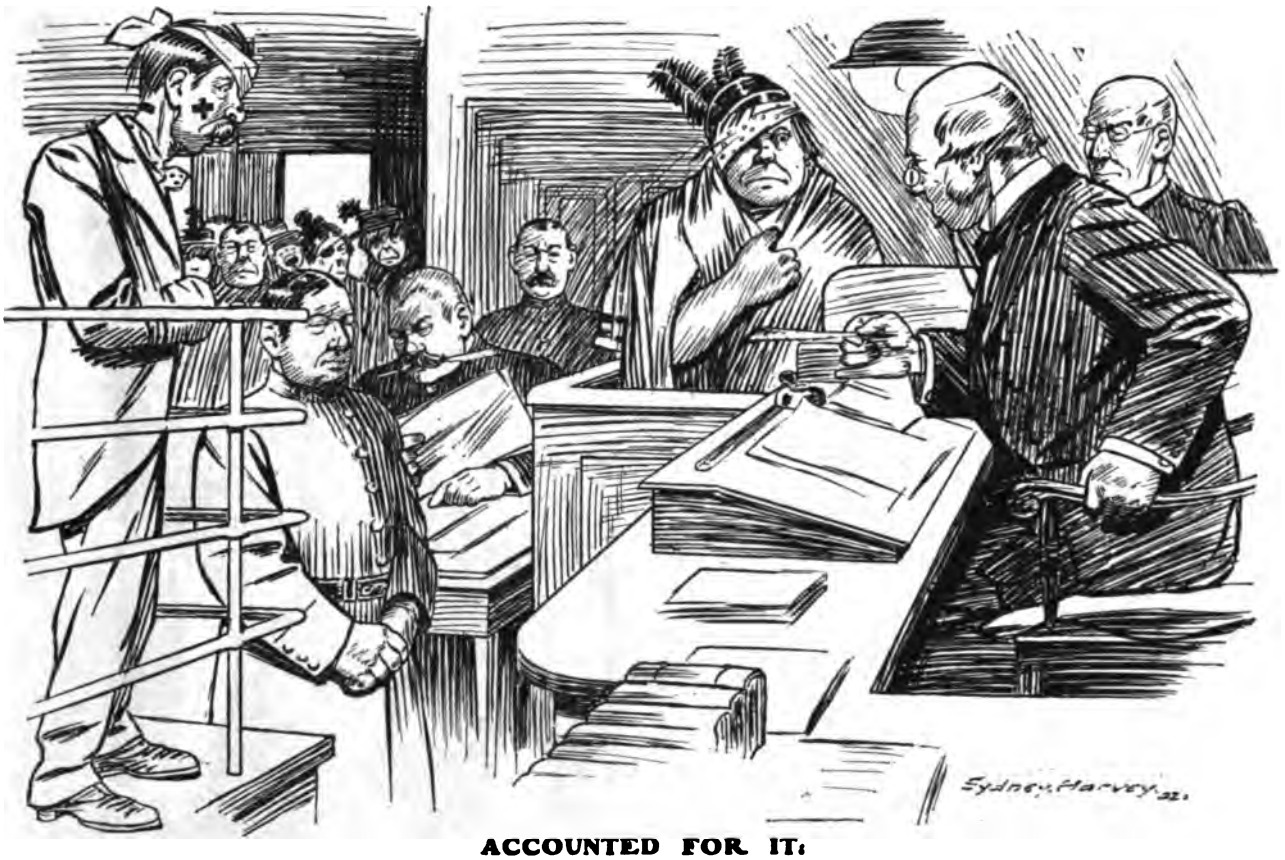
By A. MAYNIAK.

Let Bishops bish, and Clergy clerge,
The Warden ward, the Verger verge;
Let Butchers butch, and Bakers bake,
The Mormon morm, the Quaker quake;
Let Burglars burg, and Coppers cop,
The Kaffir kaff, the Dopper dop;
But mixing drinks is all a sham—
Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

Yet, where's the man who does not know
How best to run his neighbour's show?
The milkman lets his pump go dry
While teaching flymen how to fly;
The Editor omits to ed,
And manufactures pap instead;
Yet wolf is wolf, and lamb is lamb—
Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

N.B.—At this point the poet was forcibly re-conveyed to his padded cell, shouting meanwhile, we regret to state, the final syllable of his motto.

Digitized by Google



ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

The Magistrate: "AND DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, MY GOOD WOMAN, THAT THIS PHYSICAL WRECK OF A MAN GAVE YOU THAT BLACK EYE?"

The Good Woman: "WELL, YOUR WORSHIP, 'E WASN'T A WRECK BEFORE 'E 'IT ME."

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

A miser never drank his wine until it had turned sour. A stranger, passing by the miser's house, asked his servant what his master was doing. "He is waiting for his wine to turn sour," was the reply.

An impoverished Irish landlord had married a wealthy Englishwoman. "It was a choice," said he, "between an English union and an Irish workhouse."

A mother wished her daughter to marry a wealthy man, who was very plain, rather than one who was good-looking, but impecunious. "After all," said the mother, "good looks do not last." "No," said the daughter, "but bad looks do."

A lady had left the room and was to guess who she was on her return. They agreed that she was to be "New Tipperary," for those were the days when the evicted tenants of the town of Tipperary, who had sought refuge in the more modern substitute built under the auspices of the National League, had come to terms with their landlord: "Am I abstract or concrete?" said the lady. "You were concrete, but now you are very abstract!" was the reply.

Times had gone badly with him, and he no longer dressed at night so carefully as of yore, and his friends noted the change. In the old days his hair was black and his tie was white; but now his tie was black and his hair was white.

An Irish priest met a fellow countryman in Australia. "Where do you come from?" "Oirland, sorr." "What part?" "County Carlow, sorr." "Do you belong to the true Faith?" "No, sorr, I'm a Proteshtant."

JOHN AND PADDY.

There was onct an ould fella called Aysop,
By no manes a milksop or taysop,
Who said, "Each one of these
Fine sticks on your knees
By itself you might snap like a hay sop.
"For long they've been laid by one brother
In singlestick strife on each other.
Arrah! let all unite
From this out in fair fight
Ag'in every foe of the other."
"Well done!" cries John Bull from his Table,
"Since thus you endorse that old fable,
Brother Paddy, here's luck
To the patriot pluck
That has bound your boys round with one cable—
"Clubbing Saunderson, Redmond, and Russell,
Dunraven, O'Brien for the tussle
That old Erin's loads
Of new serpents and toads
To the sea helter-skelter will hustle."

A. P. G.

SERVICE YARN—WARRANTED UNTRUE.

A distinguished officer of the Reserve Forces was laying a gun at Shoeburyness. "I am afraid, Captain Dash," observed the Instructor, "you are firing rather wildly." "Very possibly, sir," was the prompt response. "I think I should make better practice if I had the faintest notion where the target is!"

Digitized by Google

JOHN AND PADDY.

John: "I WISH YOU LUCK, PADDY."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

I am writing in much better spirits. Wrottenborough is waking up. In spite of the neglect of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to provide out of the Budget for the restoration of the

GOLF IN PARLIAMENT.

Pump—which I beg to explain is the nickname for our extensive Water Fountain, with Baths and Wash-houses annexed—the tone of my constituents is distinctly cheery. After all, fourpence off the Income Tax is in fact fourpence. Since I had the honour of writing in these columns last I have received a deputation, who have urged upon me the advisability of bringing London up to the Wrottenborough level—I can trace in the movement the Imperial instinct. The Colonies came to the aid of the Mother country in the hour of necessity, and now the Provinces are desirous of serving the Metropolis when London, more or less—let us hope less—is at her last gasp.

"Look at the British Museum Reading room," said the leader of the deputation to which I have referred. "I ask you frankly, Sir, is it anything like our Free Library?"

I admitted there was a marked difference in the appearance of the two institutions.

"Well, Sir," continued my visitor, "then it is your duty to bring London into line with the leading towns and cities of the rest of the Empire."

My friend was heartily supported by those with whom he was associated. Thus it has become my duty to keep—so to speak—an eye upon London while attending to the more representative portion of my parliamentary duties. Of course, if anything absolutely local comes to hand I must remember that I am a member first, and a British Imperialist afterwards—it is true immediately afterwards, but still afterwards. However, so far as I can judge, the Tube and Light Railways scheme for connecting Wrottenborough with John O'Groat's and Land's End is not likely to be before Parliament for a year or two, or it may be (considering the uncertainty of the law, or rather the lawyer's delay) even longer, so I have at this moment a fair amount of leisure which I can devote to the service of the Metropolis exclusively. So far as I am concerned personally I do not desire London to wait.

This being so I entirely approved of the conduct of the Leader of the House in connection with London's Local Education Bill. I have an objection to the Closure—who has not?—but the Closure seemed to be the proper solution. I am glad that Mr. Balfour, with the tact of a golfer, has lifted the measure over the bunker of our house to the safer ground of "another place." In my own constituency education—so to speak—takes a back seat. Our Lending Library—which is intended chiefly for our poorer townsmen—is nearly always empty. And this is the stranger, as our Committee, wishing to entertain the working man, provided for his diversion the leading books on heraldry. As the tomes are rather expensive the revenue of the insti-

OF NO CONSEQUENCE!

tution has thus been anticipated for many years.

Once again to return to the Budget. I have admitted that fourpence off the Income Tax is in fact fourpence. But to whom does this pleasing calculation chiefly appeal? Speaking of my own constituency, there is a gentleman who has made his fortune out of peppermint drops (Arcadiana Limited), another who has become wealthy by acting as referee in building contracts, a third who lives on the fat of the land with the assistance of a pawnbroker's shop. They are all pleased with the third-of-a-shilling reduction. But how about those with less than £150 a year? What good does the reduction do them? As a matter of fact, I had to organise a banjo tea to conciliate them. And the banjo tea would have been a failure had it not been for a friend who turned out to be an excellent amateur conjuror. If my friend had not produced at a critical moment a seed cake and a couple of pocket handkerchiefs out of an apparently empty hat, I would not have answered—so far as Wrottenborough was concerned—for the continued popularity of the Government.

ΗΚΙΣΤΑ ΛΙΨ.

(HE KISSED HER LIPS!)

According to the daily press, a good old-fashioned kiss has lately lost favour in some quarters.

Though a billiard player's miss
Cannot meet or make a kiss;
Though a modern school of misses
Be not in the cue for kisses;
Chloe's lips are not amiss,
Kismet! *I have* met a kiss.

A. C. P.

SHORT STUDIES FOR BEGINNERS.

HOW TO PILOT AN ANECDOTE.

First, get your story from anywhere.

Next, lay the scene of it away from the source of its origin.

Next, make its hero a well-known wit—for choice, Sheridan or Douglas Jerrold.

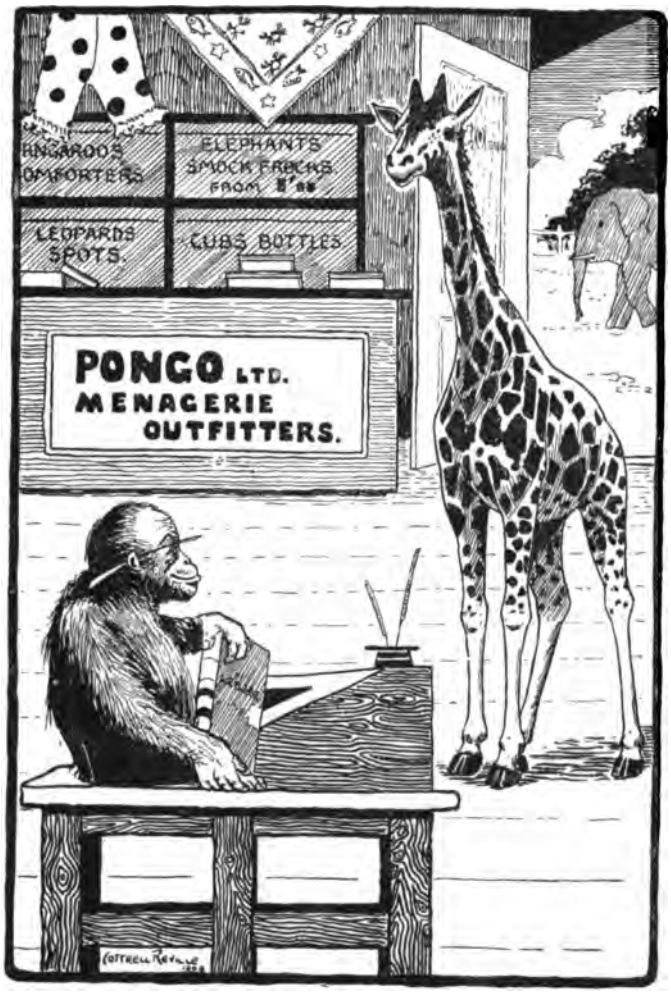
Example—Original story: There was a row at a Dublin theatre. They wanted to throw a man out of the gallery. "Don't waste him," cried one of the audience; "kill a fiddler with him."

Variation: Sheridan having entered the gallery of St. George's, Hanover Square, in a state of intoxication, naturally went to sleep. He woke up with a start, and cried: "Well, if I must fall upon anyone, I would prefer the preacher."

Second example: Douglas Jerrold finding "Black-Eyed Susan" going badly at the Plymouth Theatre, said to a friend: "I wish I could bring down the house and kill the players!"

Serve up your anecdote with a roar of home-made laughter.

Digitized by Google



A BARGAIN.

Spots: "PLEASE, MR. PONGO, HAVE YOU A SIXPENNY-HALFPENNY COLLAR DEEP ENOUGH FOR ME?"

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

The First Night of Dante at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. House crammed from Stalls to Upper Gallery. Brilliant gathering. Rain and storm without.

AMUSING RATTLE: Appropriate weather, eh? Infernal.

AN EDITOR: Good! Distinctly good! Well, as I was saying, I know on the best authority that they only printed 100,000 copies of the first number, and in the second there was scarcely two hundred pounds worth of advertisements.

THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE: Hush!

The first act passes.

HE: Seems just a trifle dull.

SHE: Oh, do you think so? Sir Henry is too lovely for words.

HE: Not at all. I never heard him speak more distinctly.

SHE: How silly you are! But didn't you think the tumult most exciting?

HE: Most. But was it a tumult?

SHE: Of course. Didn't you see how they pushed one another about?

AN EDITOR: They say that the dinner is a big success. Quite plain fare, and all sorts of outside guests invited. But I don't see how it can do. I am not a gourmet myself, but unless you have a clear soup, with a fish *entrée*, a saddle of mutton, a vegetable, and a bird, the thing seems impossible.

SHE: Why were they starving those poor people in the tower?

HE: I fancy the father of the family in the tower had starved someone else and it was retribution.

AN EDITOR: Of course, even if the jam in the roly-poly did really ooze out, it wasn't half bad.

The orchestra ceases and the second act passes.

SHE: Isn't it rather gloomy? Sir Henry, however, is quite too quite.

HE: Most excellent. Still he gives one the idea of Mephistopheles on the way to becoming a reformed character.

SHE: Of course he would be rather like Mephistopheles, because he has to visit the Inferno.

HE: Yes; and then he is a bit like Romeo, and when he got stabbed behind the curtain I couldn't help thinking of Hamlet.

SHE: But he is always true. And he is so fond of everyone in a fatherly way. A great shame to kill him in the second act.

HE: You may be sure he will turn up right enough in the next act.

SHE: Very likely; but we must keep quiet now as they are going to pull up the curtain.

AN EDITOR: Oh, of course, it won't interfere in the least with us.

REST OF THE AUDIENCE: Hush!

The third act passes.

SHE: Good gracious! It really was very terrible! And those three poor gentlemen in the graves of flames! Oh, how awful!

HE: Well, I thought they seemed to like it. Only a vapour bath.

SHE: And really the Inferno was not so very repellent. At worst it only appeared to me like a Primrose League picnic that had gone a little wrong.

HE: Quite so. Really properly considered the Inferno was quite a pleasant place—infinitely more amusing and select than (say) Margate.

AN EDITOR: I always take a nice piece of well-cooked fish for my second breakfast.

REST OF AUDIENCE: Hush!

The fourth act passes.

SHE: Well, a little painful, eh?

HE: I agree with you. However, I really do think we shall catch our last train.

SHE: Sir Henry is simply lovely. Quite too good.

HE: Quite. I think we had better hurry off so as to get a four-wheeler.

PLAYGOER IN THE GALLERY: Don't think the piece up to very much, but Irving is—in fact, Irving.

REST OF THE AUDIENCE: Yes, Irving is certainly Irving.

PLAYGOER IN THE GALLERY: So a gigantic success. Hurrah!

REST OF THE AUDIENCE: Quite so! Hurrah!

Curtain.

A company promoter arrived at the gates of Heaven. St. Peter as usual was on the watch. "Will you kindly step into the lift?" said he. The company promoter did as he was told, but was kept waiting a long time. At last he grew impatient: "Will you kindly tell me when the lift goes up?" "It does not go up," was the reply; "it goes down."

Digitized by Google

SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

VI.—SIR W-LL--M H-RC--RT.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

CONSOLS, RISING; STOCK EXCHANGE WALK, CARRIED OUT; HOME RAILS, FIRM; YANKEES, STRONG; ARGENTINES, BUOYANT; MEXICANS, STEADY; CANADIANS, QUIET; TRUNKS, DEPRESSED; KAFFIRS, AWAKENING; WEST AFRICANS, IDLE; WESTRALIANS, RECOVERING; EGYPTIANS, WELL SUPPORTED; SPANISH, QUIESCENT; TURKS, SLUGGISH; INDUSTRIALS, WAKING UP; BAGDAD RAILWAY, GONE BACK TO GERMANY.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

THE DEVOUT LOVER
(OF EASE).

(*Picked up in Victoria Station on May 1st.*)

It is not mine to walk with rapid pace,
Grow scant of breath and purple in the face;
Not mine to join, amid a frenzied yell,
The hundred beauties that I know so well.
It is not mine to fret about the race,
Not mine to trouble who shall get a place.

But mine it is to follow in the train,
Get all the pleasure and avoid the pain;
Go by the Pullman — never mind expense,
And wait at Brighton in a throng intense,
With watch in hand to stop amidst the Press,
And thus indulge my love of idleness.

CITY FABLES.
No. I.

THE CRITIC WHO BECAME CONVERTED.

Once on a time, so I've been told,
There sat upon a mining board
A gent, who made a lot of gold
And for that money slept and jawed.

To him there came one sunny day
(Awaking him from cosy nap)
A friend, who unto him did say,
"Shall I go down your mine, old chap?"

Aroused from sleep, he laughed with glee,
Filled with delight, he shouted "yes.
Make a report and send to me,
We'll circulate it in the Press."

In course of time there came to hand
A statement that did all appal;
It said, "old man, just understand,
There ain't a blessed mine at all."

The mine director swore a swear
And said, "he doesn't know his bis.
What does he mean? It isn't there?
Prospectus clearly states it is."

And likewise too, he said, "I must
Not speak of what he tells me here,
For if I do the Co. will bust—
I don't give things away, no fear!"

He met his friend on England's shore,
And shook his head in deep reproof,
He cried, "you've got to learn some more!
Just fancy! *You have told the truth!*
"Come, join our board," he said to him.
"A better shop you never saw,
Be one of us," his eyes grew dim,
"You've only got to sleep and jaw.
"The work is *nil*, the fees are fine,
We lunch at two o'clock each day,
We have the viands and the wine
Sent over from across the way."

This friend a real director grew,
And o'er the walnuts and the wine,
Sometimes he'd talk of what he knew,
They'd answer, "never mind the mine."

But if he still would raise a fuss
They'd make reply, "now, can't you see,
As you are really one of us,
You cannot slang our company!"

MORAL.

There are more ways of silencing a critic than hanging him.

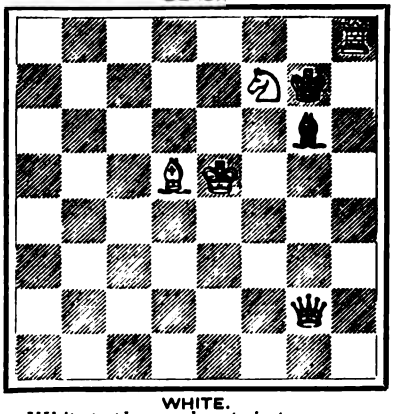
HUAN MEE.

THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Bound volumes of "John Bull" will be sent as consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS BY GREAT MASTERS.
No. 5.—By KOHTZ and KOCKELKORN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

17. A CHARADE.

True to the trumpet call of fame and duty
The soldier arms and hastens to depart,
Nor casts one look behind, though love and beauty
Whisper *my first* in tones that thrill his heart.

The war is o'er, with wealth and honour laden
The hero seeks the well-remembered Hall:
He woos and wins the unreluctant maiden,
And bids *my second* o'er her blushes fall.

He takes her hand—a mist of rapture thickens
Before her eyes. Such bliss succeeding pain
O'ertasks her strength, and fainting nature sickens,
Until *my whole* is rudely snapt in twain.

18. A ship steams from Dover to Calais at 15 knots an hour, and returns over the same course at 10 knots. What is her average speed?

19. A CONUNDRUM.

When *second* is of *whole* a fourth,
And *first* a fifth of *second*,
Then *first* by *second* multiplied
To make my *whole* is reckoned.

Digitized by Google

SUMMER.

AN UNSEASONABLE WARNING.

Fear no more the heat o' the Sun,
Since Professor Falb's prediction
Of the season just begun
Stamps it as a solar fiction.
Girls 'twould be the height of folly
To sport a sunshade for a "brolly"!

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

A MEDICAL DISQUISITION *(continued)*.

"We got interrupted in our medical disquisition yesterday, Jeremy, just as I was going to say that the best of medicaments do be comin' from furrin' parts."

"Yis! and the best of the doctors, Mick?"

"That's true, Jeremy, and I can make ye a revelation on that subject that come to me in a letter from Ned Edge only this mornin'. Let's see, I had it in my pocket. Yes, here it is! Listen to this. "Bray.

"Wednesday April 30th.

"My Dear Mick,—I told you in my last that Tarpa had pitched his travellin' caravan here with us in Dublin, and now I'm writin' to give ye a full an' fair description of him and his open air demonsthration of the Healin' Art. Well, of all the sights, bloog an'ounds it was the grandest; there was' float-loads o' lads an' ould women comin' to be kewer'd, and there'd be a crowd round Tarpa's yoke as thick as flies, an' Tarpa'd be stan'n' on the platfawrum, an' whatsomever fancy disk-yize th' Injuns has, he an' all the men he had wid him helpin' was in it—gor yid think the' was follyin' some kyind o' wild baste k'yaravan. An', whatsomever language the' spake among the wild savages of Afric-yaa, he'd be givin' ordhers to them in it. Then he'd begin an' he'd give the people a peramble that id lave them dumb. He'd tell 'em there was no mortial disordher but he could cope wid it; 'let them only come up on the platfawrum an' he'd soon show them.' Then there'd be the divil's shoulderin' an' pushin' to get up first, an' yid see a man put up an' he maybe on sticks wid a bad leg, or maybe wid cowld wathery pains in th' arrum.

"Well, Tarpa'd take him an' the two o' them id go undher some kyind of a big ould wild-baste skin, and the band o' music id be puffin' all the' knew, an' Tarpa'd commence rubbin' the place, an' he'd rub for half-an-hour, wid the band goin' all the time, an' the sweat sthreamin' off of him wid the vi'lence o' the rubbin', an' at th' end o' the time he'd say 'ye may go down now! you're kewer'd.' Aw sure I seen lots o' them and they kewer'd. There was wan man I knew, be the name o' Murphy, an' he'd been thirteen year on crutches wid a place in his leg ye could put a sthraw through, and pull it out at th' other end; well! Murphy's friends advised him furta thry Tarpa, an' when the' come up near the carriage there was a crowd that thick the' was d—d hard-set to get through; but Murphy's gang was the heaviest, an' the' fought their way up to the platfawrum, an' Tarpa he falls to work. Well, whatsomever he did undher th' ould bearskin, bad luck, but he burd'ned the disordher out of him, an' in ten minutes out the' come, and Tarpa told him to go. Murphy asked for th' ould crutches. 'Heth an' ye'll want them sticks no more; so be off away widja our this!' said Tarpa, and he throws th' ould sticks away behind his yoke an' fired Murphy down off o' the platfawrum, an' the minute ever he put his feet to the ground, he was off away down the sthreet an' he leppin', wid a lot o' people afther him runnin' furta kape up wid him —god the' run like an open rebellion. What do you say to that, Mick Mullarky?

"From your affectionate friend,
"Edward Edge."

"Well, Mick, that bangs Banagher!"

"Indeed it do, Jeremy, and that reminds me I wisht Tarpa was here, for maybe he could mend poor old Mat the Piper for I'm in dread he's not long for this world, from what the neighbours are afther tellin' me."

"That's true for you, Mick, for I met Father O'Flynn at the crass roads just as it was squeezin' up to one o'clock, and sez he, 'You ought to go up, Jeremy, to ould Mat the Piper, and give him a bit of a heart up, for I don't think he'll be much longer with us.'

"'Lave him to me, yer Raverince,' sez I. 'Lave him to me, I'll console him so that he'll be glad to be shut o' the whole of us.'"

"'Don't be too hard on him,' sez his Raverince, 'there was no better piper in Ireland than Mat. Oh, boys, how he tickled the heels!' and up went the dear ould man's umberel, and he was just making a 'cover the buckle' with his off toe when he sees the new Coajuthor coming down the road. 'As I was remarking, Jeremiah,' sez he, 'we must console the aged, and endeavour to lighten their few remaining days among us—ah, Father Mulroy, enjoying the cool of the evening,' and away wid 'em, talking most larnedly of 'prognostifications' and such like disquishions.

"So up I goes to ould Mat, where he was lyin' in his daughter's house—her that married John the Stepper—and sez I:

"'Well, Mat, me poor man, I hear yer not long for this world.'

"'Ay,' sez Mat, and his voice was very low and whispery, like the wind among the reeds, 'I'll be goin' soon—and oh, Jeremy, I'm loathe to go!'

"'Loathe to go!' sez I, 'sure, isn't it time you were gone? Hav'n't you had the best of times here? Was there ever wake or weddin' widout you? And now isn't it about time young Mat was steppin' into yer shoes, and maybe handlin' the bit o' money that ye have laid by?'

"'I know,' sez he, 'I know, and I don't grudge the boy a pinny of it all—and still I'm loathe to go.'

"'Do you think we won't send you off in style?' sez I; 'is it that that's troublin' you? Faith, if you don't have the bad manners to die in Lint, we'll make it the biggest jollification you ever saw!'

"'Still,' sez he——

"'Still!' sez I, givin' him a dig wid me fist, 'still you want to be dawdlin' on here in everywan's way, and behoulden to your daughter for the back end of her kitchen. Sure, maybe,' sez I; 'where yer goin' ye'll have a house and all of yer own.'

"'Father Con was telling me 'twas a fine place, and everything of the best; but I'm tould 'tis harps and trumpets they play up there, and me fingers are too stiff for the harp, and where would I get the wind for the trumpet?'

"'Whisht!' sez I—for I seen the mind was failin' on him —'Whisht! ye divil—I'll put the pipes in the coffin wid ye, and then ye'll be as welcome there as ye often were here.' 'And so I will, Mick, so I will; but oh, man, what will St. Pether say when he sees ould Mat marching up to the gate playing "Planxty Kelly" or "The Ace and Deuce of Piperin"?'

"'What'll he say, Mat? Nothin' at all, but fall into step wid your chanter, when he's found you an aisy chair in the corner of the Floor of Heaven.'"

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

CONCERNING DU MAURIER.

I am sitting in the corner of a room in a restaurant (Durand's) overlooking the Madeleine. The host—for I am a guest—is a very good friend of mine. It is not so very many years ago—the date of the last Paris Exhibition but one. Only the other day our well-loved Sovereign passed close to the same window on his way from the Rue Royale to the

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM G. DU MAURIER.

Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. His Majesty was on the road to the British Embassy, which I used to know very well in the days of the Third Empire, when Lord Lyons was "His Excellency" and Sheffield, Clay Kerr Seymour, and Hubert Jerningham were members of his staff. Dear Paris! Slightly expensive, but for all that, none the less dear Paris!

I had come over in very pleasant company. There were three in particular who will never be forgotten by me—

The Best of Friends.

George du Maurier; my friend and colleague, on and off, for the last twenty years, Harry Furniss, and William H. Bradbury. Of the latter I cannot help telling a story—a story that it is wholesome to repeat in these days of sudden journalistic "surprises," when a life's labour is worth six months' purchase, without a remainder over. I had been working for a score of years or so for a paper, of which William Bradbury was a prominent proprietor. I wanted to go to Paris, and I "thought out" a book which would be worth the necessary sum to pay for the holiday. I told him frankly how matters stood—I wanted so much, and I would earn that money by producing the book. "I think your idea utterly absurd—your book won't do at all!" I got up a little down-hearted, and said: "Well, I will think of something else." "But stop," said William Bradbury. "Did you not say you wanted a cheque. Look here, you have been worth more than we have been paying you. So we are going to raise your salary, and the cheque I shall send you up before you go this afternoon will be retrospective—to wipe off arrears!" What would not a man do to serve such a proprietor?

It was a very pleasant jaunt. We started in the early morning, lunched between Calais and Paris, and dined at

A Serio-comic Portrait.

the dinner to which I have referred in the restaurant overlooking the Madeleine. Then we lunched twice in the Exhibition—once on the second *étage* of the Tour Eiffel, and once at the Russian Restaurant. When we had returned, my friend, Mr. Harry Furniss, drew a delightful caricature of those who had taken part in the expedition. I must confess that I was a little reluctant to show this picture to one of my sons, as I feared he might be a little hurt at seeing the unceremonious manner in which his parent's personal peculiarities had been handled. But my mind was instantly relieved. "My dear father," said my son, roaring with laughter. "Why, it's exactly like you!"

Of all the men I have ever known George du Maurier was the most accomplished. The first time I met him was

Du Maurier, Author, Artist, and Musician.

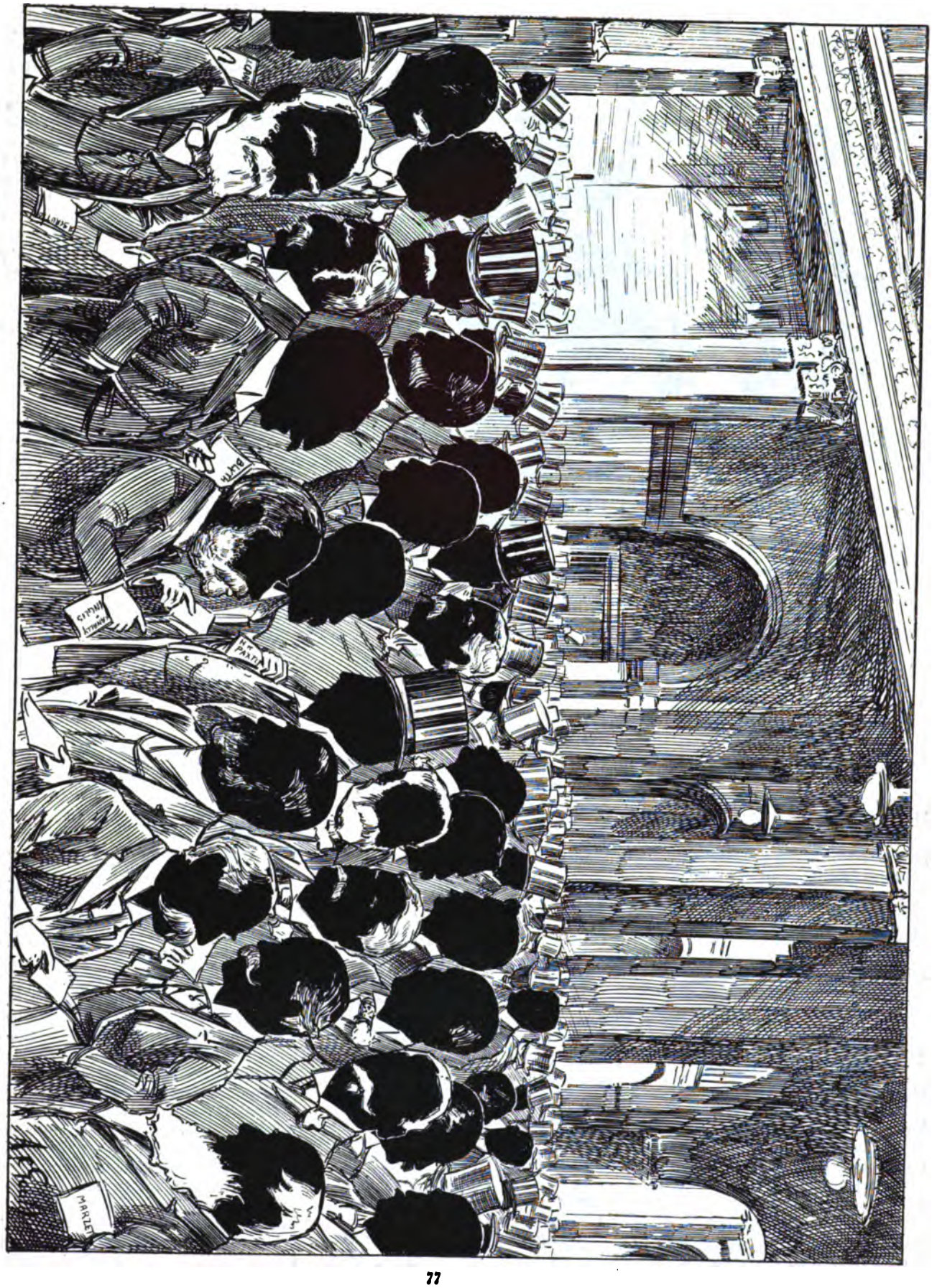
when he was singing in an amateur performance of "Box and Cox," a performance subsequently repeated at Moray Lodge, then the residence of the late Arthur Lewis, who was soon to become the husband of that most charming of actresses, Miss Kate Terry. Later on I sat next to "D.M." every Wednesday for many years in Bouverie Street, and found him the most delightful of companions. He could draw, he could write, he could sing. His colleagues were overjoyed with his success with "Trilby." The song I heard him sing, "Hush-a-bye, Bacon," had such a delightful setting by Arthur Sullivan that the words were changed to those of a more sentimental character. But I believe the second version was scarcely a success—the odour of the original bacon clung to it. And poor Arthur Sullivan, I fancy, did not find the sale of his sweet song, "Meet me once again," increase after George du Maurier had published a "half page" showing a tenor singing the refrain, to the evident satisfaction of a "Tabby," who was recognising the cry of the cats' meat man. "Me—et me once again, me—et me once again," was accepted by Pussy as an invitation to dinner.

And now for a confession. In spite of the pleasant character of the holiday trip to Paris, I cannot recall a single

A Recollection of Charles Keene.

good story connected therewith. That may have been the penalty of constant companionship. The ideal staff dinner is one that associates with the contributor the presence of the intellectual well-wisher and friend. I have been a member of many a staff dining club in my time, and that is my experience. A letter from the late Charles Keene, the artist, in which he spoke disparagingly of a staff dinner of which he was a member, attracted some attention years ago. It lives in my memory because it was published in a book which was kind enough to say I was dead. The report of my decease had already reached a Scotch paper of which, in years gone by, I had been the London correspondent. That journal very amiably said that I "was greatly respected and deeply regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances." But the biographer of Charles Keene simply gave my name, and added in a footnote, "Since dead." The announcement was not nearly such nice reading as the half-column in the *Perthshire Advertiser*, so I called the attention of the publishers to the fact of my continued existence. They most amiably stopped the press, and erased the premature announcement of my untimely—it will always, from my point of view, be untimely—decease. They also most courteously presented me with the impression of the revised work But I regret that I did not have the "since dead" edition.

Digitized by Google



SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Digitized by Google

AN ENTHUSIASTIC PARTISAN.

Lively Ike (vociferously): "GOOD OLE RITCHIE! GOOD OLE RITCHIE!"
Beery Bill: "WOT ARE YER 'OWLIN' ABAHT NOW?"
Lively Ike: "'OORAY! FOURPENCE HORF THE INCOME TAX! 'OORAY!"

OUR STOCK EXCHANGE SILHOUETTE.

In the Hall of Gorgonzola,
Where they make their bread and cheese,
Here you find the genial brokers,
Men of work and men of ease.

Men of pastime and of pleasure,
Men of muscle and of mind,
Never sparing of their treasure,
Always generously inclined.

Men who've fought their way to fortune,
Men who've won, in war, renown,
Men of pluck and grit and courage,
Have they not a "Doughty" Browne?

There's no sport they don't excel in,
Tho' they're toiling all the day;
Timid Stags they're often hunting,
Bulls and Bears together play.

Hats on hats (refer to picture),
Silken toppers everywhere,
Panamas not yet in fashion,
"Summer's" coming—that's the wear.

Patriotism's on their faces,
Tho' they all show here so "Darke"
In the centre (that his place is):
Effervescent Charlie Clarke.

Gould and Paxton, Price and Nathan,
Over them your eye will range;
See, there's Alexander Scrutton,
Father of the Stock Exchange.

F. Govett, who's keen on mining,
On the right hand side is he,
Further back is Cuthbert Quilter,
Near him Henderson, M.P.

Here's a thing to make you "Ponder,"
Why a "Cooke" without the "Kitchins"?
In an "Angle," over yonder,
Stands the Chairman, J. K. Hichens.

One is "Blyth" there's no disputing,
There's a Carr beside Ricardo.
Inglis, famous for his shooting,
Brilliant, but without bravado.

In this Silhouette no stranger
Breaks the big official group;
There's no scuffle, as there would be
If that stranger joined the troup.

Furthermore if you should wonder
Who completes this merry band,
Here and there, to aid your judgment,
We have named him—see his hand.

In a corner A. Marzetti,
Far behind him Mr. Symes,
Frolicsome, but no confetti.
(Sudden slump in silly rhymes.)

HUAN MEE.

OLD JOKES AND NEW.

"You are yawning," said a wife to her husband. "My dear," was the reply, "man and woman are but one person, and when I am alone I am bored."

An Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German all agreed to write an essay on the Camel. The Englishman visited Egypt, studied the camel at home, and returned at the end of six months to write upon the subject. The Frenchman went to see the camel at the "Jardin des Plantes," returned home, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, lit his cigarette, and concocted an article full of wit and humour, in which he forgot all mention of the camel. The German frequented the library of his native town, read every work that had ever been written on the camel, and died at the end of twenty years, without completing the preface of his most exhaustive treatise.

A man celebrated for the precision with which he wrote down all he had to do, put into his notebook: "On my way from London to Edinburgh, to get married at York."

The Bishop was put to sleep in the haunted room. Next morning they asked him whether anything had disturbed him during the night, and he acknowledged that he had seen a figure at his bedside. "Who are you?" said the Bishop. "Please, sir, I am the ghost," was the reply. "Ah!" said the Bishop; "your family have always subscribed very liberally to the Church. I am now restoring the cathedral; may I put your name down for a good handsome sum?" The ghost disappeared, and the room was never haunted again.

An Irish critic, attired in the full panoply and glory of a private in the Clare Militia, was holding forth during the war at Limerick Junction, on the merits of the different generals: "Whatsh happening in South Africa? There's my frind Roberts from County Watterford, my frind Clery from County Cork, my frind Kitchener, born down beyant at Ballybunion in County Kerry, my frind Kelly-Kenny from our own town of Ennis, my frind French from County Roscommon, my frind White, who although he be a Northerner and a Proteshtant, is still as good an Irishman as ever shtepped. Those is the men that is leading the British forces on to victory, and what shtops them from getting to Pretoriah? A set of ignorant, incompetent Inglish ginerals that knows nothing about tic-tacs."

Always make a good impression at first, as the man said when he hit the other fellow between the eyes.

Digitized by Google

THE ROBBERS.

"KEEP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF OVER IT, GLADYS, THEN PERHAPS HE WON'T NOTICE IT."

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

LAST ECHOES OF KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO PARIS.

The Parisians will speak of King Edward's visit to their city for many weeks to come. They took to him from the first, and that on account of an act of courtesy which he performed the very moment he emerged from the station to get into his carriage with President Loubet, an act which shows what a consummate diplomatist His Majesty is, and how he always knows how to do the right thing in the right moment. I was close to his carriage when he did it. When he got in the carriage, and M. Loubet followed him, the latter sat down; but the King remained standing, watching the magnificent display of troops around him. It was evident he was looking for something. At last he caught sight of the French flag, and then he bowed, making the military salute. This act caught on like fire.

When Prince of Wales, the King of England was called in France *Le Prince Charmant*. Then for twenty years the feelings towards England got colder, and they forgot him. Now I heard nothing but remarks like the following: "C'est un brave homme." "Comme il a l'air aimable!" "Quel gracieux sourire!" etc., etc. And the official world liked him better still.

There is no doubt that the King's visit to Paris has done an enormous service to the cause of the good understanding between England and France; and that good understanding would never cease to exist if a few newspaper rags on both sides of the English Channel (why *English* Channel, please?) did not think that patriotism consisted in seizing every opportunity for hurling insults at neighbouring nations.

The "patriotards" of Paris already exclaim: "Suppose England wants an alliance (but she doesn't), what can she do for us? She has no army to help us in trouble."

But, my poor lunatics of patriotards, there are between nations other alliances than those "offensive" and "defensive" ones. The only business of a nation is not to fight. We have passed the Middle Ages. The alliances of modern times are treaties of commerce, by which communities profit. We live no longer in heroic times. We are quiet, sensible people who marry and have children. All we want is to sell and buy goods, so that we may bring up our children, maintain our families, make the wife look pleasant with a nice present now and then—and something over.

Newspapers are prosecuted for libelling private citizens. If a law could be passed to punish them for libelling nations the mischief would be stopped, and the peace of the world would be assured.

However, the "patriotards" lie very low in Paris just now. I would suggest a lower spot still, over which I would say, "*Requiescant in pace.*"

"NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

Ten minutes before King Edward arrived at the station of the Porte-Dauphine, in Paris, a carriage drove up, literally filled with an enormous personage covered with gold and stars. The footman had to help him get out, when a man in the crowd shouted:

"Si tu ne peux pas descendre d'un coup, fais deux voyages."

The man in the street of Paris, the "gavroche," is witty, but has not the bump of veneration highly developed. He is no respecter of persons.

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

A Spaniard was begging. A passer-by asked him whether he was not ashamed of doing so when he was quite able to work. "Sir," was the reply, "I asked you to give me money and not advice."

"You are so thoroughly well up in anatomy that you ought to cure every illness," said someone to Petit, the great surgeon. "True," was the reply; "but we resemble those burglars who only know the streets of Paris thoroughly, and have no idea what goes on inside the walls of its houses."

Dr. Thompson advertises that he can teach French in thirty lessons. One of his pupils complained he had not learnt anything at the end of two months. "Sir," was the reply, "I teach French; it is your business to learn it."

An Englishman and a Frenchman had an altercation. The Frenchman takes up his glove and throws it at the Englishman, so as to touch his chin, who wants to know what all this pantomime means. He is told that the Frenchman has figuratively struck him. The Englishman sits down, takes off his boot, and flings it at the Frenchman. "Now, sir," says he, "consider yourself kicked."

Piron wrote on Voltaire's door "Cochon." Voltaire called upon him next day and said: "I found your name written upon my door, so I have come to return your visit."

Digitized by Google

FESTIVITIES AND AFTER.

Doctor (famous for his awful mixtures): "ANOTHER DOSE IN TWO HOURS' TIME. IT'S SPLENDID STUFF, MY DEAR MADAM; THERE IS NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD."

Voice from Victim in bed: "THANT DOODNESS!!!"

EDWARD I. OF SCOTLAND.

"You doubled fierce Cape Ortegal, Sir!
And found the heart of Portugal, Sir!
You took by storm fair Italy, Sir!
And then concluded most fitly, Sir!
By winning in 'belle alliance,' Sir!
The love of beautiful France, Sir!

"In fact, with John Bull at your side,
Whether over the Ocean you 'Kinged' it, Sir!
Or, caught in a car of pride,
Overland you triumphantly winged it, Sir!—

"You have carried Europa to-day
As she's never been carried before, Sir!
Since the god on *his* Bull's back away
Her lovely anatomy bore, Sir!

"After such an achievement you'll rest, Sir!"
"No! John, though a good friend advises me."
"Start immediately? Well! I am blest, Sir,
But your energy simply surprises me.

"Then, your Majesty, where shall we call?
Is it Wales or old Ireland or what land?"
"On the one that's the dearest of all
For its blessed home memories—Scotland.

"She calls me her Edward the First,
Our first Edward a Norman marauder.
In her arms, in her dress, I was nursed.
So I'm fain to be crossing the Border!

"Old friends to my heart the most dear,
Highland and Lowland shall meet me,
And their braw bows in hand the first Lords of the Land,
As my leal Scottish Archers shall greet me."

FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Lesseps has been described as the most tactful Frenchman that ever lived. "Parcequ'il a parvenu à réunir deux belles—mèr(e)s."

An Irishman was asked if he had ever kissed a lady under the mistletoe. "No," was his answer, "only under the rose."

He had hit his father by mistake out shooting, and was known as "Bag-dad" ever afterwards.

A Belgian peasant was very ill, and the doctor had absolutely forbidden him to smoke. He had hidden his pipe full of tobacco under his pillow, but they refused to give him a light. At last the doctor told his relatives that there was no more hope, and that they might send for the priest. The peasant said: "Now nothing can do me any harm," and he lit his pipe by the acolyte's candle.

An old Scotch couple had been presented with a pair of wax candles which they set aside for the funeral service of the first of them who died. The husband was at death's door, so the wife laid out the funeral feast, summoned all her friends and neighbours, and lit the candles. The husband continued to hold out, and the wife in despair exclaimed: "Sandy, the folk are a' cum, the feast is spread, and the kerzes are lichted, dinna linger, dinna linger."

Digitized by Google

KING EDWARD THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND.

"THEIR BRAW BOWS IN HAND THE FIRST LORDS OF THE LAND
AS MY LEAL SCOTTISH ARCHERS SHALL GREET ME."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

The suggestion I made in my last that London should level up to Wrottenborough I am delighted to say —to use the slang of the day—is catching on. My friends of the gallery are perfectly delighted with the idea. "My dear fellow," said one of them lately, "you know how deep an interest I take in your career, and you

MR. CH-PL-N'S FAVOURITE.

could not do better than get a cry. As they say across the Channel you must have a *specialité de la maison.* Your speciality is to make London the equal of the constituency you so ably represent—Wrottenborough." I agreed with my lobby button-holing friend. Mr. Henniker Heaton represents colonial postage, because he hails from Australia; Sir Howard Vincent prison goods, because he knew Scotland Yard; and Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles the Death Duties and the Navy, because he once sat in the Legacy Duty Office, and still holds a master mariner's certificate. Well, I can restore London to its proper pre-eminence, because I come from a constituency famed for its municipal vitality.

I ventured to approach my right hon. and facetious friend, the Chancellor, on the subject. Since his comic introduction of the annual financial statement he has become quite an amusing rattle.

"Under the circumstances could you not allow a little to London specially —say to improve the free libraries? I can assure you the newspaper room for Westminster, in St. Martin's Lane, is in a cellar, while ours in Wrottenborough is on the ground floor."

"Impossible, my dear fellow, impossible," he replied. "Were you in my shoes you would know that *where the boot pinches is over the corn*"—a very pleasant reference to the Chancellor's controversy with our right hon. friend in common, Mr. Chaplin. We both laughed at the agreeable jest for at least five minutes.

I am glad to say that I have been very successful with my right hon. friend, the leader of the House. I do not mind revealing the contract—as it is honourable to us both—that will control our future conduct. I on my part undertake to assist him in the really difficult duty of keeping the party together to the best of my ability. I write a little for this and that. For instance, an article (unsigned) upon our foreign relations which appeared recently in a leading review came from my pen. As a matter of fact most of the important unsigned articles come from my pen. As a pledge of my goodwill the political cuts—which are intended to help the leader of the House—adorning this paper are all of my design. There is one proviso in our contract—I am never to call him "Prince Arthur."

THE LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET IS "CONSOL'D."

Firstly, he does not absolutely love the nick-name, and secondly the joke has been used before. I am to write (when I can) leading articles for the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Wrottenborough Standard* in support of the Government. So far, I have only been able to make arrangements to carry out this project with the last-named journal. But the *Wrottenborough Standard* is not without circulation or advertisements. My own articles will, I fancy, figure—from a financial point of view—amongst the latter. In return for these services to Prince—I beg pardon—to the right hon. Arthur, the Leader of the House, is to do what he can to help London—when he has the time and the opportunity.

And now I fear I must lay aside my pen, which is being used on the terrace, —a place which is becoming quite pleasant with the approach of summer—to answer the application of a constituent, who is waiting for me in the lobby. I point out to the courteous official who conveys my constituent's request to see me, that as I am on the terrace I cannot be found in the House. This rather disappointing piece of intelligence—from my constituent's point of view—will no doubt be conveyed to him within the next three-quarters of an hour. In the meanwhile he will have ample leisure to examine the stained glass and statues in the lobby. They both are interesting.

JOHN BULL'S NOTE BOOK.

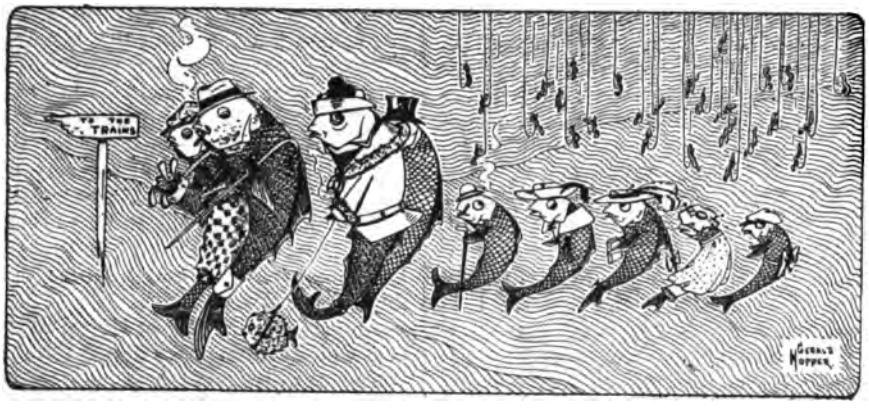
The Vicomte de Mirabeau, brother of the great orator and statesman, was the dead image of "Monsieur," as the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., the King's brother, was known, and the groom of chambers announced him by this name. "Non," said he, "je suis Monsieur le Vicomte frére du roi Mirabeau."

Bonaparte said to the Marquis Manfredini, minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, "You can always depend upon my military word of honour, but you must never believe in my diplomatic word of honour."

Frederick the Great asked the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot how he could have travelled through Paris on the eve of the outbreak of war. "Oh," was the reply, "France has long been a civilised country, in which people are not arrested." Voltaire had just been thrown into prison by the King of Prussia.

On another occasion the King chaffed him on Hyder Ali's successes against England, and asked him who he was. "Sire," was the reply, "he is an old despot who has spent his life in plundering his neighbours, but fortunately he is now getting into his dotage." Next day Elliot said to one of his colleagues, "I enjoyed such a revenge there, that Satan must have envied me."

Digitized by Google



"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY."—*Old Song.*

CONCERNING THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A Very Irregular Verb.

I am painting a picture.
Thou art offering suggestions.
He is proposing a title.
We are considering alterations.
You or ye are criticising too freely.
They are causing annoyance.

I was thinking of "Broken Hearts."
Thou wast pleased with "The Cat in Mischief."
He was delighted with "Mama's Darling."
We were trying "The Pleasantest Day of My Life."
You or ye were sneering at "A Gloomy Gathering."
They were stupidly laughing.

I called a hansom.
Thou helpedst it in.
He shouted "Burlington House."
We followed in a four-wheeler.
You or ye jeered from the window.
They laughed on its arrival.

I shall be glad when they have decided.
Thou wilt rely on knowing one of the hanging committee.
He will write letters to people without influence.
We shall be delighted if we are even marked "doubtful."
You or ye will be sarcastic until we know.
They will be sweetly sold if the picture gets in.

I may be an ass for my trouble.
Thou mayst be a false friend.
He may be a traitor of the worst kind.
We may be unduly anxious.
You or ye may be blessed.
They may be hanged.

Accept my picture!
Let him keep it out!
We shall succeed!
You or ye be silent!
Let them dare!

That I may be disappointed!
That thou mayst be sympathetic!
That he may be regretful!
That we may be convalescent!
That you or ye may go to Bath!
That they may be more favourable next year!

NOTES FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

NOT IN PARIS.

King Edward's affable humour has charmed everybody with whom he has come into contact, and many with whom he has not. One of his *bons mots* has not been recorded by the Press. The President of the French Republic, on receiving His Majesty, remarked, "Sire, France bids you make yourself at home." The King, with an instantaneous flash of inspiration, responded, "M. le Président, if France bids me, I will Loubet."

When M. Deville and M. de Selves greeted the King, it is *not* true, as stated by the correspondent of the *Daily* ——, that His Majesty asked, "Who the Deville are these?" The King is incapable of saying a word to hurt anyone's feelings. What His Majesty *did* say was related to me by one of those who were not present. The presentation cup of the City of Paris was filled with creaming champagne. M. Loubet and his two companions drank to the King, who bowed with royal grace and said, "Gentlemen, I give you a toast—our noble Selves!"

When the King left the quay at Cherbourg, the entire population of that port was drawn up on the shore to bid him good-bye. His Majesty was moved, and waving his hat, remarked with instinctive felicity, "Adieu, mes Chers bourgeois!" A.R.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

It is very difficult to see people now when they go to Court.

In bygone times there used to be drawing-room teas, and every one who hated you used to come in to hear how you'd got through.

But the evening Court doesn't afford much scope for entertaining. If you ask your friends from six to eight, it tires you out before you go.

Aunt thought she'd try a supper, and ask Lady Veronica, and Mrs. Brook-Green, and Sir Malapert and Lady de Faraway, and Sir Marcus Smirk if they would come in on their way from the Court. I seemed to be the excuse, because I was staying with Aunt, and had never seen anyone in Court dress before.

It sounded very gay beforehand, but it was awfully dull when the time came. Aunt (who generally dresses so well) had put on a very simple black frock so as not to appear in any way to compete with the people who came from the Court. I also put on a black dress, and Mrs. Marx from next door had also had the same happy thought, so we ended by looking like the three black crows, and Mrs. Marx had such a funny deep voice that it rather bore out the resemblance.

Aunt kept on telling me about the people who were coming, how popular Sir Malapert and Lady de Faraway were in society, and how smart Mrs. Brook-Green really was. It seems that the de Faraways belonged to the Diplomatic Corps, so that they were asked out continually, and were never expected to entertain in return. But Sir Malapert was so witty and entertaining that he was the life of every party at which he was present.

At last the company arrived, and everything seemed bright and delightful at once. The men were awfully smart. One had a red coat and the other a blue, and they both wore white knee-breeches and silk stockings.

When supper was announced we were all very glad, and I sat next to Sir Malapert, who was supposed to be so clever when he talked. I longed for him to say something funny, but not a word came, and Lady Veronica talked instead. She told us about the Court, which had been lovely, and how the King had looked simply splendid, and had that air of being interested in everybody and everything which was simply impossible to acquire, and how the Queen had glittered with jewels, so that she looked bathed in golden light.

Digitized by Google

SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

VII.—LORD L-NSD-WN-.

"OWNS ABOUT 143,000 ACRES, AND CAN SPEAK FRENCH."

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

CONSOLS, LIVELY BUT APPREHENSIVE; HOME RAILS, WELL TO THE FORE; YANKEES, ADVANCING; ARGENTINES, STILL EXPANDING; KAFFIRS, IDLE; TRUNKS, PICKING UP; CANADIAN PACIFICS, RISING; AUSTRALIANS, EASY; INDUSTRIALS, QUIET; FOREIGN BONDS, LITTLE MOVEMENT.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

CIRCUS PROMOTING.

If it is to become a custom for company directors to tour the provinces addressing their shareholders, after the example of a well-known chairman, then the following idea is suggested, with all respect, to the promoters of public companies.

The tower clock of Puddleville
  Was chiming sweet and clear.
The men talked Education Bill
  O'er many quarts of beer.
The women spoke of village sales,
And oh the speed—well, language fails.

The clock struck three, then three again.
  (By this you'll guess 'twas six.)
The western sun lit window pane,
  More golden turned the ricks.
Just see how well you now perceive
'Twas six o'clock one summer eve.

Far from the world of strife and care,
  The toil of day forgot,
These rustics viewed the scene so fair.
  (Each emptied oft a pot.)
Then, from the hilltop far away,
The breeze brought strains of "Dolly Grey."

"A circus, lad, it is by goom!"
  The ancient gaffer said.
"Lard sake us! won't it make things hoom?
  Who said as us was dead?
Why deary me, 'tis forty year
Since us 'as had a circus here."

The pageant reached the viliage street,
  A gorgeous sight to see.
The band, on slowly moving feet
  Played "You'll remember me."
Each looked a soldier brave and true,
His dress was like the Horseguards Blue.

A dozen niggers came behind,
  Each with an ancient joke.
The point of which was hard to find,
  Yet made the yokels choke.
And then, it simply made them pant,
There walked a real live elephant.

Another band, and then some cats,
  Who funny tricks performed.
An agile troup of acrobats
  This little sentence formed.
"I want to give you sense, not cant,"
Then, joy, another elephant!

A golden car and, best of sights,
  A damsel fair to view.
Some say the maid was dressed in tights—
  (Perhaps this isn't true);
Still village matrons all agree
"No better than she ought to be."

A Bull who fought a Bear for fun,
  A duck that wasn't lame,
A man who lifted quite a ton,
  All helped to swell the game.
A hundred men, with quip and shout,
Prospectuses then handed out.

"THE COPPEM GOLD," the wording ran,
  "Is just the mine for you.
Now make a fortune while you can,
  And make it quickly too.
We've fifty million tons in sight,
And pay a dividend to-night.

"THE COPPEM GOLD'S" not quoted now
  (This happened years ago).
But it should show promoters how
  To raise a pound or so.
To get the public to invest
You must arouse their interest.

HUAN MEE.

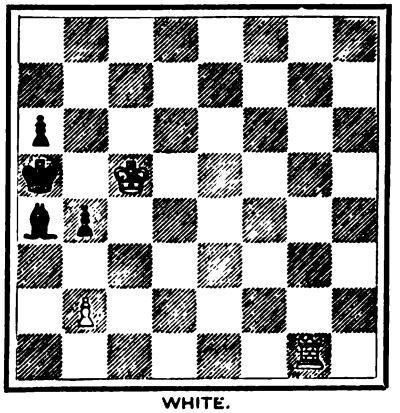
THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Bound volumes of "John Bull" will be sent as consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS BY GREAT MASTERS.

No. 6.—By KONRAD BAYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

20. A PUZZLE QUESTION.

Why should city life be happy?

21. FIND THE WORD.

Six letters this one word comprise,
Three are phonetically wise.

22. A man divided a square field between his five sons. The eldest was to take exactly one quarter of the field, and the other four were to have pieces of equal size and similar shape. How was this easily and neatly arranged?

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

The longest and best English palindrome, or sentence which forms the same words if read from either end, is, I think, this:—"Egad a base tone denotes a bad age." Can any reader produce a better example in our language?

I have the kind permission of its composer, a puzzle expert of the highest rank, to reproduce the following clever word square of seven letters, in which there is no undue straining of words or inflexions:—

P A L A T E D
A N E M O N E
L E V A N T S
A M A S S E S
T O N S U R E
E N T E R E R
D E S S E R T

Can anyone match this?

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

VARIOUS ROBBERIES.

"What's that you're readin', Mick?"

"Maybe 'tis the newspaper, Jeremy! An' if you wish me to be more partic'lar, I might mention it was *The Cahirciveen Comet*, which my mother's own sister's son sends me reg'lar, at laste, whin it comes out, which is only occashun'lly."

"And what is there new in this wan?"

"Nothin' partic'lar, only a funny tale or two of Kane O'Connor, a noted playboy beyant Bonow."

"Read's a taste of it, Mick."

A GOOD SHOT.

"'It is stated on good authority that O'Connor once acted as water bailiff for Mr. Christopher Bland, of Derry Quin Castle, Co. Kerry. He had occupied a miserable holding on the mountain side, barely managing to keep body and soul together by the produce of his potato patch and oat field, supplemented by an occasional poached hare or salmon. But Mr. Bland mercifully made him his water bailiff, an office which O'Connor discharged with the most exemplary——"

"Come to the story, Mick, and skip all that fine writin'."

"The—r-r—that—r-r—most important—r-r-r. Yis here's the spice and kernel of it. 'The river was in flood, and Mr. Bland was on the wrong side of it for the fishing.

"'"Will you carry me over, Kane," said he.

"""I will and welcome, yer Honour," says Kane, stripping off his drawers, for that was all he wore worth mentioning in the summer time, saving our fair readers' presences.

"'Well, when he got into the centre of the stream with his landlord on his back, says he: "Master, the knees are going under me, and I don't think I'll have the strength to get across wid you, unless you forgive me that quarther's rint."'"

"That was d——d good, Mick, and I believe 'twas thrue, for I heard the Dane tellin' it to his two sons wan day. I was carrying their baskets for them, and they fishin' up the Owreagh, and do you know what name they had put upon Kane O'Connor?"

"What was that, Jeremy?"

"'The Bull,' and no less. For I heard them sayin', 'There's the Bull comin'.' 'Where?' says I, gettin' hould of the gaff, to be prepared like if the baste should look controvarsial, at which they burst wid laughin', and when O'Connor—for it was him they were alludin' to—wint past them qui'ter than I ever known him—I coaxed it out of wan of the young gintlemen why they had fixed that soubrikay upon the old rogue. Well, it appears they'd been out fishin' trout as they were that day around and about Drumtine, and after atin' their luncheon (sangwidges and bread and cheese and half a dandy porther apiece) and giving O'Connor a bite and sup for himself, the throut were risin' so free that they concluded for to keep the rest of their rashuns for the evenin'. And O'Connor had the carryin' of them. But whin their tay-time came O'Connor pulls a very long face when he takes the basket off his back and starts takin' out the provisions. ''Tis as I suspected,' says he. 'What's as you suspected?' says the Dane. 'That the Bull's eat everything out of the basket before him, and drank everythin' too, bad manners to the unconscionable baste. You see, your Honour's Reverence, I was gettin' some worms for Masther Jack there, and I foolishly left the basket down on the bank when the bull comes sthravagin' by, and as we're not the best of friends, I med off out of that in three shkips of a lame flea, and me boyo it seems wasn't quite as mad as he med believe.'

"'Tell all that to the Horse Marines,' said Masther Jack. 'You robbed the basket yourself.' 'I rob the basket, Masther Jack, and lower meself in the Dane's opinion, and yours, to the level of that brute baste of the field, who's tuk the mane advantage of you, I'm heart scalded at the thought.' And the rogue of the world downfaced them that the bull had done it all the time. So they put the name of 'the Bull' upon him, and it's held tight to Kane O'Connor ever since."

"Poor Kane! 'Twas starvation got the betther of him, the small bite and sup he got, whin they had twiced as much as himself, only provoked his appetite to make him forget himself, and how could he confess to it aftherwards, and retain anny vestige of rispictability? But there's a word here in *The Comet* that I'm not so sure of. 'Tis the headin' of a parrygraph, 'Burglary.—After a fruitless search all the money was discovered, with the exception of a pair of morocco leather boots.' What's a burglary, Jeremy?" "O, 'tis the same as robbery, Mick." "Robbery? I don't see much robbery in that; but if you'd wish to know what rale right down robbery was you ought to hear old Ned Edge tell the story of Joe Kelly the blind piper, and the Bray Robbers." "Can't you rec'llect it yourself, Mick." "I'll do me endeavour, Jeremy.

"There was wan time Joe was livin' above beyant on the Pivvy, and the man he was livin' wid was accused furta have a gradle o' money. Well, wan night a crule gang o' Bray robbers come to the house and made their way in at the front door; ould Joe he hears them, and he slips out o' bed, and he takes down his big ould blundherbuss, an' it as wide as a can'n, and bad luck, but he fills it up to the neck wid buckshot, swandhrops and slugs, an', says he, '*That which*, Mrs. Kelly,' says he, 'I'll soon make them queth that annyhow.'

"So he comes to the head of the stairs in his ould blind eyes an' his nightshirt, an' he calls out 'What call have yiz tibby here at all, at all? I hould yiz, if yiz don't queth this on the minute, I'll fire in amongst yiz, so I will.' Well, bad luck to the stir out o' them. So he roars out to them the second time. 'Be me sowkans, if yiz won't answer, I'll blaze in amongst yiz, and bedam to the whole o' yiz.' Well, fire th'inch thid move our that. Well, at the third offer what the Divil does me lad do but he ups wid the big ould blundherbuss (an' it as wide as a can'n) to his shoulder, and sweeps the legs from undher them; faith, an' he tore the legs an' the bodies off o' them—sthripped legs, bodies, divil an' all off o' them, an' the' made off away down the sthreet, an' for the next six weeks the' was laid up in disk-yize, wid all the time the slugs an' swandhrops comin' out o' their legs. So he got shut o' them that time annyhow, an' the' never offered furta come ag'in."

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "JOHN BULL DINNER.

THE CARD OF INVITATION.

A very large round table indeed. I am present as a member of the staff of a paper my father had helped to found, and I am meeting my host in that capacity (like most of my colleagues) for the first time. But my host is a most charming person. He has sent good things for our columns, and is altogether a delightful companion—excellent fellow—*bon enfant.* I am quite pleased to think that the fact that I happen to be on the staff of a paper that my father helped to found has gained for me the invitation to be present on this occasion. Round about me are a Right Hon. Member of the Cabinet, an eminent physician, an influential member of the Lower House (on the road to a peerage), and above all and before all, Lord Randolph Churchill. It was the first time I had met one of the brightest intellects of the age, and, as it happened, it was the last. The occasion of our meeting was towards the close of his career. I was told that he was not in his best form, but for all that he was immensely amusing.

Lord Randolph and his Elder Brother.

His conversation reminded me of his elder brother's. I recall another round table, where the late Duke of Marlborough was the principal guest of the evening. It was a festive board, and everyone present was considered to be somebody. The gathering was the precursor of the celebrated *Octaves* of Sir Henry Thompson—the perfection of pleasant hospitality. My immediate neighbour was James Payn, the novelist, an admirable *raconteur*, but the Duke led the conversation. All sorts of subjects came up, but he was able to speak wisely and wittily about them all. We others were out of it, although as journalists most of us were omniscient. I felt that Fleet Street had lost a most promising recruit in not having secured this admirable Crichton. With his knowledge and flow of language what an excellent leader-writer he would have been made, to be turned on a few minutes before the formes were sent down to the foundry. When the printer was leaving a space over and the compositors were hard at work on short takings and "making even" from one another's sticks, he would have been the ideal producer of the copy. He spoke slowly and in perfect English. When his speech was taken down and printed, the proof—so far as the author was concerned—would have been a clean slip.

A Recollection of James Payn.

I have said that on the occasion to which I refer my neighbour was James Payn, the novelist. I had just read "By Proxy," and congratulated him on the local colouring. I asked him how long he had stayed in China. "I have never been in China," he said, with a smile. "You can get plenty of local colouring by keeping your ears open, and paying an occasional visit to the Reading Room of the British Museum." I expressed surprise—I was very young at the time—that such local details could be secured without a personal visit to the places described. "Not at all difficult to manage," said Payn. "Why, I knew a writer who had never been further from London than the Isle of Thanet, and yet he was always writing thrilling tales of the other end of the earth. He made quite a little fortune out of a book called 'The Wolf Boy of Japan.' He did, indeed!"

Thanks Where Thanks are Due.

To return to the dinner at which I had the pleasure of meeting Lord Randolph Churchill. He was the life and soul of the party, although the company was of the very best. I have a particular purpose in recalling this ever-memorable occasion. During the last week or ten days I have received numerous letters asking me what gave me the idea of the "John Bull Dinner," which one of my correspondents kindly describes as "famous." I reply: That pleasant gathering under the presidentship of that most genial and hospitable of hosts in Mayfair. Our good friend wished to bring into communication a troupe of trained writers and artists, with distinguished members of (what I may be permitted to term in this connection) the outer world. Both of my neighbours on the occasion to which I refer were bearers of names of world-wide celebrity. We had the pleasantest evening imaginable. All that wealth, kindness, and good taste could suggest was at our disposal, and I could not help regretting—with a recollection of having assisted at a staff dinner, at which I presided, consisting of Sir John Tenniel and myself—that all this excellent material could not be turned to good account. When circumstances made it necessary for me to organise a "John Bull Dinner" for the consideration of the weekly cartoon of the paper I have the honour to edit, the delightful entertainment in Mayfair occurred to me. I have to thank my kind and honoured host of that ever-memorable occasion for giving me the suggestion which has fructified into what a courteous correspondent, I venture to suggest, accurately describes as "the famous John Bull Dinner."

SERVICE YARNS—WARRANTED UNTRUE.

A rather pugnacious Irish soldier was seen coming out of a church (where a wedding was being celebrated) very much the worse for wear. His eyes were darkened, and his nose had been badly injured. "How did you get into that condition, Paddy?" asked a sympathetic bystander. "Well, you see, sorr," was the reply, "I asked a gintleman who he was, and he tould me he was the best man. And by japers so he was!"

It is reported that years ago a gallant battalion of the constitutional force consisted of a huge number of R.C.'s—about two-thirds of the rank and file. It was the custom to let the R.C.'s off church parade. An officer of the ancient faith joining, used his influence to cause the R.C.'s to attend chapel. On the next Sunday it was ascertained that the vast majority of the R.C.'s had verted.

Digitized by Google

SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

IN THE LOBBY BEFORE THE RECESS.

Key:—SIR W. ALL-N; SIR W. ANS-N; RT. HON. A. J. B-LF--R; G. B-LF--R; SIR H. C.-B-NN-RM-N; SIR M. H-CKS-B--CH; T. G. B-WL-S; ST. J. BR-DR-CK; J. B-RNS; SIR R. C-RS-N; LORD H-GH C-C-L; A-ST-N CH-MB-RL--N; RT. HON. J. CH-MB-RL--N; RT. HON. H. CH-PL-N; H-Y-S F-SH-R; SIR H. F-WL-R; SIR R. GR-Y; SIR W. H-RC--RT; K--R H-RD-E; T. H--LY; H. L-B--CH-RE; SIR W. L-WS-N; HON. J. L-WTH-R; SW-FT MCN--LL; RT. HON. T. C. R-TCH-E; SIR B-NJ-M-N ST-NE; G. W-NDH-M.

Digitized by Google

A BOLD DEED.

Agnes: "OH! I'M NOT UNREASONABLE, BUT THE MAN WHO MARRIES ME MUST AT LEAST BE BRAVE!"

Hilda (her younger sister): "I SHOULD JUST THINK SO, DEAR! THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE!"

THE EDUCATIONAL MOTOR CAR.

Just a generation gone,
When his '70 Act came on,
  And Religious Education questions rose,
How we "storm"ed and how we "stress"ed,
How we platformed and processed,
  Shaking Nonconformist fists at Forster's nose.

Loud we vowed we'd pay no rates
To the precious Dunder Pa tes,
  Who'd accepted conscience-compromising rules,
Thereby herding countless swarms
Of dear little Nonconforms
  To be catechised in Church of England schools.

Though only four in ten,
We were brothers, we were men;
  So munitions for a Civil War we laid up.
With our best John Hampden airs,
We cried out, "Distrain who dares!"
  And when they came to do it, why we paid up.

* * * *

School Board School on School we built,
School Board rates like water spilt;
  Yet 'tis History how our guilt found us out.
For "the pompous Parish priest"
Still his tyranny increased,
  Though we marked him as "The Beast" with our knout.

Come! bind up that broken vow,
And behave like bulldogs now,
  At our Proctor Dr. Clifford's clarion call.
And add Meyer—aye, add Meyer,
As we pile our Martyr pyre,
  For our fair bairns proving "Fairbairns" one and all.

Now what's all the dust about?
Why this reeling rabble rout!
  'Tis our "Autocartic" Jehu and his Pals.
They have fined him thrice already,
His High Golfship for his heady,
  Record - cracking spins through village boys and gals.

'Tis no hour to cower or blubber,
But beneath his roaring rubber
  Fling your length, however lubber, like a man,
And upset with nasty jar,
Arthur's "Jug or naught"ic Car—
  As Hibernian example shows you can.

THE THACKERAY BROTHERHOOD.

The *New York Times* a few weeks since contained the following leaderette: "Arthur W. à Beckett in the new London weekly called JOHN BULL, in view of the growth of 'the Dickens Fellowship,' which aims to spread 'that love of humanity which is the keynote of all his work,' suggests the foundation of 'A Thackeray Brotherhood' 'to consolidate the British Empire composed of the Anglo-Saxon race.' He insists that Thackeray was a broad-minded patriot who took the keenest interest in the politics of the hour." Taking this paragraph as a text, Mr. William M. Coleman, of Wall Street fame, New York, has written to the Editor of JOHN BULL saying that "several gentlemen in New York are interested in this movement, and would be glad to receive a description of the steps which are in contemplation." Mr. Coleman adds there are a number of people in America who will take a great interest in the association suggested, and that he will be glad to assist in any way he can. The thanks of the Editor of this paper are due to Mr. Coleman, who is invited to state his own views which will be published with others of home growth. The Editor has received numerous communications on the subject, and they are under careful consideration. The encouragement of the reading of the works of Thackeray would be a step in the right direction. This is what may be done on the English side of the Atlantic Ocean. An eminent member of the New York Bar—Mr. John R. Dos Possos—it appears has published a work devoted to the question, and is ready to co-operate in any feasible method of spreading the idea. With so much goodwill offered by the British Brotherhood living due West of the Common Motherland something ought to be done nearer home. To quote the announcement appended to the notices of the Gray's Inn Moots "Discussion is invited."

Digitized by Google

AN INOPPORTUNE REMINDER.

Second-hand Wardrobe Dealer: "WELL, MUM, IT MAY 'AVE BEEN AN 'ANDSOME DRESS, BUT IT'S THAT SHABBY I COULDN'T GIVE YOU MORE THAN THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR IT."

Lady (dissembling satisfaction): "OH, REALLY, I HARDLY THINK I OUGHT TO SELL IT FOR SO LITTLE AS THAT!"

Little Girl: "OH, YES, MOTHER! WHY, YOU KNOW YOU SAID YESTERDAY YOU WOULD TAKE A *POUND* AND *BE GLAD TO GET IT!*"

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

For a week or so the Parisians have been in a state of wild excitement. The rumour has been set afloat that Marcus Superbus, Londinii Prefectus, is coming to visit them in great pomp, accompanied by the lady-prefect, the sword- and mace-bearers, and the famous Cinderella coach of Lord Mayor's show celebrity.

Now the Parisians, like the rest of the inhabitants of the globe, do not exactly know—at all events they do not quite realise—who and what the Lord Mayor of London is. However, they practically all agree in acknowledging him to be a most exalted personage; in fact, one next only to the King of England; I have heard Parisians call him the King's *Alter Ego.* "Yes, when the King is out of Great Britain, it is the Lord Mayor who is regent; that is to say, who reigns in his place." Said another: "And in the House of Lords, he sits with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. And the Lord Chancellor cannot even sit down before he has bowed low to the Lord Mayor and said: 'May I take the chair?' to which the Lord Mayor replies with a gesture full of kind condescension, 'Ay.' He's a big man I can tell you."

I heard others discuss the privileges and prerogatives enjoyed by this potentate. "Do you know that he can save any man he likes from the gallows? Yes, he can." "And he can send them to the gibbet too, if he chooses," added another well-informed compatriot, "and his judgments are without appeal." "Well, he is a ruler!" "I believe you. Why The Grand Mogul is not in it compared to him. I tell you, when a Lord Mayor of London dies, the Almighty can take a fortnight's holiday."

If he comes to Paris, I can promise Sir Marcus Samuel, a Samuel of Samuels, a grand time that will be *the* reminiscence of his life. "We had a splendid time in Brussels," his lordship recently said to a *Daily Chronicle* representative, "the reception accorded to my Wife and myself was almost regal. (Why *almost?*) Whenever we went out we were escorted by thirty mounted policemen and a number of cyclists, and the greatest anxiety was shown by the officials regarding our safety, though this seemed to me quite unnecessary. I am sure it was. As a matter of fact, we were always being cheered, and time after time the National Anthem was played. And the gracious manner in which the King of the Belgians received me (Edward VII. would have said *us*) will never be forgotten." Now, in Paris, he will not meet royalties; *God Save the King* will not be played by the bands, but everyone will be glad to see him. His visit will do good, especially if he brings with him "Our coachman at whose skill in driving the crowds marvelled," and may thus give a salutary lesson to our cabbies, who are about the worst and most careless drivers in the world.

"NOUVELLE À LA MAIN."

I think the best joke of the week in Paris was perpetrated by Henri Rochefort when, in an article, he referred to King Edward VII. as *le tyran de toutes les Bretagnes.* I have looked through all the comic papers and could not find a better one.

A REVIEW IN RHYME.

"The Tale of a Trout" from his birth in a brooklet
Till pulled—a huge prize—at last, to the bank,
Is pleasantly versed in a bright little booklet
By Charles P. Bullough, an angler of rank.
Here's a specimen screed, and I think you won't quarrel
With his quaint fishing lines and their quaint little moral.

"I'm a hospital kind to the sickly, and feed
Upon minnows and puny fry other trout breed.
I know all the wiles of the angler so well
That he cannot delude me, whate'er be his spell.

* * * *

"O! fishes, beware of the feathery snare
And the minnow with barbéd ears,
You'll have no one to thank, when you're out on the bank,
But your credulous selves, my dears!

* * * *

"Hulloa! there's a minnow, poor thing, in distress;
I'll put him in hospital. There! what's amiss?
Lawks! what in the name of Creation is this?
I'll rise to the surface to see!' With a whack
He rose; but he never, ah, *never!* came back."
You'll procure this brochure, illustrated and all,
For a bob from one Spalding of Cambridge, on call.

Digitized by Google

A WALK THAT WON'T TAKE PLACE.

BOOKED AND COUNTED.

My Countout has read with much delight "New Letters and Memories of Jane Welsh Carlyle, with an introduction by Sir James Crichton Browne, 2 vols. (John Lane, 25s. nett)." Sir James has done his work well. He writes with the skilled ease of a polished lecturer. My Countout regrets that Thomas Carlyle never sat in the House of Commons. His ideas would have been invaluable upon such subjects as the Tramways scheme for the Metropolis, or the Establishment of a Steamboat Service on the Thames. If Mr. Pickwick had not been forced to make his uneasy way to Bath in the coach of the period, he would, no doubt, have welcomed the speedier travelling of these later days. To return to Jane Welsh Carlyle. She was a woman of great brain power. Her letters are very pleasant reading. It seems a pity that during her life-time they were not syndicated.

The Count has thoroughly enjoyed "Rambles in Womanland. By Max O'Rell (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d. nett)." No one can write with more *aplomb* of "Her Royal Highness Woman" than this admirable author. Max is at his maximum in this excellently printed volume. Clear, sensible, in every way capital. A capital connected with interest. For all the world is interested in every fresh work of the author. That he is one of the Count's band of brothers—that he writes for the best paper the world has seen—does not affect the Count's opinion. It would be unfair to refrain from noticing a book written by Max O'Rell in the pages of JOHN BULL simply because Max O'Rell has adorned those pages from the first. "So welcome, Max! Your books are always merry. The more the merrier," cries the well-pleased and sincerely congratulatory

COUNT ONTHESHELF.

CONFESSIONS AND DEFINITIONS.

Being suggestions for a Lady's Lexicon (contd.)

Bachelor. Far safer than a married man.

Ball. A mother's auction room.

Bargain. Buying what you don't want at half-price.

Bear. Better than a bore.

Beggary. Less than ten frocks a month.

Blush. Decidedly out of fashion.

Brute. "Pet" name for a husband.

Business. Intolerable when one's own.

Butter. A food most men find easy of digestion.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

BY HIS GRANDSON.

"Do you mean to say you have never heard of Dickens and Thackeray?"

"Why of course I have—not quite so ignorant as that. Dickens was no end clever, and as for Thackeray, I have fairly roared over that series of his about the game of billiards. The four pictures you know."

"You refer to the capital studies by Mr. Lance Thackeray. But I mean William Makepeace Thackeray, the author of 'Vanity Fair.'

"And you say you know all about Charles Dickens. Well, what did *he* write?"

"Why I can't exactly say. Fancy he wrote the Waverley Novels or Sir Walter Scott, or something of that sort. I know he had a shelf in the school library, but I don't think anyone ever asked for him. But for all that I know he was no end clever."

"Then what have you read?"

"Oh, lots of things. But you see I haven't much time to do anything very serious in that line between cricket and footer."

"Well, do you know anything of George Meredith or Stevenson, or Swinburne or Tennyson? They ought to be within your time."

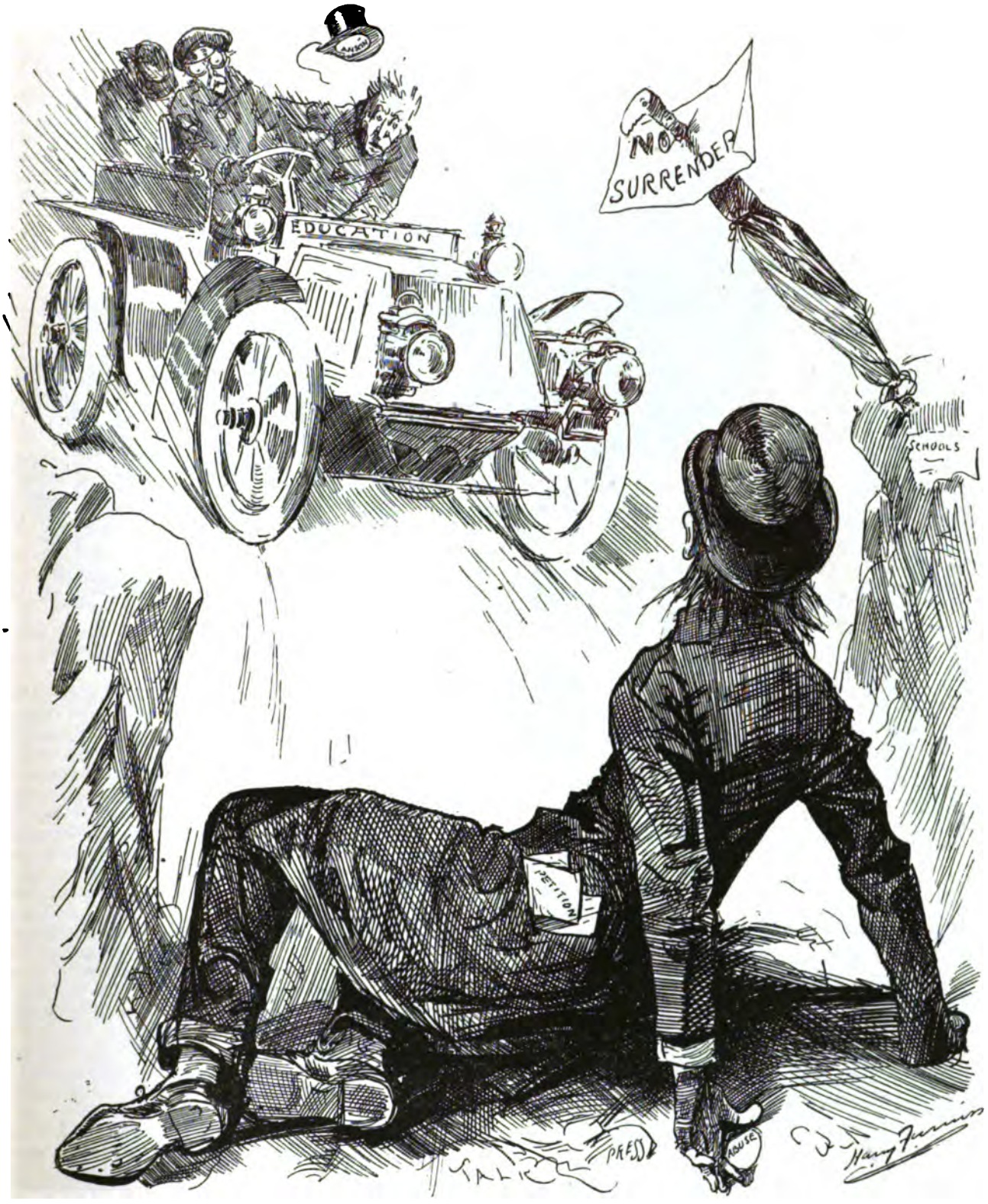
"I daresay they are no end clever. But you see I am so beastly busy. I will take your word for it that they are no end clever."

"Well, adopting your expression. Yes, they are no end clever."

"Then, my dear grand-dad, read them for me. That'll do us both good— read them for me."

A man who had twice been cut by George Selwyn in London came up and reminded him that they had been acquainted in Bath. "I remember it very well," said the wit, "and when we next meet in Bath I shall be happy to be acquainted with you again."

Digitized by Google



TOO FAST BY HALF.

THE EDUCATIONAL MOTOR CAR.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

"Level up London to Wrottenborough standard" is still catching on. The assistance I have given, and am giving, to the Government is bearing good fruit. My inspired articles, my specially designed cartoons are all favourably received and gratefully acknowledged. Before my compact with the Government, the moment I

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER REFUSES AN IRISH CIGAR. NOT TO BE "SMOKED."

approached a Cabinet Minister he instinctively moved off, in another direction. Now all this is changed. The "inner set" absolutely hustle one another in their anxiety to buttonhole me. It has crept out that I have the Press at my back, and that fact is marvellously in my favour. And, to a large extent, the Press does support me. By arrangement I write or inspire three leaders in the *Wrottenborough Standard*, weekly, and they are always extremely powerful—from a Governmental point of view.

"What did you think of those schemes for a Thames Steamboat Service?" asked King Arthur. By the way, my Right Hon. friend prefers King to Prince. He has been called "Prince" for years, and the joke palls upon him. "Do you think they were up to Wrottenborough standard?"

"Scarcely," I replied, after some consideration. "Our river, the Slosh, is hardly the size of the Thames. But for many years the Wrottenborough *Belle* has been a success. We have ample room for our passengers and we make it pay. You see, when not carrying passengers from Wrottenborough to Tommiboleston—locally pronounced Tombstone—the *Belle* is used as a tug."

"Then you think the Thames steamboats could be made to pay?"

"Certainly, but only on this condition: The scheme would require a capable manager in command. I have the very person in my mind—the junior clerk of the Wrottenborough School Board."

Mr. Balfour made a note of my suggestion, and thus I hope I have paved the way to the satisfactory solution of that hitherto impregnable problem—the Thames Steamboat question.

Leaving out the absorbing topic of levelling up London to Wrottenborough standard there is not much doing. "The Perfunctory Majority"—as that wag of wags, Sir John Aird, calls us—do their work steadily and with some regard to individual convenience. For instance, with our "Perfunctory Majority" in good working order it is possible to dine away from the House.

"I shall not be here to-morrow night," I said to one of our Whips.

"Sorry," he replied. "Why can't you come?"

"Well the Society for the Protection of Persecuted Pressmen have asked me to return thanks for the Houses of Parliament, and as I seldom catch the

LORD H-GH C-C-L ON THE WAR PATH.

Speaker's eye in this gloomy hole I thought I would air my eloquence in the Hôtel Métropole-Cecil."

"You cannot do better. Keep your hand in. Speak where and when you can. Some day we shall have you speaking here."

My friend, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, has provided two admirable drawings, which speak for themselves. They exactly hit the spot. Words cannot add to their significance so I leave them to tell their own story.

For the moment we are preparing to enjoy the Whitsuntide recess. Of course our leader will be golfing. The Secretary of State for War, as everyone knows, delights in falconry. He has promised me a hamper of game if successful. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, I fancy, will be yachting. In early days, before he was a Member, he wrote an admirable drama called "The Port Admiral." He played in it himself—in amateur theatricals, of course. So did I. It is an open secret that he has long wished to write a sequel to his thrilling drama.

It is more than probable that during the coming recess he will commence his great work (which he fancifully calls his "Swan Song"), at any rate to the limit of a scenario. The Lord Chancellor has promised to teach Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman swordsmanship. For the rest Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Chaplin, and the Speaker are devoted to that old game revived "Spillikins," and are busily engaged in arranging a Parliamentary Tournament.

As for myself, if business permits, I shall cross over to Evien les Bains for a cure. The waters are perfectly wonderful. After taking them you have to wait a fortnight to find out the nature of your suppressed ailment. The Evien water brings it out, and cures it. Two years I had the gout. I fancy this summer the Evien water will discover and cure insomnia. Nothing sends me to sleep—not even the writings of ——. Everyone will fill in the blank.

RONDEAU.

"WHEN SARAH SINGS."

When Sarah sings a cheerful lay,
The Persian spits and crawls away,
The ceilings burst in fearful gashes,
The windows rock, the china smashes,
And passers-by begin to pray.
The collie quits his dinner-tray,
Sets up a howl above the fray,
And round and round in frenzy dashes
When Sarah sings.
With teeth on edge, and faces grey,
The people shriek to her to stay.
Their yelling with her singing clashes,
The thunder roars, the lightning flashes,
And Nature stands aghast, at bay,
When Sarah sings.

F. G. W.

Digitized by Google

LIMITED ENJOYMENT.

"I DIDNA SEE YE AT MCDOUGALL'S FUNERAL YESTERDAY."
"NO, I COULDNA GO; AND, BESIDES, I WOULDNA HAVE ENJOYED MYSEL'. YE SEE MA WIFE'S MADE ME JOIN THE TEE-TOTALERS!"

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

I receive an invitation for the private view of a picture gallery. How kind of them to ask me all alone. As there will be no one there, I suppose my oldest hat will do.

I go in the afternoon, and find myself in the midst of a chattering throng. It is "neither private nor a view." Everyone beautifully dressed and wearing such extraordinary clothes. All the jackets are sack-backs, with deep hanging sleeves. They are made in the lightest colours—what the milliners call champagne, but Aunt says really ought to be champignon—the yellowish-white which one sees at the top of the mushroom. The smartest man in the room had a great-coat in this colour, made with a sort of yoke. As he was tall he looked nice. A very pretty little lady in brown was pointed out to me as the wife of a great Scotch novelist. I have never read his books, but I noticed she wore a lovely collar. I next saw a lady novelist. She was not at all my idea of one—she looked so bright and smart, and was really pretty. She had a biscuit-coloured hat, trimmed with tiny red roses, and a light jacket, with such long sleeves that they had to be looped up with three buttons at the wrist to prevent them falling over the hands. I saw several people come in to look at their own portraits; they always went to the other side of the gallery first, then gradually approached their own pictures as though insensibly drawn. I saw one, and only one, pretty woman. She came in with a motor veil round her face. "Do I look hideous in it?" she said to the man who walked beside her. I wished that I knew her, so that I might have told her how nice she looked. I met several artists, and said, "How nicely your pictures are hung." They always scowled and said, "Skyed!" Aunt took me aside and said, "You should never say that. Always say 'How badly you are hung,' whether you have seen the picture or not." There were several artists' wives in the crowd. Aunt introduced me to one, and she asked me if I admired another artist's wife and said, "You know, she was a model." A little later on I was introduced to the lady in question, who said the same thing about the one who had told me this tale. But Aunt, who is always good-natured, said, "No, it cannot be true, she is not pretty enough."

We met Miss Jay Penn, who was describing the dresses, and people came up to her and said, "Don't look at me, dear. I wouldn't be in the paper for worlds." She had been there since the morning, and had seen much better people than I had, but she seemed rather tired of them all.

She had seen the premier duke, coming in very quietly all alone to have a look at the pictures in peace. She had seen the greatest living playwright, and the two most popular actors, and the two painters whose works have got the place of honour.

I think it was very annoying of these people to have come so early. They ought to have waited till I came.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

A Russian who stayed at Newchwang
Delivered a daring harangue,
But he fled with a curse,
Feeling very much worse,
From a stream of American slang.

There was once a War Office in London
That wanted a quick-firing gun done;
It tied up each shape
In very red tape,
But somehow could never get one done!

A paper, whose owners grew greedier,
With prizes attracted the needier;
But it found that the crowd
Was too poor or too proud
To subscribe for an Encyclop*ædier*.

COUNTY COUNCIL FINANCE.

The L.C.C. has spent large sums in electrifying tramways on the conduit system, which is now condemned.

We put Progressives in again,
And now we sadly rue it;
They chuck our money down a drain,
And build the drain to do it!

'OMER OR HOMAR.

Mr. J. W. Mackail has translated the Odyssey into the stanza of Omar Khayyam.

An Oxford scholar drives—Heav'n knows with what reins—
Homer's hexameters in Omar's quatrains;
To me his method does not seem of great use—
Persicos odi, puer, apparatûs.

A. R.

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

A Roman Prince complained to Carlo Maratti of the high price he was asking for his pictures. The painter replied: "The great artists who preceded me were very badly paid. The world, therefore, owes them a very large sum of money, and I have therefore come to receive the arrears."

Voltaire always received strangers who visited him at Ferney with the most lavish hospitality. A stranger was so delighted with his reception that he expressed his intention of stopping there six weeks. "Sir," said Voltaire, "you differ from Don Quixote in one respect. He took inns for country houses, you take country houses for inns."

A man was praising his father-in-law to his wife. "Really your father is the strictest man I have ever met. The other day he left the room because they were telling a very witty, but somewhat improper story." "So like father," was the reply, "he is really the best man I know, but—what was the story?"

Digitized by Google

SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

VIII.—MR. C. T. Y-RK-S.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

CONSOLS, AGITATED; TRANSVAAL LOAN, UP; HOME RAILS, RECEDING; YANKEES, FALLING BACK; FOREIGN RAILS, EASY; TRUNKS, DEPRESSED; ARGENTINES, DULL; CANADIANS, A BIT OFF; KAFFIRS, DOWN; AUSTRALIANS, RUNNING DOWN; FOREIGN BONDS, WITHOUT MOVEMENT; SPANISH, FLAT; TURKS, SLEEPY; RUSSIA, CARRYING OVER MANCHURIA.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

A PENNY PREMIUM.

"In several thoroughfares the £30,000,00 Transvaal Loan prospectus was being hawked about at the price of one penny and twopence per copy."—Westminster Gazette.

Those who'd turn the honest penny
Got prospectuses—got many.
Took their stand amongst the rank,
Hundreds deep, outside the Bank;
Stood 'midst uncles, brothers, cousins,
Got prospectuses—got dozens!
Then like man who trifles peddles,
(Shoe-string, matches, even medals)
Called their wares about the City,
For a street cry raised this ditty—
"Premiums going strong and hot,
Price one penny! Take the lot!"

THE GOLDEN GLOBES.

There is only one of the old signs now remaining in Lombard Street.

'Tis the last sign of Lombard,
Left hanging alone,
All its dirty companions
Are happily gone.
On field of bright azure
Shine seven gilt stars;
Like a brand of new brandy
You buy at the bars.
Though this, too, may vanish,
They'll hang from the walls,
In streets, far from Lombard,
The sign of

"NEXT PLEASE!"

In the new New York Stock Exchange there is a "Tonsorial Artist's Saloon."

With lavender, quinine, and rhum,
When things are bad, and there's a swear on;
The barber, if the crash should come,
Can keep the Wall Street dealer's hair on.

GILBERTIAN "RIVERSIDE."

The almost frozen out shareholders of the "Riverside" Cold Storage are urging liquidation under order of the Court.

It really is a very pretty title
By the River, but no River can be seen.
There are *streets* and *streets* between 'em
So some say, who've been and seen 'em
Yet they want another *Court* to intervene.

"STAGGERED."

Oh, Thou who didst hope to profits bag
(Some vulgar people call them swag.)
O'er Transvaal Loan (thou wert a Stag),
Who round the City swaggered.
The premium's not for thee, if thou
Applied'st for less than cool two thou'.
Out in the cold they've left thee now,
"Result" the Stag is staggered.
Yes, thine allotment's *nil* and *nix*,
Why "thousands" get but 2 point 6.
"Result" the Stag *is* staggered.

ARGENTINE BULLS.

The exportation of live cattle from Argentina is, once more, officially stopped. This has been a check to the Bull influence.

'Twas said they must not export ox,
Until the ox was killed,
'Tis one of fortune's nasty knocks;
For all the Bulls are chilled.

AQUARIUM AFTERMATH.

(Mr. Spokes is still agitating against the Aquarium cash bonuses.)

"It's for your weal," Josiah cried,
When they wound up the show,
"That you should in your board confide."
But Mr. Spokes said "No."
A Spokesman good he proved himself,
And now, with greater zeal,
About these little perks of pelf,
He means to "spoke their wheel."

HUAN MEE.

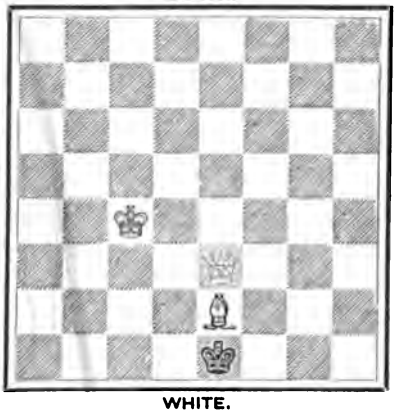
THE SPHINX.

For Rules and Conditions see last week.

CHESS CAMEOS BY GREAT MASTERS.

No. 7.—An old and simple study.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Puzzles will be continued next week.

An excellent English palindrome has come to hand in response to my challenge. It is longer by six letters than the perfect one given last week, and the sense is good. It runs thus: "Paget saw an Irish tooth, sir, in a waste gap." Other examples of merit are: "Draw pupil's lip upward"; and the famous Latin couplet:

Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

SOLUTIONS.

13. Rats live underground.
14. Slaughter, laughter, aught.
15. 179. The simple rule is to multiply the first divisor by the second remainder, and add in the first remainder; but in setting such questions each divisor must exceed by one the remainder which it yields.
16. Lucy met a tipsy suitor,
Can't a saucy maiden tease!
"Quaff o' rum an empty pewter
Pot, or try a quart o' peas!"
17. Stay-lace.
18. 12 knots.
19. Four-score.
20. Because city life spells felicity.
21. Syzygy.
(Conjunction or opposition of heavenly bodies.)
22. The eldest took his quarter exactly in the middle of the square.

Cameo No. 3.

Q—KBsq, / B—Kt7, Q—QKtsq, / Any, Q mates.

If B elsewhere, Q—Q3, or KB5, &c.
If P—Kt6, Kt—Kt6 ch, and Q mates.

Cameo No. 4.

B—Ktsq, / P × Kt, Q—QR7, / K × Kt, Q mates.

If K × Kt, Q × P, and mates next move.

Cameo No. 5.

B—R8. *A white pawn should be on KB3.*

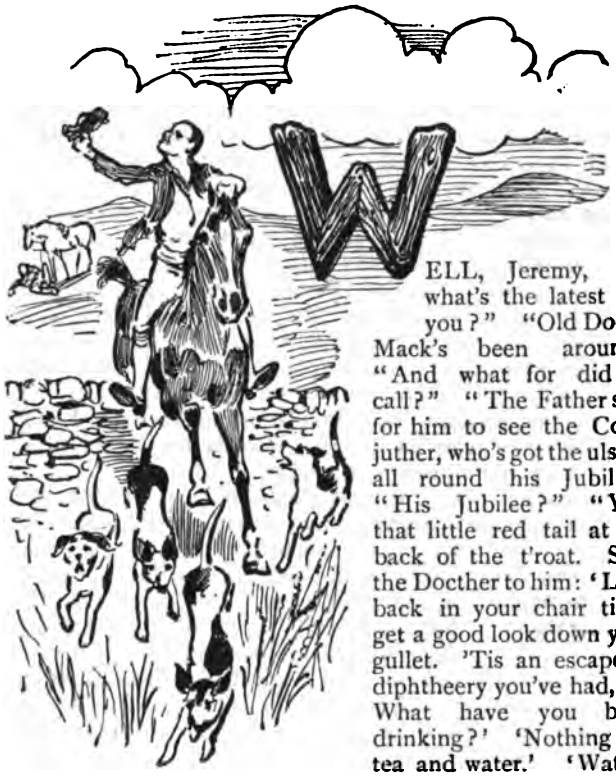
Cameo No. 6.

R—QRsq, / P moves, R—R2, / P × R, P mates.

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

HOUNDS AND HORSES.



CONN AND SQUIRE FOLEY.
With apologies to Oliver Paque.

"WELL, Jeremy, and what's the latest wid you?" "Old Docter Mack's been around." "And what for did he call?" "The Father sent for him to see the Coadjuther, who's got the ulsters all round his Jubilee." "His Jubilee?" "Yis! that little red tail at the back of the t'roat. Says the Docther to him: 'Lane back in your chair till I get a good look down your gullet. 'Tis an escape of diphtheery you've had, sir. What have you been drinking?' 'Nothing but tea and water.' 'Water? You must have got it bad then somewhere.'" "So he did, Jeremy, at the Temperance Meetin'. What tuk place was this: 'twas a mortial chilly night, and yet Father Con fills himself up the fine tumbler full of could wather by way of a peeroaration, and says he 'There's not wan headache in a pailful of this,' and sucks it down at one drain; at which Glanny Sullivan, the ould divil, squeaks out: 'P'r'aps not one *head*ache, your Riverence, but wid the barometer below freezin' p'int aren't ye doin' a crule injustice to your abdomen.' And he was right, too, for the wather was none of the best, to judge by the face Father Con pulled after it."

"Well, Mick! he got served out for boastin' too much over the wather cure. For it's a port wine cure he must undergo now, drinkin' two glasses of it per diem, and garglin' his throat with that same and the best table vinegar contin'ally, till ye'd think a whole clutch of hens was laying in his bedroom."

"But what news did Doctor Mack bring, Jeremy?" "He was great over coorsin' and huntin'. 'What do you think I saw, Father, on the way here?' says he, when they got the Coadjuther safe away to his garglin', 'but a grand old golden eagle on a desolate rock at the bottom of the Black Valley.'

"'Well, I'm pleased to hear it, Doctor,' said the Father, 'for the golden aigle's a raara aavis now, and to hear of aigles reminds me of old times. I remember once carrying two greyhounds across the Gairagh, when a queer thing happened. Dan, my favourite, whom I'd christened after The Liberator, from whom I got his mother when she was a pup—Dan, I say, was full follow on a fine jack hare when I declare to you, Doctor, he did what I never saw him do before—turned out of his track with a queer cry right under cover of a juniper bush.'"

"Was the hare bewitched, Jeremy?"

"She wasn't, Mick, but as freckened as the hound himself for, lo and behold you, what should the Father see but one of them grand mountain aigles come down at her, wid a header you couldn't have equalled yourself if you'd been divin' for coppers at high wather off of the quay at Sneem. And the aigle caught up me poor puss as clane and clever as Matthew Webb himself would have picked up a thrippenny piece in his gob from the bottom of the Atlantic, and back wid him into the clouds wid a yell that would have clarified your blood. Then the Father and the Doctor got on to huntin', and 'Were you ever at the theayter, Father,' says Doctor Mack. 'Many's the time,' says the Father. 'Did you ever see Dion Boucicault in "The Shaughraun"?'

"'I did not, Doctor!' 'Well, I did, but I'm not sure I ever listened to a huntin' screed that fired my blood like Conn's description of the way he went hunting on Squire Foley's horse. I really think I remember it word for word, for not a night that the piece was played in Dublin, but that I didn't sit it out. And here was the beautiful bit of all. Conn's Mother, Mrs O'Kelly, is talking—

"'"Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis were in my cabin to-day about ye. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse."

"'"Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute."

"'"But he says you stole it for the day to go huntin'."

"'"Well, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away with a man's character like this. Oh, wurra, may I never die in sin, but this was the way of it. I was standing by ould Foley's gate, when I heard the cry of the hounds comin' across the tail end of the bog, and there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, an' the finest dog fox you'd ever seen sailing ahead of them up the boreen, and right across the churchyard. It was enough to raise the inhabitants. Well, as I looked, who should come up and put her head over the gate beside me but the Squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Divil a thing I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent, we knew by their yelp and whine as they hunted among the gravestones, when, whish, the fox went by us. I leapt on the gate, an' gave a shriek of a view holloo to the whip; in a minute the pack caught the scent again, an' the whole field came roaring past. The mare lost her head an' tore at the gate. 'Stop,' ses I, 'ye divil,' and I slipped the taste of a rope over her head an' into her mouth. Now, mind the cunnin' of the baste, she was quite in a minute. 'Come home now,' ses I, ''asy,' and I threw my legs across her. Be jabers, no sooner was I on her bare back than whoo, holy rocket! she was over the gate an' tearin' like mad afther the hounds. 'Yoicks,' ses I, 'come back you thief of the world, where are you taking me to?' as she went through the huntin' field, an' laid me beside the masther of the hounds, Squire Foley himself. He turned the colour of his leather breeches. 'Mother of Moses,' said he, 'is the Conn the Shaughraun on my brown mare?' 'Bad luck to me,' says I, 'it's no one else.' 'You sthole my horse,' says the Squire. 'That's a lie,' ses I, 'for it was your horse sthole me.'"

"'"An' what did he say to that?"

"'"I couldn't sthop to hear, for just then we took a stone wall and a double ditch together, and he stopped behind to keep an engagement he had in the ditch."

"'"You'll get a month in gaol for this, Conn."

"'"Well, it was worth it, Mother."'"

LATEST TIP FOR THE DERBY.—Bound to win—The first in—Of course barring accidents.

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

KINGCRAFT'S DERBY.

I had seen the Derby won from the top of a coach on the Hill, and according to the custom of the day was talking over matters with those "who had come on" at a small table in Cremorne Gardens. A week ago, looking over some papers, I came across my season ticket for the year. It is signed by Mr. Baum, a gentleman who also ran the Alhambra after that place of entertainment had changed from a rival to the the Royal Polytechnic Institution (under the title of "The Panoptican") into a competitor with the Oxford and Canterbury Music Halls. Cremorne Gardens

THE DERBY OF OUR ANCESTORS.
From "The Mask."

was on the wane in 1870, and usually a very dreary place. It woke up a little on Derby night. There was some dancing going on at the central platform, and there was a parade of men about Town, round and round, round and round, round and round the dancers. No one ever thought of dancing save, perhaps, on Derby night, and then the dancer would be restrained by his friends under the friendly superintendence of the uniformed "chucker-out." But people were "a bit off colour" in 1870, and in no mood for skylarking, for War was in the air. A quarrel was brewing between King William of Prussia and the Emperor Napoleon of France. The King was being forced into a war by Bismarck, and the Emperor, dissatisfied with the recent plebiscite, was preparing to stake his own existence as a monarch on the hazard of the sword. Still, all Englishmen took the deepest interest in the finish of the Derby. It was run at Epsom at 3.29 p.m., and the result was known in Bombay at 5.57, and in Calcutta at 6.25. So related the newspapers of June the 2nd.

The Siege of Strasburg at Cremorne.

Many of my companions were journalists, the guests of a very popular peer, who prided himself upon his Derby gatherings. We were talking of the chances of war, and where those chances might take us. I myself had no idea that I should be off to France and Germany, but before the year was out I was destined to act as a "special" for the *Standard* and the *Globe* in both countries. Everyone knew that Dr. William Howard Russell would be sure to represent the *Times;* the other appointments were less certain. Of one thing no one dreamed—that by Christmas the Emperor would be a dethroned prisoner, the Empress and Prince Imperial exiles in England, and Paris cut off from London save by balloon post.

"T. G. B." and "H. L." in Paris.

Apropos of the siege of Paris. After this pause of more than thirty years there are still two special correspondents left amongst us who acted for newspapers in the surrounded city. They are both members of the House of Commons. The first is Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, who represented the *Morning Post*, and the second Mr. Henry Labouchere, who, as "a besieged resident," wrote a most delightful description of Paris day by day for either the *Daily News* or the *Star*. At the time the authorship of these letters was a secret, and it is just possible that they may have appeared in the *Standard*. I cannot remember, but they were most amusing. I was in sympathy with the author, as my duty was to supply as "a Roving Commissioner" light copy to the *Globe* (then edited by Mr. Marwood Tucker, and managed by Mr. Madge) and "heavy work" to the *Standard* under the control of the late Captain Hamber. It was not altogether a novel experience to have to deal with the same subject from two points of view—comic and sedate. I had done the same sort of thing before as the editor of a serious daily and a humorous weekly.

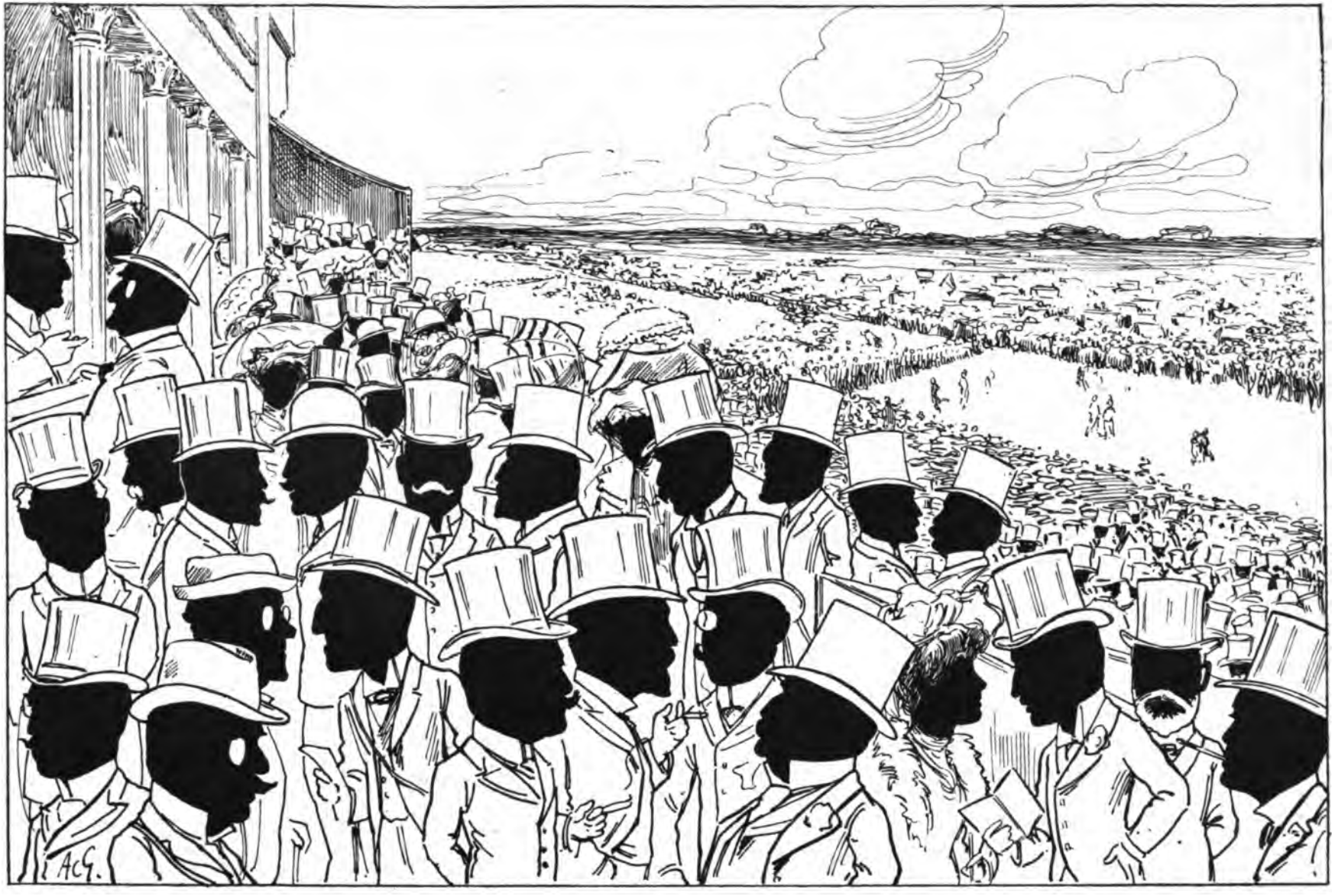
Puppets on the Field of Battle.

I did my best, but I cannot claim to have rivalled the feats of a friend of mine, a brother journalist of those distant days, who managed to mingle the tragic with the comic in a most effective fashion. He described the last moments of a dying Englishman who had joined the French Army. The poor sufferer noticed a dog and two men with a kind of theatre on the field of battle. They were camp followers and also street performers. To cut an admirably recounted story short, the dying Englishman's last moments were soothed by a performance of "Punch and Judy." The tale ended somewhat after this fashion: "The sun sank on the horizon, leaving the cannon in silhouette! The warrior smiled at the hero of the drama knocking down the ghost! The curtain fell, hiding from view the sorrowful face of dog Toby! All was silent! The Englishman in the French uniform was at rest!"

1870 and 1903.

To be up-to-date. At this time when, thanks to the patriotic action of King Edward, our good neighbours the French are becoming better and better neighbours, it is well to remind them of our action more than thirty years ago—not to boast, but as a guarantee of goodwill. The moment Paris was thrown open we rushed in food, the outcome of a public subscription, to the aid of the starving inhabitants. During the war our sympathy was entirely with our neighbours. The correspondent to whom I have referred as acting for the *Standard* and the *Globe* had something to do with getting up a fund to help the French prisoners on the Rhine. And this was only one of many benefactions of a similar character. Lastly, when the rival songs of France and Germany were sung at the Alhambra, the British Public cheered to the echo the first, and hooted the last. How we loved the French in those days of disaster to the French nation. "We shall be avenged by our children!" said Hervé the composer to me on the stage of Covent Garden. And I did not smile. It occurred to me afterwards that the children of Hervé must have been in arms—not altogether a bad example to their fathers. But let that pass. It is pleasant to remember that nowadays, when France is strong and prosperous, and our good friend, that she was equally our good friend, so far as we were concerned, in the days of the Terrible Year 1870-71.

Digitized by Google



SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

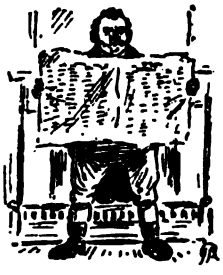
ON THE DOWNS AT EPSOM.

Key:—GENERAL P-LE C-R-W; MR. H. CH-PL-N; LORD CL-R-ND-N; DUKE OF D-V-NSH-R-; COUNT D--M; BARON EKH-RDST--N; LORD F-RQ-H-R; SIR W. G-LB-Y; LORD H-RDW-CK-; VISCOUNT H-Y-SH-; H. M. THE K-NG; LORD KN-LL-S; MR. J. L-WTH-R; SIR C-MPB--L B-NN-RM-N; SIR B. M-PL-; LORD M-RCH; DUKE AND DUCHESS OF M-RLB-R--GH; SIR F--D-L PH-LL-PS; LORD R-S-B-RY; MARQUIS DE S-V-R-L; DUKE OF T-CK; H.R.H THE PR-NC- OF W-L-S; CAPTAIN W-TS-N; MR. W--TH-RBY.

Digitized by Google

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

REMOVAL À LA RUSSE.



The Governor of Bessarabia, who recently allowed the mob of Kischeneff to massacre the Jews, has been, we are told, "removed from his post and attached to the Ministry of the Interior." We would suggest that he should be removed from the Ministry of the Interior, and attached to a post or a tree, if no suitable post could be found.

POPE AND KAISER.

The French papers have discovered that William II. is scheming for Cardinal Gotti, a supposed friend of Germany, to be elected when the next Election to the Papacy occurs.

We hear our Wilhelm has a plan
By which, it is expected,
Gotti, a German partisan,
As Pope will be elected.
In truth it is a fearsome plot,
Enough to make us dotty;
For then the Kaiser will be Gott,
The Pontiff will be Gotti!

Dr. Schlamp, the German gentleman who has just been fined for making Rhine wine out of spirit, water, ammonia, sugar, raisins, and other ingredients, is understood to have been convinced of the necessity of an *ad hoc* authority: in future he will add Hock to his wine.

Russia wishes to retain Manchuria in order to civilise the Chinese. The recent events at Kischeneff suggest that some Chinese Boxers must have been civilising the Russians.

One German paper denounces Lord Rosebery for espousing Mr Chamberlain's plans. Another German paper praises him for demolishing Mr. Chamberlain's arguments. Which is it to be? In the case of the other Liberal leader, Campbell would support, and Bannerman oppose, of course.

A. R.

"V.C."

(With congratulations to our popular contemporary.)

Very Capital.
Very Critical.
Very Conscientious.
Very Capable.
Very Candid.
Very Courageous.
Very Circulated.
Very Cosmopolitan.
Very Captivating.

V.—Victoria; C.—Cross.—Victoria Cross.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

TWO WAYS OF "SLUMMING."

"Millicent, when are you coming?"
"After this strawberry ice."
"Nice preparation for——"
"Slumming?
Yes! dearest, nothing's so nice!
"When we must plunge for six hours,
Headlong through horror and pain,
Everything nice one devours
Previously counts as a gain."
"How you go on to be sure!
I for the life of me can't
Luxuries even endure,
Facing poor wretches in want."
"So you prefer to go fasting,
Feeling and showing you're 'down,'
Kate, in that dull, everlasting,
Prim, Puritanical gown.
"I for your sackcloth and ashes—
Long-faced, lugubrious ways—
Run into ribbons and sashes,
And jolly well find that it pays.
"Why make the dull lives still duller,
Going so glumly about,
'Stead of just throwing in colour
And cheer they're so sadly without?"
"Isn't it almost like mocking,
Showing off pretty things there,—
Mixed with that misery shocking,
Stuck in that slough of despair?
"If you present such bright features,
Though for a while you may score,
Doesn't it make the poor creatures
Pine for their loss all the more?"
"Kate, there's no question upon it,
Down in that dark city hive,
You've a queen bee in your bonnet
Keeping sad workers alive.
"Warming—now don't you be vexed, dear—
Warming their bodies and souls,
Now with a hot soup or text, dear,
Out of their Bibles or bowls.
"Kate, though I know I'm not clever,
Trust me each genuine joy
Grows a possession for ever
Even for the guttersnipe boy.
"My plan's to pretend I'm a sunbeam,
Although but a poor make-believe,
And try all I can to dart one beam
Of joy among many that grieve.
"To dance with the child in the mean street
To the organ's inspiriting strain,
And thrill to his cry, 'O, what green street
Is this?' at his first country lane.
"So, Kate, although weighed by your measure
Of duty, you're 'fingers,' I, 'thumbs,'
I take somehow or other more pleasure
Than you from my work in the slums."

A. P. G.

THE DERBY.

A very irregular verb.

I go to the Derby.
Thou suggestest the train.
He prefers the road.
They ask for hampers.
You or ye object to the expense.
They are dissatisfied.

I was thinking of a box.
Thou wert looking for friends.
He was discovering a drag.
We were wishing to be economical.
You or ye were regretting another engagement.
They were declaring it an excuse.

I went to the station.
Thou could'st not get near the box.
He swore terribly.
We hurried into the first compartment.
You or ye stayed behind.
They squashed themselves in.

Entertain me.
Let him give me lobster salad.
Help us up.
Let them supply champagne.

That I may be quite the sportsman.
That thou mayest join the "sweep."
That he may put them in a hat.
That we may draw blanks.
That you or ye may be out of it.
That they may be stony broke.

That I might have had a pleasanter day.
That thou mightest have made the best of it.
That he might have drawn the line.
That we might have sworn off.
That you or ye might have been not so critical.
That they might have had lesser "heads."

GONE TO THE DOGS.

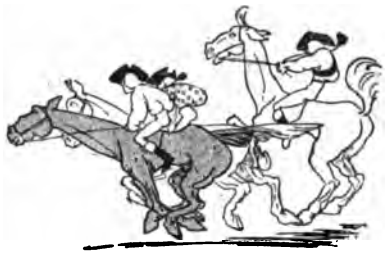
A blind man is walking down the street following his dog. A charitably disposed stranger gives him sixpence. The so-called blind man puts the dog under his arm, and goes into the nearest public house. The stranger, furious at the deception, complains to the police. "What is the matter?" says the pauper. "I train blind men's dogs. I can't prevent a stupid fool from putting sixpence into my hand."

"The Derby Dog," once an institution, has had his day. The day (six hours chivying) was a precious bad one.

A man was standing on Westminster Bridge labelled "Blind." A stranger drops sixpence, and the blind man pounces upon it. The stranger says, "Ah, you can see." "I'm not blind," was the ready retort. "I've come out with the wrong label to-day. I am deaf and dumb."

Digitized by Google

I.

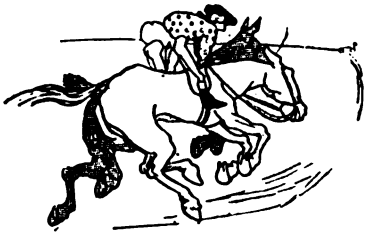


"They are off! They are off!" It's the first Derby Day
(Eighteen hundred good guineas the prize),
But Diomed's stopping a moment to play,
And his jockey is blessing his eyes.

II.

But now he is trying to make up lost earth—
He strains every nerve that he may—
To catch up the others, who go all they're worth,
"Death for leather," as some people say.

III.



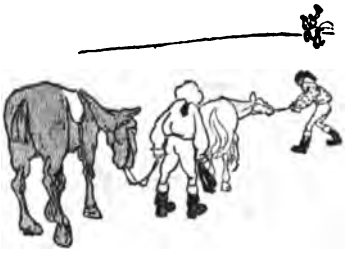
They swing round the curve at the rate of a hunt—
Nose to nose, neck to neck, tail to tail—
And head, ventre-à-terre, for the last jump in front,
Which is grassy and easy to scale.

IV.

But alas, on the top of the bank they collide!
Each Jock loses head, and then seat,
While Diomed thunders up—jumps in his stride—
And wins by some hundreds of feet!

THE . .
FIRST .
DERBY.

V.



If you think the foregoing description is wrong:
If you think that towards falsehood it leans—
That it's made up as much as the rhymes of this song—
Why then—think what you like, by all means.

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Max O'Rell.

A dear old Scotch friend of mine, now enjoying a long holiday in France on his automobile, invited me the other day to join him for a ride from Paris to Normandy. While touring in the neighbourhood of my native town we got caught, at lunch time, in a part of the country absolutely destitute of the humblest inn where we could refresh the inner man. Remembering, however, that about ten miles off I had a very hospitable friend, I suggested to him that ten miles for such an automobile as his was mere child's play, and that we should quickly go there and ask for a little dejeuner. Nothing was easier, twenty minutes would be all that was required, but there was a difficulty. It suddenly occurred to me that my old Norman friend was an Anglophobist of the deepest dye.

"But," indignantly remarked my travelling companion, "what has that got to do with me? I am not an Englishman, I am a Scotchman, mon, and mean to remain one as long as I live—and afterwards."

He was right. This would certainly solve the difficulty, if any should arise.

We arrived at a pretty country house, rang the bell, were ushered in, and were immediately warmly welcomed. By-and-by I saw the face of my kind friend grow reflective and a little suspicious, and I was not mistaken as to the cause. For, while my Scotch friend was gone to wash his hands he took me aside in the corner of the dining-room, and said to me in his rough, Norman peasant farmer speech:

"Cochon d'Anglais, eh?"

"Jamais de la vie," I indignantly rejoined, "he is a Scotchman, my dear fellow."

I will not guarantee that my friend exactly knew the difference between an Englishman and a Scotchman, at all events, not enough difference to please a true-born Scotchman; but his face grew radiant, and he rubbed his hands exultantly in anticipation of the pleasure he was going to feel in entertaining a real live Scot in his house.

When my Scottish friend returned to the room, the worthy Norman rushed up to him, extended both hands to his guest, and said to him with all the fervour of which he was capable:

"I am right glad to welcome you in my house, which will always be open wide to all those poor people down-trodden by the English."

SCORCHING.

Through towns and villages he dashes;
The trodden mongrel squeals;
But nothing in the world abashes
The Fiend on wheels.

Sent spinning backward through the distance
Some crippled greybeard reels;
Not his the task to fetch assistance—
The Fiend on wheels.

A fat policeman vainly hurries
Upon those flying heels;
Official menace never worries
The Fiend on wheels.

His forehead bent, replete with maiming,
Back home at last he steals,
His victims by the dozen claiming—
The Fiend on wheels.

F. G. W.

SERVICE YARN—WARRANTED UNTRUE.

Some patriotic militiamen volunteered to enter the reserve. They elected to enter the Royal Medical Corps, explaining that they selected that gallant regiment on the chance of drawing hospital comforts with a possibility of loot amongst the wounded.

Digitized by Google

DERBY DAY IN FEATHERLAND.

Digitized by Google

THE FAVOURITE.

DERBY AND JOE.

John Bull: "WELL, JOE, HE *HAS* IMPROVED! I SHALL BACK HIM FOR ALL HE'S WORTH."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

By the time these lines are in type I trust I shall be far away from Westminster, enjoying a well-merited holiday. The House, according to the rumour of the moment, will be probably up. If it is not, I hope to have the pleasure of "pairing" with some members on the other side of about my standing. I believe in fair play in love, war, and Parliament.

TO GOLF OR NOT TO GOLF.

With this object in view, I have approached Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

"My dear Colonel," I usually give him his military title, "I think if we both efface ourselves justice will be sufficiently satisfied."

"My dear fellow," replied the Right Hon. and gallant gentleman, "speaking as a friend, I do not think it would be quite fair. You see I of late am not considered a strength to my party."

"Well," I returned confidentially, "to be equally frank. I do not think since I have taken up the cry 'Level up London to Wrottenborough standard' I am considered by my party an unmixed blessing. King Arthur (it is a newer joke than Prince) never cares to meet me. He knows as well as I do that he has not kept his compact with me."

"What compact?" asked Sir Henry.

"Why, to help London if I wrote him up in the *Standard*, the *Morning Post*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Daily News*."

"Well, have you written him up in those excellent and influential papers?"

"No—but I have done better. I have refrained from writing him down. In spite of these efforts on his behalf he hasn't even secured for London a steamboat on the Thames up to our tug on the Slosh (Wrottenborough) level!"

My friend King Arthur (I have explained above why I do not call him Prince Arthur) was a perfect study on the Treasury Bench. As the time grew nearer and nearer to the hour of the recess he became more and more suggestive of golf. My excellent friend, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, has taken a portrait of the leader of the House when his thoughts are far away from Westminster.

It may be safely assumed at such a moment he might be questioned upon any subject, and murmur in reply "bunker." Mr. A. Carruthers Gould has also supplied an admirable drawing of the Postmaster-General as he might become if Mr. Henniker Heaton had his way. My Hon. colleague for Canterbury is the guardian angel of the G.P.O., and never at a loss for suggestions.

"We have to thank you, my dear friend," I said to him the other day, "for making it possible to send a letter to Australia for a penny. I had occasion to write to a relative lately at Melbourne, and it was quite delightful to fix the penny stamp. How glad my relative will be to receive my letter."

"WITH MR. H-N-K-R H--T-N'S COMPLIMENTS."

"And get surcharged because it is insufficiently stamped!" replied the M.P. for Canterbury with a hearty laugh.

"But I thought you had seen to Australia?"

"Well, yes—theoretically. But of course until I am Postmaster-General I can only act—theoretically." I thoroughly understood my Hon. friend.

"I have undertaken to pull up London to Wrottenborough level. But, so far, I have only been able to manage it—theoretically."

And we shook hands, and wished one another a happy Whitsun.

Then we hurried away, for we saw a bore on the horizon. It would be unfair to identify him too closely, so I merely refer to him by an imaginary title—the Member for Sark.

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

Prince Lubornisski used a hair wash advertised in all the papers, and was boasting of its efficiency: "My hairs are beginning to grow again." "Let us count them and see how many are there?" was the reply.

An old man was so thoroughly dyed and done up that it was said of him, "If all that was false were taken away he would fall dead on the spot."

When Gros had finished his portrait of Napoleon, the Emperor asked him: "How long will this splendid portrait last?" "Six hundred years, sire," was the artist's reply. "In that case it was hardly worth while to disturb me for so little."

When Lord George Gordon asked Selwyn to choose him again for Ludgershall, he replied the electors would not. "Oh yes, they'd have me if you would recommend me, even if I came from the Coast of Africa." "That is according to what part of the coast you came from: they would certainly if you came from the *Guinea* Coast."

Mazarin's death was announced to Louis XIV. by one who used the formula: "He has given his soul to the Lord." "I doubt," said one who was present, "if the Lord has accepted the gift."

Lord Bolingbroke was very assiduous in his attentions to Louis XIV. during a severe illness. The King was much touched: "for" said he, "you English don't seem to be very fond of your kings." "Sire," was the reply, "we resemble those husbands who not caring very much for their own wives are all the more devoted to the wives of their neighbours."

A Nihilist orator, speaking at Geneva, said: "Citoyens, la moitié de l'humanité crève d'indigestion; l'autre moitié crève de faim."

Digitized by Google

FORE AND AFT!

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

We were all invited to the Dumb Dogs' Tea, and Aunt said we had better go, because Lady Veronica was on the Committee.

Half the London Directory seemed to be on it too, and the list commenced with a Princess, who hoped to be present, and ended with Mrs. Brook-Green, who was certain to be there.

Uncle grumbled at having to buy guinea tickets, but Aunt kept on saying, "They give us tea."

I didn't enjoy it very much. It was one of those days when everything goes wrong. I put on a new pair of gloves, and split a thumb, and my cousin looked at me with her superior air and pointed to her own pearl-grey hand, "I always wear Gregg's gloves," said she; "warranted not to split!"

We got to the hall, and I spent the whole of my quarter's allowance. It had only come in that day. The moment we got into the entrance we saw a young lady in blue carrying a toy terrier in a little blue coat, with a little blue money bag on her arm. She said, "Will you give me a shilling for my dee ickle dog?" and I popped in half-a-sovereign by mistake. Then up came a young lady in pink with a bull-dog, and said, "Bully, sit up and beg!" "Popsy will be so disappointed," said a voice, 'if you don't give anything to her;" and there was another young lady in scarlet, and a tiny toy terrier in a little red coat was begging for all he was worth.

There were twelve of them altogether, and we had to give something to each. I tried to stroke a pug dog and he bit me, and the girl I had given the half-sovereign to wouldn't give it back.

"Oh, auntie," I said, "I'm afraid I shan't like the Dumb Dogs at all!"

When we got inside it was jolly. A platform all over palms, and a crowd of smart folk in the stalls. I did wish my glove hadn't split. Real actors and actresses sang and danced. It was nicer than the penny readings at Daisymead, when the curate used to sing.

"Who are they?" I asked, looking at two people who were doing a cake-walk.

"Number six and seven," said my cousin, looking quickly at the platform.

"They *are* at sixes and sevens," I said; "they seem to be making it up as they go on."

"You find out the names through the numbers," said my cousin; "they put up the numbers just as they do at a hall."

"I never saw anything like that at the Hall," I replied; "the squire is so very particular."

Just then a girl in mauve came up with the programmes, and charged us half-a-guinea each, and another one in yellow gave us each a yellow rose (like the ones that grow all over the kitchen garden at home), and said it was cheap at a guinea.

"More shelling out," said my cousin, as she paid her guinea for her rose.

"Well, they give us tea," said my aunt for the twentieth time.

"No they don't," said my cousin, who had been looking at the programme; "the waitresses expect a donation."

"Well, let's go and get it anyway," said my aunt, "and perhaps we shall find Lady Veronica. I want her to see we're here." We didn't find Lady Veronica, but we came across Viscountess Startlemore, who was serving tea in a muslin cap and apron, with a large pocket for tips. I saw aunt give her a guinea with a ghastly smile, and heard her say: "Oh, lovely tea! it's quite *worth* it, Lady Startlemore!" For Lady S. is an important person, and Aunt wants to go to her parties.

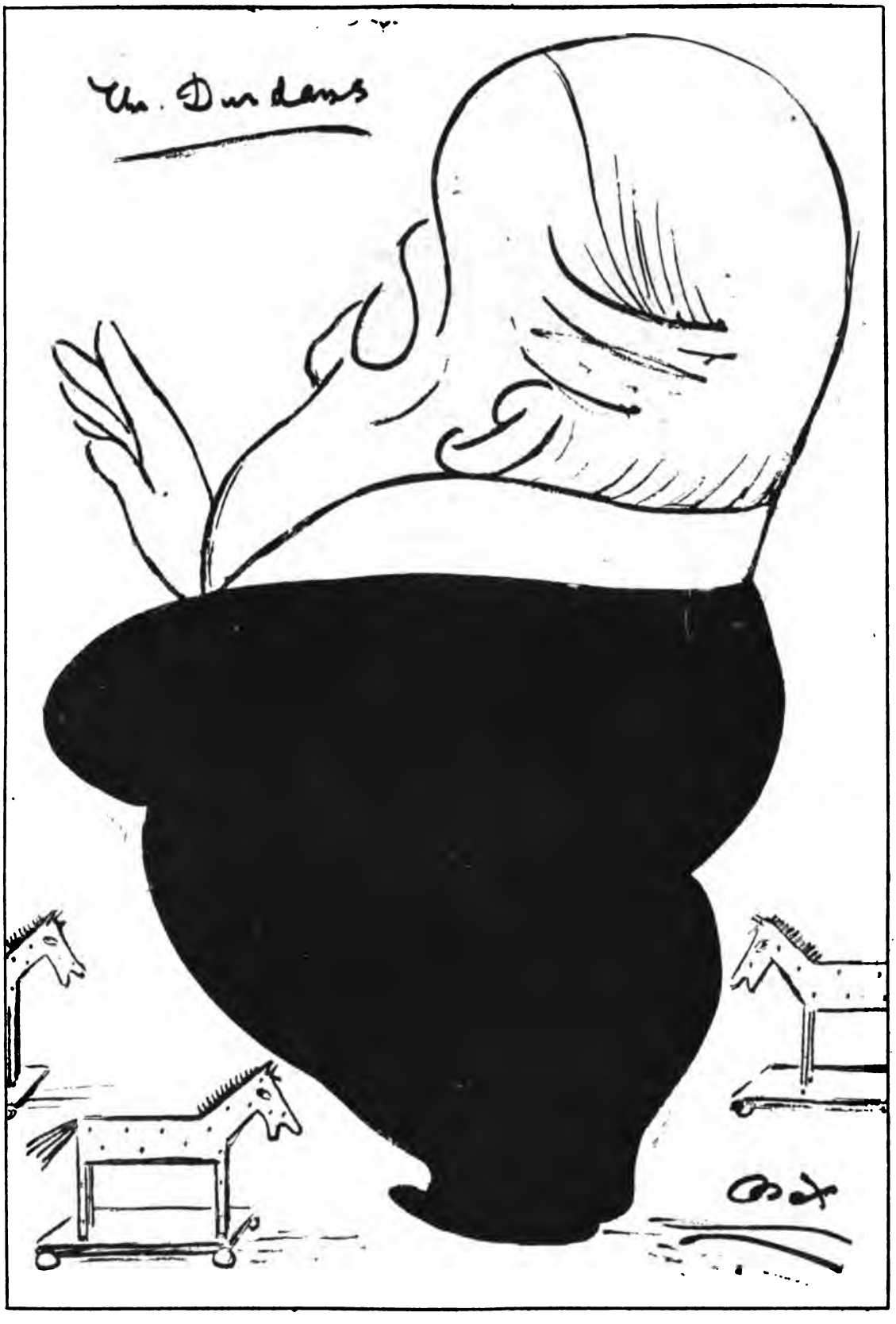
I was more lucky. Quite a nice man came up and asked me if I would have tea, and he looked after me so nicely, and never asked for a tip.

He had a red flower in his buttonhole. My cousin said he was a steward. That was strange, for he looked quite a superior man.

When we got home we found a wire from Lady Veronica. "Gone to Paris for a week. I thought it would come cheaper."

The house was very dirty, so much so that one of the tenants hung up on the street door, "Kindly wipe your feet before leaving."

Digitized by Google



SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS

IX.—LORD R-S-B-RY.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

CONSOLS, GOING BACK; TRANSVAAL LOAN, "STAG"-HUNTING; HOME RAILS, RISING; YANKEES, DULL; TRUNKS, RISING; CANADIAN PACIFICS, DITTO; ARGENTINES, FALLING; MEXICANS, QUIET; KAFFIRS, LIFELESS; FOREIGNERS, INACTIVE; WEST AUSTRALIANS, GOING FORWARDS; INDUSTRIALS, IDLE; TURKS, WAKING UP.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTA BENE.

Our Correspondents ne'er will find
We advertise the "pool" that's blind;
And as to every "shady tout,"
However hot we leave him out.

BACON.

You want to keep a little pet,
Quite tame and not too big;
As this page is Financial,
We advise "A Guinea Pig."

SPRATTS:

No, No, indeed a great mistake
It's "patent" you are making,
Biscuits are "going to the dogs,"
And not the undertaking.

WELSBACH.

Yes, things are dull, they want more light.
You're right, we must confess,
When you assert, they've got to work
Much more and *gas* the less.

YACHTSMAN:

Try "Lipton" for "the cup that cheers"
The "boom" is coming up,
And Yankee rails will reach our ears
When Britain "lifts the cup."

UNCERTAIN:

Your number *one* we do not like,
And *two* and *three* don't care for,
To buy or sell *four*, *five*, and *six*
We know not why or wherefore.
We scanned your other *ninety-eight*
With wonder mixed with pain
And really don't know where we are,
So kindly write again.

MAL DE MER:

Be careful! mind your P's and Q's,
In shipping there's improvement,
You'd better stick to P and O,
You'll feel but little movement.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Your MS. we can't insert,
(Atho' you have been bitten),
You've broken an unwritten law,
Since on both sides you've written.

SAVON:

You're wise to wash your hands of it,
To give up every hope.
They only mean to sponge on you,
So don't buy "Soapless Soap."

VER NON SEMPER VIRET.

Some companies come in the spring,
Tra la!
And make out a plausible case,
And weird is the promise they bring,
Tra la!
Of a fortune you ought to embrace.

"There's gold" they will swear, in the mine,
Tra la!
"Just scattered all over the place";
The quality also is "fine,"
Tra la!
(Too fine to discover a trace.)

So take heed of their words
What they say and they sing.
Beware of the swindles
That spring in the Spring;
Which are simply a fraud on their face,
Tra la!
They are simply a fraud on their face.

LOCK AND DEADLOCK.

At the Welsbach Preference Shareholders' Meeting, Mr. Lock caused an adjournment till Derby Day.

'Twas Mr. Lock who held the key,
The Welsbach board defeating,
He barred the way till Derby Day;
A deadlock proved the meeting.

HUAN MEE.

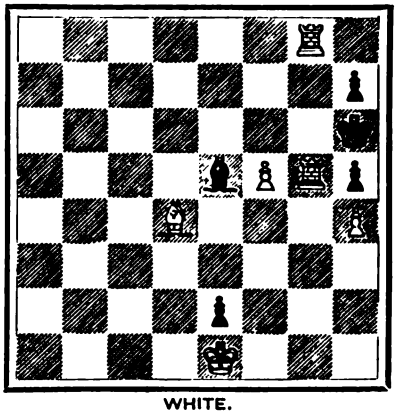
THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS.

No. 8.—By G. N. CHENEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Cameo No. 7.—Solution: B—Kt4.

23. The following riddle, by Sir Isaac Newton, was solved by Lady Ossory, Horace Walpole having failed to discover it.

Four people sat down at a table to play,
They played all that night, and part of next day;
Yet when they got up each was winner a guinea.
Who tells me this riddle I'm sure is no ninny.

24. A BRAIN-TWISTER.

Take exactly equal quantities of lard and butter. Blend a small piece of the butter thoroughly with all the lard. From this mixture take a piece just as large as the fragment removed from the butter, and mix this intimately with the butter. Is there now more butter in the lard, or more lard in the butter?

25. A FRENCH SENTENCE.

Je bis à a.

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

A warm dispute arose recently between a London physician and another member of his club as to the value of flannel underwear. The doctor upheld the need for this, and his name, treated as an anagram, becomes "Man needs aired flannel wear."

His opponent condemned flannel, declaring that all should wear linen. His name resolves itself into the actual words he used: "A d— bad risk Dr., wear linen!" As author of these anagrams, I can attest their accuracy.

Digitized by Google

PAUL BLOUËT (MAX O'RELL).

Born March 2nd, 1848. Died May 24th, 1903.

"I am resigned, but cheerful. I am sorry, because I love life," were the last words written to me from his death-bed by my dear friend and colleague only a few hours before he breathed his last. I had seen him at Easter in Paris when he was very ill. He had been able to get from his room for a drive round the Bois. He told me that I cheered him up, and his great regret was that he could not take me about Paris. I was anxious to hear what he thought of the King's visit—His Majesty was nearing Rome—and in our talk he forgot his illness and became his old self again—the old self I had known for so many years.

"It is a magnificent idea," said Blouët, "a magnificent idea. The King has always been popular, and he will receive a splendid welcome. The French—the Parisians—are longing to shake hands with the English. They are tired of quarrelling."

"And they are not jealous of us?"

"No, no," replied Blouët; "we English—I feel English—think that France envies us our colonies. Why, France doesn't care a fig for them. France wants her population to stay at home, not to go gadding the world over to colonise. She cannot spare emigrants."

Then he discussed the cartoon we proposed to publish, showing the *rapprochement* between His Majesty and Madame la Republique.

He was delighted with Harry Furniss's work, and when the picture duly appeared wrote about it in *Gil Blas*—the paper to which he contributed—and saw that it was noticed in other French journals.

I asked him when he would be in London. He said not until September. As I looked round his luxuriously furnished room with the magnificent view of Paris—then bathed in sunshine—at his feet, I said, "You must be very happy here."

"No," he returned; "I prefer England. I have lived so long in England, and have so many English friends, that I feel a stranger in France. I love John Bull, I love his Island."

And it was quite true. When I was starting the paper I have the honour to edit, Blouët called upon me at my office. I told him the story of its foundation—of the *force majeure* which had controlled its creation—a story that may be told again—some day. He grasped my hand.

"My dear friend," said he, "I wish you all success. But I ask a favour, Let me write for you. It will be appropriate that I, who produced 'John Bull and his Island,' should write for JOHN BULL the paper. And I think your scheme excellent. We will show that John Bull is not the fat fool or the big bully of the comic—save the mark!—papers. Our John Bull shall be the real John Bull, kindly, jovial, national."

And in the letter from which I have quoted, he says—poor, dear fellow!—"I will write for JOHN BULL as long as I can." He kept his promise. The contribution which was published in our last number was written in pencil from his death-bed.

It is hard to write of a dead friend in the publicity of print; but I am following a precedent, which has been set in a paper which my father helped to found, and with which my own career was closely associated for more than a quarter of a century. A black border. A sacred page of appreciation.

Paul Blouët (Max O'Rell) is the first of our original Staff who has left us. He wrote for our Initial Number, and his last copy appeared in the issue that was being sold as he was being carried to his last rest in the cemetery. He was at one of our earliest dinners, when he sat side by side with one of our most famous wits—a Canon of the Church of England. From the moment of its foundation to the date of its eighth issue he has been one of the brightest of our contributors. He cannot be replaced.

I knew my lost friend for more than twenty years, and never met a kinder, a braver, a better fellow. He had been wounded in battle, he had been practically exiled—having to earn his bread in England—but he was always the soldier. As it chanced, he dined in one of our Service Clubs during his last visit to England, and the portraits of our old warriors and our old enemies—for there was a bust of the great Napoleon in the collection—inspired him.

"I have never left the army," he said. "I have my pension—a few francs a year—for my wound, but I have retained my sword. I have never left the army."

And in those words he summed up his life. He was generous, noble, incapable of an unworthy thought. The best of comrades.

Poor, dear fellow! In his last letter he proved that he was looking Death in the face with the same calm courage that he displayed in the Franco-German War at the head of his men. "I know I am doomed—I am cheerful, but sorry. I love life." Yes he loved life, because life to him was a noble career, unstained by any unworthy sentiment. He was incapable of jealousy, of any petty meanness. Handsome, brave, frank, good-humoured, he looked at the bright side of human nature with a pleasant, cynical expression—born of his nationality—suggesting the kindly parish priest rather than the mocking boulevard pessimist. He was a good friend to England. He knew our faults, forgave them, and in his heart of hearts loved them.

Poor, dear fellow! Staunchest of friends, brightest of wits, pleasantest of companions. The first of our Staff to leave us. Captain Paul Blouët, officer and gentleman.

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

LORD LYTTON, THE PLAYWRIGHT-NOVELIST.

LORD LYTTON.
From "The Mask."

I am sitting at a round table in a corner house of Stratford Place, Oxford Street. It is the dining-room of the Portland Club, where the table d'hôte system, peculiar to the old Coffee Houses of St. James's Street, still survives. I am talking of many years ago, before the days of "bridge," but when "humbug," or two-handed whist, was the vogue. My neighbour at the dinner of which I am writing played through the night at "humbug," and two days later committed suicide. I was editing the *Glowworm*, a London evening journal, at the time, and was asked to keep the inquest out of the paper. Looking round the board I noticed one old gentleman, who subsequently seemed to enjoy his rubber thoroughly. He spoke to no one and no spoke to him. He was stone deaf. I give his portrait, as I saw him, taken from *The Mask*. The drawing is by Alfred Thompson, once in the Carabineers, and, earlier still, a founder of the A.D.C. at Cambridge. The name of the old member of the "Portland" is Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—the butt of Thackeray in the past, and at this moment the hero of the literary hour. Cultured London is thinking of the centenary of the author of half-forgotten "Pelham" and scarcely remembers "Money," "Richelieu," and "The Lady of Lyons." The last survives on account of the character of Claude Melnotte, whose garb as a French peasant in Act I. makes an excellent costume for a fancy dress ball. You can dance in it, and in these khaki days it seems quite "possible."

Bulwer Lytton, Philanthropist.

One of the plays—now quite forgotten so far as a theatrical *répertoire* is concerned, was "Not so bad as we seem," written by Bulwer Lytton, in aid of his pet scheme, the Guild of Literature and Art. It was acted by amateurs selected from studies and studios. At the head of this dramatic company stood Charles Dickens, who subsequently made it the nucleus of the troupe who furnished the casts for "The Light House" and "The Frozen Deep," at Tavistock House. For the Boz theatricals the scenery was painted by Clarkson Stansfield. In August, 1865, a dinner was given to celebrate the completion of the three houses of the Guild, on ground given by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, at Stevenage. And last year, 1902, if I am not mistaken, a private Act of Parliament relieved the surviving trustees—Sir John Robinson and, I fancy, Mr. J. C. Parkinson—of any further responsibility. From first to last, sad to say, the Guild of Literature and Art was a failure.

The Career of the Guild of Literature and Art.

At the dinner to which I have referred, Bulwer Lytton spoke of the three houses as "modest in themselves, but of such a character that a gentleman may inhabit them with a small but well-assured pension." In responding for the toast of his health, Charles Dickens added, "The ladies and gentlemen whom we shall invite to occupy them will never be placed under any social disadvantage. They will always claim on equal terms the hospitality of their generous neighbours." But it would not do, in spite of the wishes and suggestions of Lytton and Dickens. Authors and artists would not live in the Guild's Almshouses, and the charity has been wound up. I fancy some of the proceeds went to the Royal Literary Fund and some to the Artists' Benevolent Fund. I am afraid that in the distribution the claims of that most admirable of charities, or rather provident organisation, the Newspaper Press Fund, were either ignored or forgotten.

Outside Betting.

To return to the Portland Club. I do not think that Lytton played heavily. He was satisfied with the stakes, and did not care for "outside betting." Oh, those outside bets! I knew a man—who has since joined the majority—who never allowed a rubber to be played if he were standing out without staking £500 on the result. He said "it sounds terrible, as I lose or win thousands every night; but at the end of the year it works out with something—not much—to the good." He told me his golden rule was to go on so long as he won, but the moment he had three losses in succession to cease playing for the day. After the second loss he turned his chair, and with the third was off.

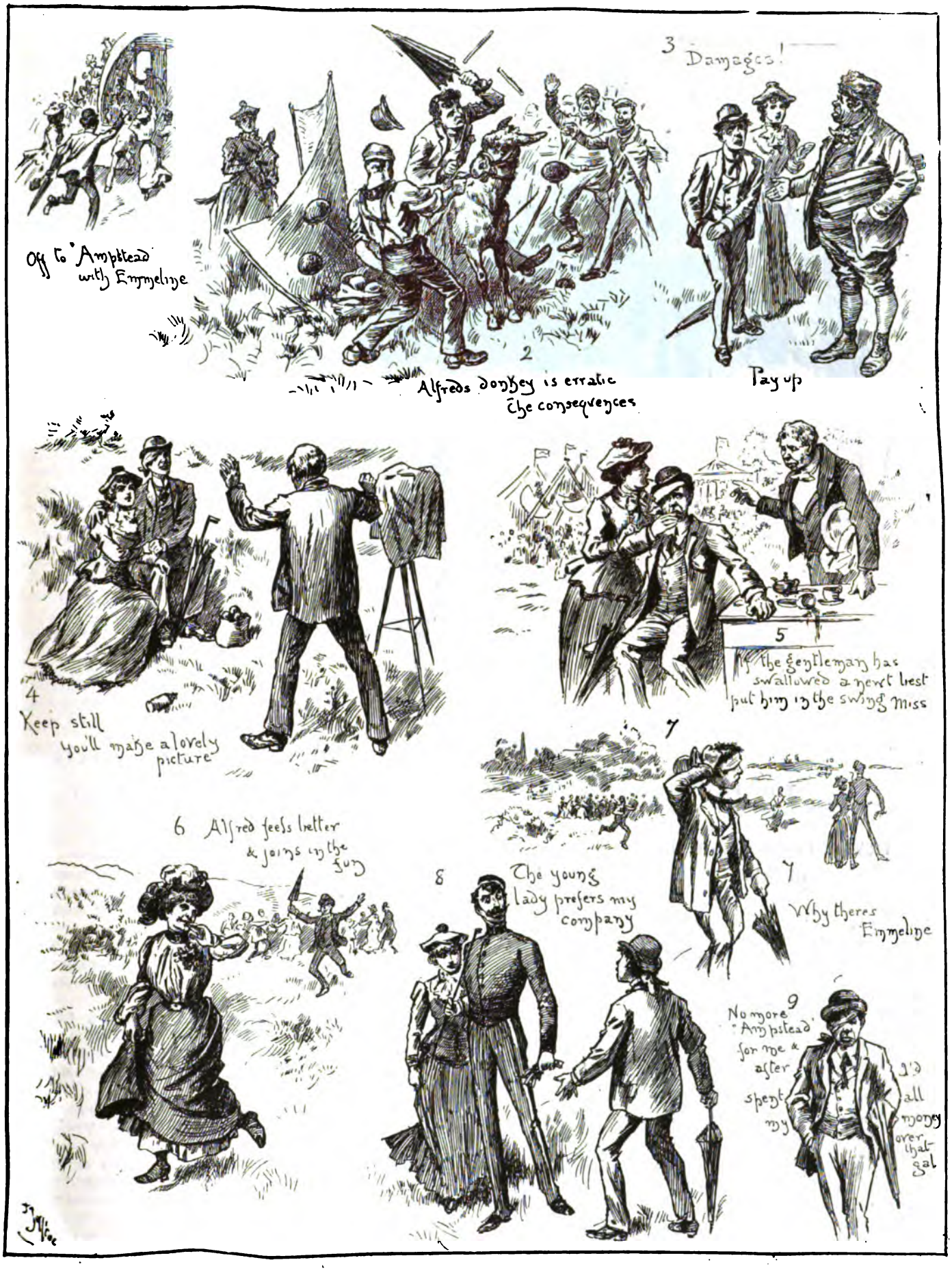
Lytton, Dickens and Thackeray.

I am afraid it is impossible to ignore the fact that Thackeray hated Bulwer Lytton—of course on his literary merits. There may possibly have been some personal reason which has never risen to the surface. At the very dinner to which I have referred, Lytton spoke of Dickens—who was not on the best of terms with Thackeray—as "the author whose writings are equally the delight of the scholar and the artisan, and who has united an unrivalled mastery over the laughter and the tears of millions, with as sweet and genial a philosophy as ever made the passions move at the command of virtue." In reply, Dickens spoke in the handsomest terms of "the genius of their accomplished host." This "passing of compliments when gentlefolk meet" was scarcely likely to commend itself to W. M. T.

"The Frightful Hair."

One of the last pieces written by Lytton was "The Rightful Heir." It was produced at the Lyceum by Herr Bandmann, a German actor, who spoke English with the accent of the Fatherland. It was immediately burlesqued under the title of "The Frightful Hair." And of all people in the world, that most accomplished actor, Mr. William Kendal, was cast for the principal character. As the hero, the creator of so many rôles of an entirely different kind danced and sang admirably. And in this connection it is well to remember that Mr. John Hare and Sir Charles Wyndham were both excellent in burlesque. Remembering their subsequent careers the old saying might be revised: "There is but a step from the ridiculous to the sublime, and not a long one." A story is told that Lytton was invited to a trial of the heavy ordnance that was beginning to be adopted just before his death. He duly watched the preparations for loading and laying, and then turned his back upon the cannon. Finding himself enveloped in smoke, he said to his neighbour: "I suppose they have let it off?" He had heard nothing! Another story: Once when he had spoken too long for the patience of his audience, they got out of hand, and conversation became general. When he had leisurely finished his peroration he added: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, all I have left to do is to thank you for your kind attention!" Lytton may have had faults—which raised the ire of Thackeray—but for all that he was a good friend, a kind father, and an excellent landlord.

Digitized by Google



A RECOLLECTION OF BANK HOLIDAY.

Digitized by Google

THE FASHIONABLE MALE WAIST.

Mrs. Binks (from the country) : "DEARY ME! BLEST HIF THE MEN HAIN'T A COPYIN' HUS!"

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

"Jane, have you ever been to a beauty doctor?" asked my aunt. She said it so seriously that I couldn't help thinking of the father in the Fairchild family. "Children, have you ever seen a corpse?" said he; and I made the same reply that they did: "No, but I should like to."

A few minutes later we were in Bond Street, in the outer room of the celebrated complexion specialist, where a number of ladies were sitting waiting their turn. The tables were covered with ladies' papers, all very much alike inside, but with different coloured covers. Each one contained a portrait of the beauty-doctor, in which she looked like a positive houri.

The first person one saw was Mrs. Brook-Green, and I could see that Aunt wasn't pleased to meet her. "And do you often come here?" she asked. "No, I've just come in for fun," said my aunt. "So have I," remarked Mrs. Brook-Green; "I thought I would see what it was like."

"This is your last visit, I think?" said the lady-clerk, coming up very civilly at this moment. "Is it to be really the last, or are you going to take another course?" Mrs. Brook-Green went so red, a bright scarlet, at this, till I wondered what she had come for. Aunt didn't seem to notice, but said "Shah," in the absent-minded way she always puts on when anybody else is talking. I am sure I tell her the most extraordinary things at times about the people we used to know at Daisymead, and whether they have had their houses set on fire, or have run away from home, she keeps on saying "Shah" all the time, as though she had known it all along. I couldn't think what she meant by it at first, but now I know it means "to be sure."

When we had waited half-an-hour, the beauty doctor came in. I was a little disappointed when I saw her, for she was very far from being the lovely creature that the ladies' papers had led me to expect. She was rather a bony lady, with bright, hungry-looking eyes, and she watched me just as a cat watches a mouse. She kept looking at me with her bright, sparkling eyes, while the rest of her face seemed like a dead wall.

"Here is a young lady," she said, "who has never taken any care of her complexion. Nature has given her a lovely skin, but she has run about in the sun, and never used any lotions or powder. She has laughed and cried when she felt like it, and that will make her get wrinkles very soon. People who talk to me notice I throw most of my expression into my eyes, and never allow my face to be disturbed.

"I believe she's enamelled," I whispered to my aunt. "I expect if she were to laugh she would crack!" and my aunt nodded her head and said, "Shah!"

"Will you walk into my salon and have a complexion treatment at once?" said the beauty doctor, and I followed her, with an uncomfortable memory about the Spider and the Fly running through my head.—More—later on.

THE LIBERAL ELECTION FUND.

A fund of £50,000 is being raised for the next General Election, by the Liberal Association, and the wealthy men of the party have contributed. Many of them have sent encouraging messages with their cheques.

SIR J-HN BR-NN-R: Liberalism is the salt of the earth. The strongholds of Privilege are only held by donkeys. Let them be assaulted!

MR. H-RN-M-N: I hope that Liberals will promote purity of election; but, in any case, let them promote the election of Pure Tea.

MR. L-V-R: Why does a Liberal woman look old sooner than a Tory man? Because she does not have her share of Sunlight. Let in the Sunlight on our soporific policy!

MR. C-DB-RY: Liberals, co-operate! and I will co-co-operate with you!

SIR G--RGE N-WN-S: Fellow Liberals! do not abandon the Tit-Bits of Westminster to the Tories! Work, and soon they will be Stranded all over the Wide World, and you will appear in office, and I—I shall be wherever you make me appear.

A. R.

Digitized by Google

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

YANK AND RUSS.

Says Jonathan: "Foul Muscovite,
Our patience you abuse!
How dare you face the open light,
Red butcher of the Jews?"
"In truth," Ivan replies, "I make
The very worst of figures;
I should have burnt them at the stake
As *you* have done to niggers!"
No hope of life a nation wins
Where Russia's lord controls;
For when he's polished off the Finns,
He'll finish off the Poles.

THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

A quarter of a million (or so some papers say),
They stoutly strode along the road upon a Saturday.
And long ere dark they reached the Park, and proved, as sure as eggs,
A quarter of a million men had half a million legs.
A quarter of a million (or fewer, it may be),
They stood around upon the ground near the Reformer's Tree.
The speakers spoke, the bugle woke the echoes with its notes—
A quarter of a million cheered with nearly all their throats.
A quarter of a million most quietly dispersed,
And homeward went with full content, and universal thirst.
They sought the cup that cheers one up, but leads not to the dock,
And some were stayed with lemonade, and some of them *ad hoc*! A. R.

THE WEEK-END.

A very irregular verb.

I want a change and must have it.
Thou discoverest the latest seaside attractions.
He says that the board and railway fares are included.
We arrange a delightful time in anticipation.
Ye or you sneer at our plans as per usual.
They decline to be mixed up in a row.

I was thinking of taking only a wicker trunk.
Thou wert getting out enough gowns for a month.
He was complaining of the nuisance of luggage.
We were trying to lock the overcrowded bonnet box.
Ye or you were saying the customary spiteful things.
They were trying to keep the peace on all sides.

A QUESTION OF CLIMATE.

"I'VE NOT SEEN YOUR CHILDREN AT SUNDAY SCHOOL LATELY, MRS. HARDY!"
"NO, SIR; IT'S BEEN SO WET AT YOUR LAST TWO TREATS THAT WE ARE TRYING THE CHAPEL!"

I left the house with the box on the top of the cab.
Thou forgottest the bundle of sticks and umbrellas.
He swore at the ticket clerk through the wrong window.
We secured our seats after tipping the guard.
Ye or you wished us a happy return.
They desired kind remembrances to distant friends.

Give me a room.
Let him have something better.
Change our apartments.
Let them know who we are.

That I may see my name in the local paper.
That thou mayest speak to the wrong person.
That he may accidentally snub the Duchess.
That we may seek to make amends by passing the mustard.
That ye or you may denounce "the mixed lot."
That they may be seriously annoyed at the whole affair.
That I might have known holiday time was bad for week-enders.
That thou might have expected scorn from the resident visitors.
That he might have taken things more quietly.
That we might have been better treated by the officials.
That you or ye might have kept your criticism for a future occasion.
That they might have been more impressed with the silver brushes.
To trip in a superior fashion.
Travelling in semi-state.
Sold.

His father had died, and he was raising a monument to his memory. Brown called upon him and offered to do this at his own expense in the costliest of marble if only he were allowed to engrave the inscription as follows: "All men must die; but Brown's dye is the best."

Digitized by Google

NOT HIS NEIGHBOUR.

Effie: "OH! HOW IS THE IDIOT, MR. BLIGHTER?"
Blighter: "WHAT IDIOT DO YOU MEAN?"
Effie: "OH, THE ONE THAT BLITHERS, YOU KNOW, THAT MURIEL SAYS YOU ARE NEXT DOOR TO."

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

"A pleasing place" of "drowsy head it was
Of dreams that" dance "before the half-shut eye"—
Of golf's linked sweetness on the lush sea grass,
The landed salmon and the first grouse pie—
There from the Commons' grosser hue and cry
And eke the calm contention of the Lords,
Lounged in the sleek Balfourian Ministry,
On indolence intent, not idle words,
Or idler deeds that still the outraged MAIL records.

"The doors that know no shrill alarming bell,
No cursed knocker plyed by villain's hand,"
Self oped to a saloon, "where who could tell
What easy chairs stretch round in seemly band."
And there each Minister upon his hand
Fell pondering the projects in his head,
Vaguely devised to lift our Engleland
From democratic pitfalls foully spread
By those two rival Scots and all their rabble red.

But while each mused upon his several plan
Of Empire, Education, Army Corps,
Corn-tax, Ships' Boilers, Friendship with Japan,
L'Entente Cordials with France, the Open Door
To Chinese Commerce, somehow there stole o'er
That meditative Cabinet a spell
Of sleep, that neither Arthur's shrieks of "Fore!"
From Dreamland, nor the Seven Seceders' yell,
Nor John's "Now, Gentlemen, wake up," could all dispel.

BOOKED AND COUNTED.

The Count, although enjoying a well-earned Whitsun holiday by the sad sea waves, cannot allow the week to pass without calling attention to "The Twenty-Ninth Year of Academy Notes, 1903," with illustrations of the Principal Pictures, originated by Henry Blackburn, 1s. Publishers: Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 3, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C., and 44, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., and of all booksellers. To return from pleasure to business, it scarcely requires the Count's suggestion that this admirable brochure is indispensable all the world over. Of course, in London everyone must have it—residents and visitors—man, woman, and child.

The pictures, reproduced in miniature, suggest the recent banquet in Burlington House, which met with the Count's perfect appreciation. The fare —*bien entendu*—was capital, and the speeches worthy of the occasion. The Count congratulates the President and his R. A.'s—a very fine R. A. of tact and talent.

COUNT ONTHESHELF.

Digitized by Google

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

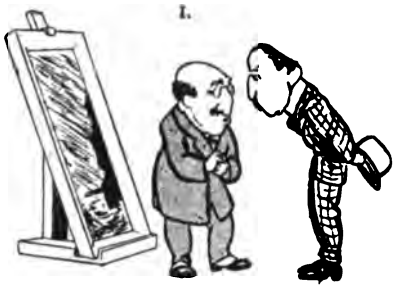
John Bull (looking in): "NOW, GENTLEMEN, WAKE UP!"

See page 116.

Digitized by Google

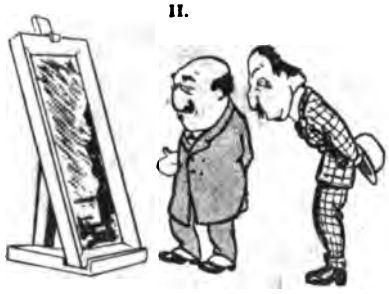
Digitized by Google

I.



"Good day, my Lord," said the Dealer.
And his Lordship said, said he,
"I want fifty yards of pictures
For my oaken galleree."

II.



"Now here, my Lord," said the Dealer,
"Is a desolate wide sea shore"
(And "Where the Deuce," said his Lordship,
"Have I seen that place before?")

III.

"Observe the waves," said the Dealer,
"It's supposed to be Solway Sound."
("Great Scott! it's the place," said his Lordship,
"Where my mother-in-law was drowned!")

IV.

"On the right you'll observe," said the Dealer;
But he got no further than that,
For his Lordship dived into the picture,
And so did his Lordship's hat.

SOLWAY SOUND.

V.

And that was the end of his Lordship;
He was dead as dead could be;
So the Dealer got no order
To up-holster the galleree.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

ON NATURAL HISTORY.

"And what's the latest wid you this fine soft mornin, Jeremy?"

"'Natheral History,' Mick, and follyin out o' that 'Unnatheral History.' That's what ould Dr. Mack and the Father were at, hammer-and-tongs, for an hour together, whin the Doctor had done prescribin' Father Con a new pill and gargoyle.

"He 's the variegatedest lot o' pills and mixtures in his dispensary and out of it that I ever seen, and I was body servant to Dr. Orpen's self, as you well know."

"Of course I knew it, Jeremy, but what's this you were sayin' of the discourse the Priest and the Doctor were havin' on Natheral and Unnatheral History? I've h'ard o' the former, but I never heard tell of the latther."

"It kem about this way, Mick.

"'Did ye hear that there were two historians over at Parknasilla with the Dane 'ere yesterday?' says the Doctor.

"'Hear it—man, I know it; for didn't I dine with them?"

"'Then you were in luck. A pity they didn't ask me. An' who were they?'

"'Mr. Charles Kingsley and his brother-in-law, Mr. James Anthony Froude—parson and past parson, and great talkers.

"'They took great divarsion out of the Dane's stories and mine, and they told some good ones themselves. "You're great at Natural History as well as History, Mr. Kingsley, sir," says I. "Did you ever hear of a blackbird that was partial to cockles?" "No," says he, "and if you can tell me of one, call it a piece of Unnatural History."

"'So I told him that when I was on the strand of Goleen rivee gettin' bait for bay fishin' one hot afternoon, I saw a splendid big cockle takin' the sun about thirty yards away, and was just goin' for it when a swift black shada crossed the sand, and something shot down out of the air, and in another second I saw a bird strugglin' on the sand. I ran forward, and would ye believe it, sir, it was a blackbird who had pounced the cockle and been caught by that same right and tight across the beak. And what's more, the cockle would have killed the bird, for he had shaken it over his breathing hole, if I hadn't shifted it free of it.

"'"That's news to me," said Mr. Kingsley, "though I know of a case like it, for Frank Buckland once showed me a corncrake preserved in spirits of wine, along with an oyster that had caught and killed it."'

"And with that, Mick, the Father, and the Dane, and thim two English gintlemen gev a whole string of Unnatural Histories that I'd not have believed a word of, if I hadn't seen as quare things allamost out of me own two eyes."'

"Why, Mick, one of them declared he'd seen a big trout swally down a clutch of ducklings.

"The Father said he knew a cat, who'd her kittens drownded on her, adoptin' a disconsolate pair of young Cochin Chinas, whom the fox had made orphans of.

"'I'm sure,' said the Dane, 'that some horses have a sinse of fun. When I was a boy I saw a mare of my father's steal upon a stable cat that was walking on top of her stall, with his head turned away from her, nip hold of Master Tom's tail, and then with one twist of her head, send him flying to the ceiling. If there was ever fun in a horse's eye that mare had it in hers, when the cat dropped back from the rafters on to her neck, and started clawing her like mad.'"

"Well, av coorse, Jeremy, we haven't to go further nor Balaam's Ass, for an honest poor baste who could show an example even to a prophet. Yes, Mick! and let alone the elephant that taught a lesson to the tailor who was too free wid his needle upon him, where could you find a more self-denyin' crayture in creation than the whale that suffered three mortial days and nights of crule indiggestion through swallyin' Jonah whole, instead of tratin' him like anny other item on his daily bill o' fare."

Digitized by Google

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT THEY ARE ENGAGED?"
"WHY, THEY ARE ALWAYS QUARRELLING."

OUT OF THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

I need scarcely say that we are all delighted to have left Westminster for the inside of a fortnight. The daily journals will have given you the stories of our wanderings. I may add a few particulars:—

Mr. Arthur Balfour—he has asked me to call him neither "King" nor "Prince," as the joke palls upon him—is enjoying golf. He says that he finds that driving a ball is an admirable tonic. It braces him up to keeping a control over his tongue at times of extreme irritation.

The member for Sark (a *nomme de guerre* that can easily be detached from its incognito) is at Boreborough-on-the-Snooze. I hear from some of the residents that "he is considered quite an acquisition."

Dr. Farquharson is flourishing. He has every reason to feel satisfied at the success of his brother, the artist, who has painted the best picture in this year's Academy.

The rest of my colleagues are all, more or less—many of them less—enjoying themselves.

Now as to myself:—

Since the commencement of the Recess, I have opened two bazaars, laid the foundation-stone of an infirmary, taken the first glass of water from a drinking fountain, cut the initial turf of a new railway, and spoken at several political meetings in different parts of the country. Four of my orations were received with derision, one produced a shower of vegetables and "election eggs," and the last elicited thunders of genuine heartfelt applause. I may say that my last address was delivered at a gathering of the Wrottenborough Patriotic Brotherhood.

I am president, and in my official capacity—under our rules and by-laws—am permitted to supply the cakes, the lemonade, and tea. And here I must publicly thank a friend and colleague in the House, who desires to preserve his "cognito." Without his banjo I could have never kept the Brotherhood together. And as for his "few minutes with the piano," for which everyone waited, I can say that it was the universal opinion that it has not been approached by anyone since the days of poor Corney Grain.

Before I return to Westminster, I have to receive deputations (all of them angry) from the Female Society for the Suppression of Man, the League for Promoting the Entertainment of Hottentots by the country seats of England, the Sisterhood of Advanced Thought, and the Band for Making Members of Parliament pay into the Exchequer a sum equal to the value of their constituencies. I am a little nervous about the last, as they took part in the demonstration at one of my gatherings, which ended in a storm of stale vegetables and staler eggs.

Besides these deputations, I have to open two more bazaars, lay three more foundation stones, and inaugurate a swimming competition and an assault-at-arms. Then on the Sunday before my return to Westminster, I have to listen to four sermons from preachers of different denominations. So you will see that I am thoroughly enjoying my holiday.

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

Johnson was travelling from Dover to Calais. "Hullo, what are you doing here?" "Travelling for a change." "Have you got your wife on board?" "Didn't I tell you I was travelling for a change?"

A doctor goes out shooting, and misses every shot with constant regularity. At last a hare gets up; one of the keepers shouts out: "A patient!" The doctor fires, and kills it on the spot.

A bailiff was looking for Jones, on whom he wants to serve a writ: "Can you tell me where Mr. Jones lives?" he says to a little boy. "You'll go down t' street till you come to t' church, then you'll take first turn to left till you come to alley. You'll see a pump there, and you may pump that, but you shan't pump me.'

FIRST AND LAST.

The first of the brilliant series of books from the gifted pen of Max O'Rell was "John Bull and his Island." His last contribution to literature appeared last week in the columns of JOHN BULL.

Its end his glowing pen forecast,
Old England graced its style, and
He gave its first fruits and its last
To "JOHN BULL and his Island."

A. C. P.

Digitized by Google

SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

X.—MR. ERN-ST B-CK-TT, M.P.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

MONEY, CHEAP; CONSOLS, RISING; TRANSVAAL LOAN, BOOMING; HOME RAILS, ACTIVE; YANKEES, WELL SUPPORTED; CANADIAN PACIFICS, MOUNTING; TRUNKS, UPWARD; ARGENTINES, BUOYANT; MEXICANS, FALLING; AUSTRALIANS, DEPRESSED; KAFFIRS, RECOVERING; FOREIGN BONDS, ADVANCING; INDUSTRIALS, NEGLECTED; TURKS, AWAKENING.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS.

A few Coronation placards
"KEEP TO THE RIGHT"
still adhere to walls in the City.

I.

Here and there, on wall and hoarding,
Placards still remain recording
Day of by-one celebration,
Day of joy and jubilation,
Day historic to the nation,
Please "KEEP TO THE RIGHT."
Despite Time's effacing fingers
Here and there the legend lingers—
Please "KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

II.

So when round the City strolling,
You who've interests controlling,
Don't neglect this admonition,
It applies to your position,
Tersely put is the petition—
Please "KEEP TO THE RIGHT."
Jobbing, broking, or promoting,
Politics or local voting,
Please "KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

"WALKERESSES—LONDON."

It is said in the City that many of the waitresses at the restaurants propose emulating the Stock Exchange by indulging in walking matches.

I.

'Twas twelve o'clock one summer day,
And fifty maids in bright array
Stood close together side by side.
"A race it is," the people cried;
"Oh! watch it, do."
A gun went "bang!" and twenty-five
Dropped in a faint, just half alive,
The rest with *sal volatile*
(You know it's used much latterly)
Then brought them to.
The Starter stood a bit apart,
And clasped a racer to his heart.
She said, "You gave us such a start,
You did, it's true."

II.

The course was under half a mile,
They started off with joke and smile,
And sporting men who judged the pace,
Said twelve-fifteen would end the race,
Or thought it should.
But one o'clock, and two went by
Before those waiting could espy
The first arrivals of the host
Just strolling to the winning post.
Aghast they stood.
The racers looked quite cool and neat,
They'd quite forgot the racing feat.
You see the course was Regent Street,
And hats and lingerie so sweet
Had held them fast, and there they stood,
They couldn't move not if they would,
And said they wouldn't if they could.

IRRE"COVER"ABLE.

You send your money to a tout
Who puts alluring offers out,
And in the street will howl and shout
About his "cover" system.
If you're a fool, on him you call
To learn what shares will rise or fall,
Invest your cash and lose it all—
A "non-recover" system.

Of course he'll sing the usual song,
Explain next time you can't be wrong;
He's got a *coup* that's going strong,
On "double cover" system.
You believe his honeyed phrases,
Hopes of wealth he wildly raises,
Then the prices go to blazes,
Also "cover" system.

Soon your hair you're fiercely tearing,
Possibly you lapse to swearing,
Bully him beyond all bearing,
Curse his "cover" system.
Last you lose all your composure,
Talk about a big exposure,
He levants and that's the closure.
Exit—"cover" system.

HUAN MEE.

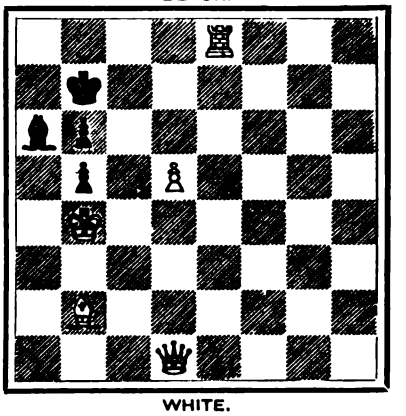
THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS.

No. 9.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Cameo No. 8.

R—KR8, B × R, R—Kt7, B × R, B mates.

23. They were musicians.
24. Exactly the same quantity.
25. Je bois sans eau à ta santé.

Note.—In future Cameo and Puzzle Solutions will be given each week.

26. A CONUNDRUM.

Bisect my first, transpose its first half, and between this and its second half insert what remains if you take my second from my first. The result is as good to eat as my first and second are to drink.

27. MACARONIC PROSE.

"Sit stillabit," sed amanto hiscat, "sta redde, sum misi feror arat trito unda minus, solet me terna ferret in, micat."

28. AN ENIGMA.

Let the head of a Turk
Feel the touch of sweet oil,
It will call him to work
As a son of the soil.

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

Here is quite a quaint palindrome: "Eve damned Eden, mad Eve."

Can anyone suggest a solution to the following enigma, by Professor Whewell, to which, it is said, no answer has yet been found:—

"A handless man had a letter to write,
And he who read it had lost his sight.
The dumb repeated it word for word,
And deaf was he who listened and heard."

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

THE LOAN OF A CONGREGATION.

"Do you remember Parson Flanagan, Mick?"

"Only middlin' well, Jeremy. I wasn't long come into these parts when they made an Irish Professor of him at Trinity College."

"Yes, we were lost afther him; for oh, 'twas he could make the pipes sing to 'The Coulun,' or screech laughin' wid 'The Hare in the Corn,' or set every foot tappin' the flure wid the impatience to be out on it nickin' off each note of 'Paddy O'Rafferty,' or 'Jackson's Mornin' Brush,' as they kem jiggin' off of his chanter."

"Weren't he and the Father great together, for 'Parson and Priest'?"

"'Deed, and they were for ever together, all through the love of the good ould Irish music, and the good ould Irish tongue. Manny's the time I've known the Parson come to the Priest's house with 'God bless all within,' and the Father to reply 'A hundred welcomes to you, Parson! and how do you get your health?'—in Irish av coorse—and then they'd settle down to some absthruse argyment how this tune should end off, or another begin—the Father at it on his fiddle and the Parson on his pipes, till ye wouldn't know if ye were on your heels or your head betune them."

"But what was that, Jeremy, I heard tell of the good turn the Father did the Parson, when the Prodesan Bishop come down to see how he was houldin' up his Parish afther the Famine times?"

"That wouldn't take long in tellin', and I'm the wan to tell it, for I was through it from beginnin' to end. The Parson's Bishop had got a notion that Flanagan wasn't as successful at the Souperin' and the Proshelytizin' as his predecessor had been wid soup in the wan hand and salvation in the other for the poor starvin' souls where they'd held their Irish mission, whin some of our own priests had been a thrifle forgetful of their duties. So he wrote to the Parson to say he was comin' down on such and such a day. Well, wid that the Parson calls round. 'The pleasure of God on you, Father Michael,' says he, 'and may you live and be happy this day twelve months and seven times better than you are this day.' 'The same to you, Parson, but what's the worst news with you, for you seem dejected like.' 'And why wouldn't I, Father, for his Lordship, Dr. O'Sullivan, is comin' down to inspect my mission congregation that's been growing so beautifully less ever since you followed Father O'Sullivan. I'll have to go double quick to make room for some young fire-brand that'll set our folk by the ears again. So it's good-bye I'll be saying to you, Father Michael, before long, and long sorry I'll be to do it for the sake of the pleasant companionship we've had together over the old Irish books and the old Irish music.'

"The Father seemed quite struck down, and he stood ruminatin' like in his old shoot of 'everlasting' with the hands deep down in his breeches' pockets. Then suddenly he gave a smile that cracked across his rosy ould face like the white streak you'd cut out of a Kerry pippen, and says he: 'It's a congregation you want to meet the Bishop when you preach before him—isn't that it, Parson Jack?'

"''Tis just that,' says the Parson; 'and where am I to raise one?'

"'Ask me no question, and I'll tell you no lies,' says the Father, and grips him hard by the hand, and tells him to be off, and make all his preparations for the Bishop wid a stout heart. And so he did, and the Prodesdan Bishop drove in his carriage and pair to the church door. He might well rub his eyes at the congergation that he saw sated foreninst him. Not the poor twinty or thirty by all accounts he expected to find, and that would hav' been found there on anny ornery Sunday in the year, but a church full and overflowin'. And myself was in it, I can tell ye, Mick, though in a back sate. And the parson preached a grand Irish sarmon entirely on the text, 'Let brotherly love continue,' and all the veins of our hearts, Catholics though the better part of us were, went out to him, I can tell ye. Divel a word of it all the Bishop understood, though he purtinded to, noddin' his head at all the unimportant bits, though there weren't manny of them. Well, I heard the end of it out of the Parson's boy, who was listenin' at the study door as the Bishop was biddin' good-bye after luncheon. 'To tell you the truth,' said he, 'Mr. Flanagan, I was agreeably surprised at the size of your congregation this morning. Indeed, it exceeded my most sanguine expectation. I had heard that you were perhaps a little *too thick* with the Roman Catholics, but it appears you've been so to good purpose. For it has thickened and not thinned your congregation. My only criticism is that some members of it are not quite as familiar with our ritual as they will no doubt be a little later. I mean in the matter of standing up and kneeling down at the right time. But you are doing a great work, Mr. Flanagan, a great work, and I think that after all your plan of getting at these poor people in their own language is the true and only one.'"

"Bedambut, that bate all, Jeremy, and what did Father O'Flynn say when it was over and done?"

"Well, he heard tell uv coorse what a grand sarmon the Parson had been after preaching to his mixed congergation, and says he to him the next time they met: 'Parson Jack, I'm proud to hear ye had such a grand congregation the other day to meet your Bishop, though I'm very much afraid some of my flock must have strayed into your fold—by some misconception or other—to augment it. Still, I'm glad when they did find themselves there they didn't do you or his Lordship the disrespect of walking out again at once. Indeed it has reached me that you preached a very considerate sermon. But Parson, you were that persuasive, I'll not venture to loan you another congregation.'"

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

CHARLES READE—"WITH A PURPOSE."

I am seated at a table in the Thatched House Club (then the Civil Service), and there is a vacant place. Opposite me is a gaunt, grumpy man, twice my age—for I am only a youngster of two-and-twenty or thereabouts. He is as sulky as can be, and has responded to my attempts at conversation with a "Yes" or a "No." I had never seen him before, and I was to have been introduced to him by the non-arrived. Charles B. Stephenson, once of the Treasury, then of Lloyd's, and always the bright and brilliant writer,

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT IN 1868.

has failed to put in an appearance, and consequently I am dining *tête-a-tête* with Charles Reade, the novelist with a purpose, and (on this occasion only) in a bad temper. After we have got to the first entrée, I take the bull by the horns. "Please, sir," I say to my surly guest, in the tone of a would-be conciliatory schoolboy speaking to an unreasonable schoolmaster, "it is not my fault. Please, sir, I am a nervous young chap trying my best to make up for Mr. Charley Stephenson's absence. Please, sir, you are a big and famous author, and I am only a young journalist, just quit of the Civil Service. Please, sir, don't be too hard upon me." Charles Reade looks at me for a moment, then he holds out his hand, shakes mine, bursts into a loud laugh, and from that moment becomes the most charming companion imaginable. He stays at the Thatched House Club (then the Civil Service), telling me amusing stories and drinking cold tea, until three in the morning. I have never had a more delightful evening.

I am afraid that in these days the works of Charles Reade are scarcely ever read, and perchance half-forgotten. And yet in his time—not so very long ago—he was a power in the land. Charles Dickens "wrote down" abuses, and so did Charles Reade. At this dinner to which I have referred I spoke to him about a book he had levelled at the system of cure for the mentally afflicted. I told him that the antipathy he had created to institutions for the cure of the insane had ended, in a case that had come within my knowledge, in a suicide. He was shocked. "I wrote too strongly," said he. "I will write another novel, and put the matter in another light." And later on he kept his word. He admitted that sometimes he was a little uncertain about his dates. He produced a romance, supposed to be of the passing hour, when the Blue Book, upon which "the abuse" treated was founded, was a decade old, or even more antiquated.

Novels *v.* Blue Books.

Before I met him at the Civil Service Club he had had a controversy in the pages of the *Glowworm*, an evening paper of which I was the editor. He had written a book called "Griffith Gaunt," and I had severely criticised some of his "facts" about the practices in the Church of Rome. He had answered very angrily, "slating" the critic in the heartiest style. Then a correspondent took up the cudgels on behalf of the paper, and there was pretty sword play on both sides. I owned up to Charles Reade. "Oh, you were the critic, were you," cried my guest; "and who was the 'Constant Reader'?" "Archbishop Manning," I replied. "Just so," returned Charles Reade; "a far better man than you!" And I did not complain of his estimate of our respective characters.

Reade and Manning.

I was reminded the other day by the controversy that arose relative to the refusal of admission to the *Times'* critic to the stalls of the Garrick Theatre on a certain first night, to a similar incident that had occurred in connection with one of Charles Reade's pieces. "Never Too Late to Mend" was produced at the Princess's, and George Guest Tomlin hissed it. George Vining presumed to address the critics seated in the stalls, and told them as they had not paid for their seats, they were in the theatre on sufferance. Tomlin called for an apology. He was backed up by the audience, and Vining had to "express his regret." Then I think we all left the theatre. I was in years the youngest dramatic critic present, and amongst my colleagues of those days there still survive Clement Scott, Sir Edward Russell, John Hollingshead, W. S. Gilbert, Moy Thomas, and Joseph Knight. The last is still well to the fore to this day. He was representing the *Athenæum* at "Dante," at Drury Lane, a few weeks since.

The Free Stall Slavery.

We have no novelist with a purpose nowadays. Perhaps it is better as it is. Charles Reade, had he been amongst us, would certainly have turned out a romance touching upon Mr. Chamberlain's project for Home and Colonial Free Trade. He was the most impulsive scribe I ever met, and a brave defender of writers' rights. He would have made an admirable lieutenant of the late Sir Walter Besant, when first that excellent gentleman was establishing the Authors' Society. When he bade me good night at the door of the Thatched House Club on the occasion of our *tête-a-tête* meal, he said: "Well, my boy, writing is all very well, but I have a University Fellowship to fall back upon. If you think you can do better with a pen in Fleet Street than with one in a Government office further West, say in Pall Mall, that's your business. At any rate, I wish you heartily—good luck!" On the whole, I think that wish has been fulfilled.

The Purpose Question.

Digitized by Google

SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

Church Parade, Hyde Park.

Key:—LORD CL-R-ND; LADY R-BBL-SD-LE; LORD SP-NC-R; "BOBBY" SP-NC-R; MR. CH- -TE; MRS. CH- -TE; SIR H. IRV-NG; MR. L-CKY; LADY GR-NBY; LORD GR-NBY; DUCHESS OF P-RTL-ND; DUKE OF P-RTL-ND; MISS C. COL-R; COUNT DGM; MISS L. BR- -THW- -TE; LORD R-S-B-RY; ALFRED A-ST-N; LORD F-RQ-H-R; MARQUIS DE S-V-R-L; SIR W. BR- -DB-NT; LORD P-RTM-N; DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE; SIR F- -D-L PH-LL-PS; LORD AB-RD- -N; LADY AB-RD- -N.

Digitized by Google

WHERE HE SCORES.

Caddie: "NA, NA, HE CANNA PLAY. BUT HECH, MON, HIS SWEARING'S JUST HEAVENLY!"

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

The walls were upholstered in forget-me-not blue, and there was a large blue plush arm-chair before the dressing-table. There were rows and rows of shelves at one side of the room, covered with little blue china pots, and toilette bottles tied up with blue ribbon. I sat down in the great arm-chair, and the beauty doctor came and stood behind it and tipped it back a little, so that she could get a good view of my face.

I had no idea that the chair would tip back so easily, and it gave me rather a helpless sensation, such as I have at the dentist's. The beauty doctor put a blue linen wrapper round me next, and tied a blue linen bandage round my fringe, so that my hair shouldn't get out of curl. Then she covered the tips of her first and second fingers with cream, and rushed at my face like a bird darting at its prey, and commenced to rub it round and round in circles.

It was just like being in the dentist's chair, only that unlike the dentist the beauty doctor talked all the time.

"What is the matter with your face is that you wash it too much. You should never wash it at all" (rub, rub, rub, with the cream).

"Not wash it?" I said weakly, but the cream came perilously near my mouth.

"Not in ordinary water. You can use our *l'eau de beauté* instead. Take a small bottle to begin with—the half-guinea size. The cream I am rubbing you with suits you exactly. It is entirely my own idea, and I make it up myself. It is chiefly made of oat-meal, which is very expensive as you know; but it is well worth what we sell it for—it is cheap at a guinea the pot. Nicely done up in forget-me-not blue, like everything else in the place.

I tried to get a look at it, but she commenced to rub the cream on my eyelids, so that I had to shut my eyes.

"Better keep your eyes shut," said the beauty doctor, "for fear I get the cream in them." Here she tipped the back of the chair a little more, and I felt more helpless than ever.

"Now I am going to spray your face with my skin tonic. It will feel a little cold, but you mustn't mind."

"May I wipe my face now?" I asked, in a weak voice.

"Please don't touch it," she replied briskly. "I am going to fan you with a blue Japanese fan."

Swish, swish, went the fan, very cold and draughty.

"This skin tonic is excellent, and it's only half-a-guinea. You had better take a bottle of that too. Don't talk. Keep your face quite still. I am going to stimulate your nerves."

And with this, if you'll believe me, she commenced to slap my face. She slapped my cheeks to give me a colour, and also under my chin, to prevent its becoming a double one, talking away all the time as though she were doing the most ordinary thing in the world. Then she put some liquid powder on my face with a small paint brush—a very ticklish sensation—then she pencilled my eyebrows, and put something like boot-blacking on my eyelashes.

"I will tell the clerk to pack up the parcel, and make out your account," she said briskly. "It will come to three guineas and a half. Half-a-guinea each for the face-wash, the powder, and the skin-tonic, a guinea for the treatment, and a guinea for the cream."

"Three guineas and a half!" I said aghast. "I had never dreamt of spending all that."

The beauty doctor handed me the back-glass. Oh yes, there was no doubt that I looked very nice. I paid the bill meekly and left.

But I felt awfully cross when I got home. I had spent a good bit of my quarter's allowance, and got nothing out of it but two or three little blue pots. I had paid a guinea for having my face slapped, which I could have done equally well for myself at home had I desired it. And when I took up the pot of Circassian cream the little blue label came off, and underneath was the label of a preparation which only costs eighteen-pence a pot. The beauty doctor had not even made her own cream. She had only stuck another label on the pot.

Well, she need not have used a forget-me-not label! I am not very likely to forget her!

Digitized by Google

ART AND MRS. SMYTHE.

SCENE. — *The Entrance to Burlington House. A warm June day. The usual crowd of fair women and brave men—rustling and bustling.*

Mrs. Smythe (*with her best air of friendly boredom*): You up in Town on a day like this! How frightfully energetic you are, Selina. I'm simply dying for a breath of country air. (*Mrs. Smythe makes a point of dying throughout the season, but she has never been known to stay in the country for longer than a week-end.*)

Mrs. Smith (*a country cousin, hot and cheerful in appearance*): Freddy had to see the dentist (*points to round-faced boy at her side*), and as I was up in Town I thought we'd make a day of it. This afternoon we're going to the Fire Exhibition at Earl's Court, and to-night George is joining us, and we're all going to see "Dante."

Mrs. Smythe: You're quite wonderful. Fire and flames, afternoon and night, to say nothing of *this* place. Algy says the Royal Academy is the best Turkish Bath in London on a summer's day. But why Earl's Court in the *afternoon*? There's absolutely nothing to see.

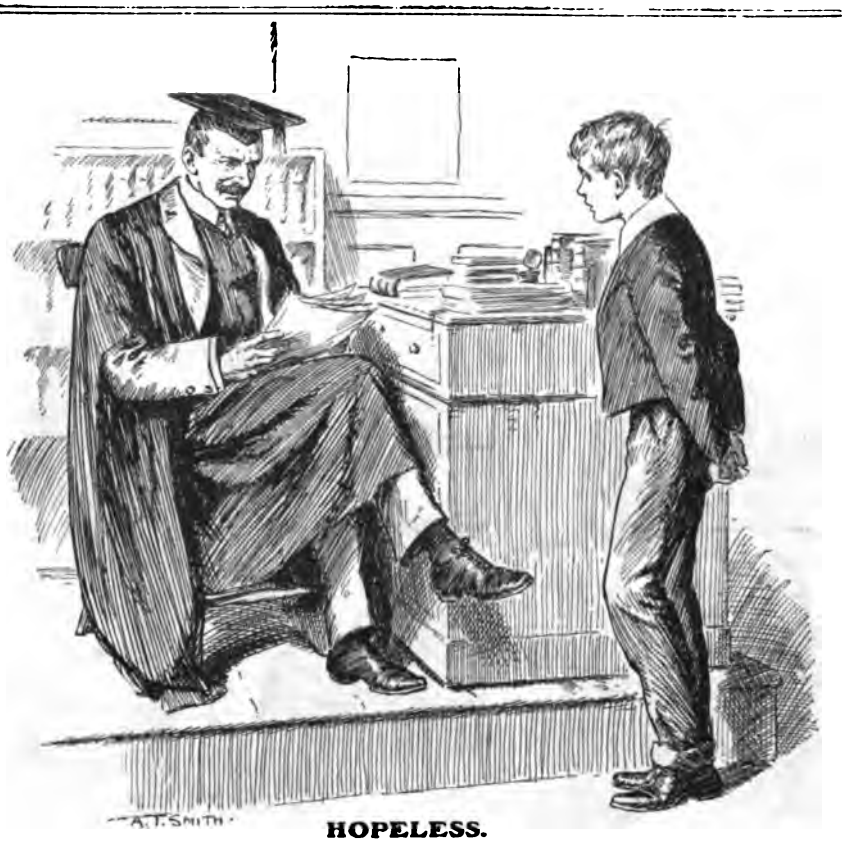
Mrs. Smith: Well, the exhibits are there just the same, and I believe there are the usual number of side shows.

Mrs. Smythe: Exhibits? Do they really exhibit things? How clever. I never noticed (*she yawns*). Well, I must join Algy, he's waiting for me by the statuary. He says the rest of the exhibition is an intolerable side show—meaning the crowd of people who put on "side." Algy's jokes are really so complicated that I find it perfectly exhausting having to explain them.

Mrs. Smith: But what do you think of the pictures this year?

Mrs. Smythe (*blankly*): Pictures? My dear Selina, if one had to look at *pictures* in all these exhibitions one would never be free (*turns away to speak to another friend*). Ah! how d'ye do, Mrs. De la Rouge. Yes, I saw the Worthington girls in Room V. with Lord Caddie. What? You thought the water-colour room uninteresting. So did I. Absolutely no one I knew there except Lady Gruyère and Mr. Cress. Really, how she could walk about with that idiot! (*She nods adieu to her cousin, and exit with Mrs. De la Rouge. Mrs. Smith buys a catalogue, produces a pencil, and starts methodically with the first picture in the first room.*)

ALPHA.



HOPELESS.

Classical Master: "WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
New Boy: "LUCAS, SIR."
Master: "AH, I SHOULD JUDGE FROM YOUR PAPERS, 'LUCAS A NON LUCINDO!"
New Boy: "NO, SIR, LUCAS MAJOR!"

THE BLOOMER GIRL.

She leans upon the tailor's art,
And cultivates a mannish air.
The Johnnies vote her spry and smart,
And watch her with a languid stare.
Her skirt is short, her collar high,
She's "up-to-date," she's "all the go";
But, while the men may hover nigh,
Will any marry her?—oh, no!

She puffs a scented cigarette,
And likes her coffee and liqueur;
Can pull an oar, or make a bet,
At "bridge" or "whist" is safe and sure;
And yet her gentler sisters seize
The marriage spoils—alas, too few!
For they have learned the art to please;
But marry *her*—ah well, would you?

EPILOGUE.

Nor fish nor flesh, nor fowl is she,
But mixes up and spoils the three;
And, though the thought to her be gall,
Men love a *woman*, after all.

F. G. W.

AT DRURY LANE.

A REVERIE.

Discovered by Boucicault and brought to London to electrify the town in "Hunted Down."

Playing second to Miss Herbert at the St. James's in old English comedy—but ever the central figure.

In Byron's melodramas at Labby's Playhouse in Long Acre—but still a giant amongst pigmies.

Then to the Vaudeville with a "little cheque" to repay everything—the same pre-eminence.

At the Gaiety associated with "old friend Toole"—first in comedy, first in tragedy.

At length at the Lyceum to "support" the Colonel's Daughter.

Then *the* great chance—the burgomaster in *The Bells*. Bravo, bravo, bravissimo! The chivalrous Charles, the melancholy Dane, the terror-stricken Eugene Aram, Louis the treacherous, Richelieu the fox, Benedict, soldiers of fortune, and groom of dames.

Brave Becket, Mysterious Mephestopheles, Reckless Richard, Sympathetic Shylock, Dreamy Dante, Intensely Interesting Inimitable Irving. "Oh, Rare Sir Henry!"

Digitized by Google

SHADE OF DR. JOHNSON!

Lady Winifreda: "ISN'T HERR PLAYTOWSKY JUST TOO LOVELY FOR WORDS?"
Lord Freddy: "WHEN HE THUMPS AND TWIDDLES ON THE PIANO? QUITE STUNNING!"

JOSEPH'S DREAM.

When I was but a little boy—
My father's pride, my mother's joy—
My hands and mouth had full employ,
When gooseberries were ripe.
And oft my mother she would squeeze
The thorns from out my arms and knees,
And my good dad, to give me ease,
Lay by his favourite pipe.

And ever since those gooseberry days,
Safe in, safe out of dangerous ways,
To all my friends' and foes' amaze,
Still gloriously I go.
First rushing halfway to Home Rule,
Or at the Church and Church's School,
And then emerging scratched, but cool,
Remarking, "Not for Joe."

Such power to take "The Ship" full steam
Safely against or with the stream,
Betokens, Arthur thinks, a gleam
Of genius after all.
With Arthur, too, this thought I share,
"If only *up* our Empire stair
We stumble, should we greatly care
If now and then we fall?"

There was a Joseph long ago
Who dreamt his brethren's sheaves bowed low
Before his own, and told them so,
In inconsiderate youth.
P'raps even now I'm not more ripe
Than my illustrious antitype;
And still, where I should block, I swipe
With too impetuous truth.

Yet hear *my* vision of the night:
A tree with leaves of emerald light
And rosy fruitage took my sight,
Beneath whose ample shade
Our children from beyond the seas
Came dancing. Then a voice: "By these
The first pick of my orchard trees
Henceforth be rightly made."

SKELETON LEADER.

At the Service of our Contemporary.

Once more we have a crisis which will, &c., &c.
It may fairly be said that had the Government, &c., &c.
On the other hand, with the Opposition, &c., &c.
Foreigners unaccustomed to our proceedings may, &c.
At such a time it is the duty of the Press, &c., &c.
It may be thought that on the whole, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Digitized by Google

JOSEPH'S DREAM.

See verses, p. 128.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE PROPOSED BENCH AND BAR WALKING CONTEST.

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

I have been asked to give my opinion on the advisability of a Bench and Bar walking contest, and to advise generally. It is a little difficult to undertake so heavy a responsibility with the necessary equanimity of temperament. However, since JOHN BULL has become the leading forensic journal, in the place of a frivolous periodical with uncertain aims, the task must be at least attempted. It will be necessary to consider whether the cultivation of a high rate of speed would be beneficial to the judges. Their Lordships will necessarily have to train, and what with early morning work (inclusive of a liver ride round the Park) and social engagements after the rising of the Court, only the interval reserved for luncheon will be available for practice. Fortunately the Royal Courts are close to the Embankment, so that it would be quite possible for any of the judges of the Chancery Division and the K.B.D. to appear in racing garb on the track next the river. But it must be borne in mind that the dignity of the Bench has to be supported, and that the racing garb of the Embankment is scarcely calculated to extort perfect respect. I would suggest that the whole matter of the Bench's participation in pedestrian contests should be considered by the Lord Chief Justice, who can advise as an expert. The Lord Chancellor, too, as a brilliant swordsman, might possibly be useful to his brother in consultation. Considering the difference in physique of the members of the Bench it would be as well to handicap their Lordships. It would be manifestly unfair to assume that Mr. Justice Darling, for instance, was not in better trim for prize walking than many of his colleagues.

As to the Bar, I cannot help feeling that again there is a great need for the equalisation of chances. I am comparatively young myself—I have not been called for more than twenty or thirty years—and yet I have quite a number of juniors. I admit that, although I have been told (on fairly creditable authority) that I won the "Twenty Yards Contest for boys under 10," when at school, my present condition is not one to pass unchallenged by, say, such a judge as Mr. R. C. Lehmann. I can quite believe that I might be out-distanced by some of those admitted since the date of my own call.

I have been accustomed now for some years to sound my excellent and admirable clerk, Portington, on various matters, and I have mentioned the proposed contest to him.

"Well, Sir," said he, without hesitation, "if you ask my opinion, I should advise you to leave walking, running, and all that sort of thing to the second clerks. It would give them something to do, and, to put it professionally, save your wigs."

And really, after some careful consideration, I am inclined to agree with him.

(*Signed*) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.
Pump Handle Court.
June 3.

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

By the time these lines are printed, I shall once more be in my customary seat in St. Stephen's, making my daily attempt to catch the Speaker's eye. The occupation is not unlike fishing at Richmond—seldom productive of results. While I have been enjoying my Whitsun vacation, I have been sounding several of my colleagues on the Home and Colonial Free Trade of my Right Hon. friend and colleague, Joseph Chamberlain. I asked Sark what he thought about it.

"Well, I don't know," he returned; "but I asked Arthur Balfour."

"Ah!" I responded, in the tone of Lieutenant Cole when he is holding a conversation with one of his speaking puppets, "and what did the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour say?"

"He said that he didn't like you calling him King Arthur. That he had been called Prince Arthur for years, and thought both jokes as silly as you make them."

I felt inclined—following the precedent of Lieutenant Cole—to call upon Sark to sing a song such as "Lay me in my little cot," or something of that sort, but restrained the impulse. As a matter of fact, Sark is rather—no, I must not be libellous—is *not* rather tedious.

"What do you think of Joe's scheme?" I asked T. G. Bowles, who has just finished his sequel to that admirable play of his (written in the early sixties), "The Port Admiral."

"Very clever," he replied; "but for goodness' sake don't call me the captain, it is so absolutely inappropriate."

Then I interviewed a distinguished member of the gallery. They are my very good friends, and often give me a hint.

"First-rate subject for a leader when there is a dearth of subject—like a restaurant joint, can cut and come again. But what do you think of my project of endowing the Gallery Retreat? I am sure the guild of Literature and Art, with its three cottages, at Stevenage, to which your Editor referred so agreeably in your last issue, would have been a success had it been managed by a man of talent and resource. Say, for sake of argument, like myself. Will you help to endow the Gallery Retreat?"

"Of course," I returned heartily. "I will put it down for a substantial sum—in my will."

"What do I think of Chamberlain's scheme?" repeated Dr. Farquharson slowly, with the caution of his nationality. "Why I consider it worthy of—of—in fact, Chamberlain!"

"It has been my idea from the first," said Henniker Heaton. "It is merely an extension of my proposal for a universal penny postage."

"Certainly, extremely clever," returned Howard Vincent; "but I think there should be some safe guard against the exportation of prison goods, and I see nothing about the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. But both those matters might be set right in Committee."

I left the more important interview to the last. I saw the Editor of the *Wrottenborough Standard* on the subject.

"Well," said he, after some consideration, "the matter seems important, but it depends a good deal upon the details. I feel certain that if some of the revenue accruing from the import on foreign goods were spent in some useful manner—say, in advertising in some of the more important provincial papers—the feeling of the country would steadily grow in its favour."

"Of course, my dear sir, it is unnecessary for me to remind you that Mr. Chamberlain is exceedingly astute and——"

"Quite so," returned my friend; "then I may say distinctly that Wrottenborough will be in favour of the project?"

Under these circumstances I have no hesitation in announcing that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is sure of success. Wrottenborough is in favour of the project.

Digitized by Google

NOT GOING TO RISK IT.

Brown: "NOW WE ARE HERE, MAUD, WE MAY AS WELL CALL UPON THE BARTONS. THEY HAVE ASKED US TIMES ENOUGH."

Mrs. Brown: "I WOULD, DEAR, ONLY IT IS WEDNESDAY, AND I AM AFRAID THEY WOULD BE AT HOME."

THE RECREATIONS OF MARJORY.

CRICKET.

"Edward is playing to-day," I said. "He has, I understand, a distinct talent for long-stopping."

"Are you keeping wicket?"

"Exactly—none other."

"I've only seen McGregor," said Marjory.

"No doubt you thought he was good. Well, I musn't destroy your illusions. I shall bowl instead."

"I think it would be as well, because Edward is lost."

"It's all right. We were out together this morning, and he began to throw stones at a tree for practice. He made me swear a terrible swear that I wouldn't go home until I had hit it. It was a fearful oath. We both swore it. There were some words in it that I had never even heard of before. When I left he had only done it twice. I expect he's there now."

"Alas, my poor brother."

"You are not an advertisement," I said; "at least, not for that sort of thing."

Edward is small and strenuous, as becomes him. Last year he played a not-out innings of—I fancy—nothing, for his junior house eleven. From what I can gather it must have been a great affair. (On the strength of it he talks of MacLaren as Archie.) He is rather a bore, but he has Marjory's mouth. This is recognised by himself as an excuse for a pretty healthy cheek of his own.

I won the toss, and immediately took up a strong position next to Marjory.

"Why do you put that stone-waller in first?" she asked.

"He complains that he hasn't enough time if he goes in anywhere else. He told me quite seriously the other day that he wished he were Scotton."

"Poôr man."

"Yes; I thought it silly of him until I remembered that Scotton was dead, and then I saw and appreciated his point."

"I always muddle up Scotton and Stonewall Jackson. They aren't the same, are they?"

"I never can remember these people. I told our old pet that a man like Scotton was soon forgotten."

"What did he think of it?"

"He admired it as poetry, but objected to the sentiment."

"When does my beloved brother bat?" asked Marjory.

Edward whips in. It is a post of considerable strategical importance which falls to him, and I hope he will prove himself worthy of it. I never can think of anything to say to Edward. He knows such an awful lot.

"Father was saying you never talk to him very much."

"I can't talk to men older than myself. It is different with ladies. You can talk to them about nothing. I must talk to your father about something. If it's anything I know something about, then it's 'shop.' If it's something I know nothing about, it's cheek. So it appears to me."

"There's something in it."

"There were a good many 'somethings' in it, I'm afraid. It's the fault of the English language."

When Marjory says she loves cricket, she means that she likes to talk hard to somebody while a match is going on. So for an hour she chattered away, until it was my turn to join our stonewaller. It devolves upon the man who goes in third down to run our S.W. out. This has to be done, and, as captain, I have made quite a study of it.

"Now do it nicely," said Marjory as I left her.

"Third man is their class fielder this time. We'll see what a gentle cut in that direction can do."

"It doesn't seem quite fair, but it's for the good of the side, I suppose," said Marjory.

"It is, and he doesn't mind it really. I found him writing a letter to the M.C.C. after the last time, suggesting that 'run outs' should be reckoned as 'not outs' in the averages."

A little later the *soi-disant* Scotton was returning brightly to the pavilion to work out his average on the new system.

A BRACE OF STORIES.

When trade was at its lowest two friends met in Paris. "What are you doing here?" "Have you not seen the papers lately? I have just got married; I am on my honeymoon." "Allow me to congratulate you. Will you kindly introduce me to your wife." "I am so sorry, I cannot do that. Times are too bad. Had to leave her at home."

Lord Tom Noddy was unable to hit it off with his wife, whose temper was very trying. Wishing to find out what were his prospects of freedom from the matrimonial yoke he went to consult a somnambulist. She is put to sleep and given a lock of his wife's hair. "Do you see her?" said Lord Tom. "Yes," was the reply; "tall, dark, slight, blue eyes, acquiline nose; is bullyragging one of the servants." "Yes, that must be her. Can you tell me when she is going to die? Look up the *Times* for next year. Can you find her?" "No." "Try 1904." "Ah, here she is: '150 Curzon Street, the 15th March, 1904, Jane, the widow of the late Lord Tom Noddy.'"

Digitized by Google

SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

XI.—Sir G-lb-rt P-rk-r.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

MONEY, EASY; CONSOLS, LIVELY; HOME RAILS, RECEDING; YANKEES, PULLING BACK; CANADIANS, FALLING; TRUNKS, DOWNWARD; AUSTRALIANS, BACKWARD; ARGENTINES, FIRM; MEXICANS, STEADY; EGYPTIANS, ADVANCING; SPANISH, INACTIVE; TURKS, IDLE; KAFFIRS, WAKING UP; INDUSTRIALS, FLAT.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

THE "PAST" AND THE "POST."

On Derby Day "The Morning Post" won an action for libel brought by Mr. James Head for speaking about his "Financial Past."

At Tournament time,
With attractions a host,
As a marvellous feat
There is nothing to beat
The *head* and the *post*.
So in Tournament week,
It was really unique,
For those who delight
In the sport of a fight,
That a *Head* and a *Post*
Should be fighting.
At horse-racing time
Very many will boast,
The horse that they know
Will be leading the show
By a *head* at the *post*.
So in last Epsom week
It was rather unique
That, somehow, instead
Of a win by a *Head*,
'Twas a win for the "*Post*"
On its writing.

"FORE!"

A company's started to olffer
The Haskelly ball to the golfer.
A player I know
Said the Co. ought to go.
I laughed, and he called me a scolffer.

A.B.C.

The A.B.C. girls, it is stated,
Who serve in the shops Aërated,
Get a cake when they wed,
If they're nice and well bred,
At which they are highly elated.

R.S.V.P.

At Stratton's meeting, the Earl of Chesterfield refused to answer questions.

Earl Chesterfield wrote many letters,
As everyone knows, to his son.
Why didn't that youth ever answer?
We're sure we have never seen one.
Now Chesterfield, Chairman of Stratton's
(It surely must run in the name),
When questions are asked by the dozen
Just treats them precisely the same.

"TO THE LIONS."

The King of Beasts appears to be interfering with railway construction in Uganda.

Now what a really strange idea,
If Bill or Jim, or Joe or Jack
Should walk in front to see things clear,
And, peradventure, not come back.
The foreman says, "What! ain't yer met 'im?"
"Of course we ain't, the lion's eat 'im."

Oh let the noble lion live.
If things go wrong and will not mend,
And people say why don't you give
Us just a little dividend?
The board can answer, "Go and get 'em,
We just have heard the lion's eat 'em."

If a committee, nasty lot,
Should say you do not manage well,
Reply, "Examine on the spot,
And then return, your views to tell."
Committee, you can then forget 'em,
And just report "The lion's eat 'em."

If passenger should growl and talk,
Asserting trains go rather slow,
Just say "Well, you get out and walk."
And if he does, well then you know
It's not your fault, you had to let him,
And when he's missed, the lion's eat him.

So bless the fates that give to you
A good excuse that's really new.
So different from the City, where
The Board oft get the lion's share.

HUAN MEE.

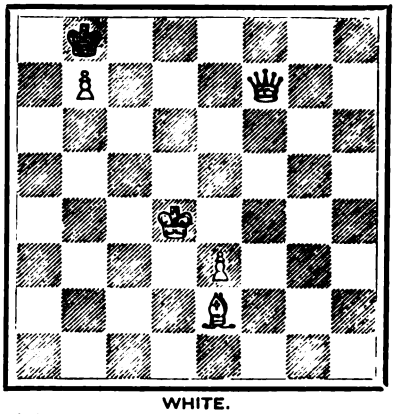
THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS.

No. 10.—By E. PALKOSKA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Cameo No. 9.

B—R8,	Q—QRsq.,	Q—Kt7 mate.
K—K2,	K moves.	

26. PALE ALE, AP—LE, APPLE.

27. The Latin reads into English:—"Sit still a bit, said a man to his cat," &c.

28. Toil.

29. A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

When will the first day of a century be Monday, Wednesday, or Friday?

30. AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

If a herring costs twopence and half a herring, what will a herring and a half cost?

31. AN ENIGMA.

This is of fellowship the token;
Reverse it, and the bond is broken.

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

Here are two more long and ingenious palindromes:—"No, it is opposed, art sees trade's opposition." "Name tarts? No, medieval slave, I demonstrate man!"

The following curious Macaronic lines are so constructed that every word in them is both English and French properly spelt:—

As mere coin pays
For car or chaise,
Lame legs dont tire,
The pains are dire,
But ride about,
These plans cure gout.

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

FATHER O'FLYNN AND THE TOURISTS.

"My humble respects to you, Mr. Michael Mullarkey, and may I presume to enquire why you have such a grandoise air upon you this fine mornin'?"

"That's asily answered, Mr. Jeremiah O'Shea. There's been a carriage full of quality down the road with whom I've been convarsin, and from whom I've been takin' my tone, and, maybe, I haven't been quite able to adjust myself to my present company all to onct."

"And will your honour's honour condescind to impart to your most obedient servant some small portion of the expariences you have just exthracted from them seductive strangers?"

"I will that, Jeremy, you ould commercial copy book head-liner, you!

"The quality I met were a big English stockbroker and his wife. Gorra! great 'atin' they must do over there to get such sizable couples as that together. Their hands never went empty to their mouths at dinner-time. Then there were two as fine young ladies as you'd set eyes on in a summer's day, and full of the fun and frolic, too, and a rather savare looking young curate. That was the whole of them. They were goin' very slowly up the hill, the ould ones in the carriage and the young ones walkin' beside it.

"'Twas powerful hot when they came in sight of the bridge, when the ould gentleman asks me its name. 'Sneem Bridge, your honour,' says I. Convenient to the bridge four men were workin' at the wall—leastways, one was workin' and the other three were smoking their dudheens.

"The stockbroker winks at his wife and calls out, 'One man working and three fools looking on.' '*Four* fools lookin' on,' says Andy Kelly in a flash, takin' the pipe from his mouth. Mrs. Stockbroker laughed out at this. 'You got it that time, Tom,' said she. With that, Father O'Flynn crossed over the road and took off his hat to the ladies, and callin' attention to something that had gone wrong with the harness, offered them a cup of tay in his garden while it would be rectified.

"The young ladies were delighted, and even the sour-faced curate seemed complimented. Well, the Father sent me on with them while he slipped round the corner wid some nate excuse or other to buy a pound of the best Lipton and some saffron buns. Then the curate says to me, ingratiatin' like, 'My good man, I suppose you are a Catholic?" 'No, your Riverence.' 'A member of the Church of Ireland?' 'Nor that either, your Riverence.' Well, he seemed bothered, but he put me through a catalogue of all the Christian persuasions—and haythen ones, too, for all I knew about some he mentioned, such as Moravians and Swedenborganians and New Methodist Free Church Presbyterians, till I really thought I must confess to one of these to keep him quite. At last, fairly provoked at not bein' able to find out what I was, says he to me, wid the nearest approach to blasphemy that he could permit himself, 'Then, in Heaven's name, my good fellow, what are you?' I didn't answer him at wanst, but I looked him all over—his close-shaved puss and his goold cross, and his sacerdotal coat and waistcoat, and collar, and says I very slowly and solemnly, 'I make bould to think, your Riverence, that I belong to the same persuasion as yourself, for I'm a rale good Puseyite.' At which the two young ladies had like to die laughin', while his Riverence remarked very stiffly, 'Really, ladies, I don't think an honest confession of faith like that is any laughin' matter'; at which I nodded to him to preten' I was as horrified as himself, and winked at wan of the young ladies to let on I was funnin' him in airnest. At which she went off ag'in. Then the Father comes up with the pound of tay bumpin' ag'in him in his tail pocket, and starts convarsin' the old lady. Well! as he passed The Priest's Pool on the River, sure enough a set of young spalpeens were bathin' in it, for, as I said before, it was tunderin' hot. Then nothin' would plaze Mrs. Stockbroker but to remonsthrate at their innocent childish ways. 'Its quite barbarous,' says she. 'What's barbarous, ma'am?' says the Father. 'Those boys bathin' there in full sight of the high road.' 'Where, ma'am?' says he. 'There, sir,' says she, pointing back-handed like with her parasol at the children.

"'O! is it there at the other side of the river, ma'am?' and he put up his glass and gev a look across. 'Well, for my part, I'm not in the habit of readin' small print at that distance.'

"'Well, you've caught it now, Julia!' says the stockbroker.

"'That was every bit as good a one as I got from that fellow at the roadside,' and with that he turns to the priest, and told that laugh against himself that the Father hadn't heard before.

"'But make no mistake,' said Father O'Flynn. 'No man has a better eye for business than a poor Kerryman when he gets the chance even in his own country, which is none too often.' And with that he ups with a story of his own.

"'A man, convenient to the very place where we are walking, died, and left his farm divided between three sons. It was a grazing farm, and when the funeral was over, and Kenmare September Fair came on, I met with the youngest of the three in the middle of it, down on his hands and knees inspecting a heifer's mouth for the world as if he had been a cow dentist itself.'

"'"In the name of all that's dacent, Dennis Buckley, what are you doing?" says I. "Just what I ought to be doin', your Riverence," says he. "Haven't I been left one third of the gradging on my father's farm, and haven't I been all through the Fair to find the heifer wid the biggest mouth to represent me best upon it, and begorra I do believe I've found her at last."'

"And with that they went in at the Priest's garden gate to their tay"

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

"DR." EVIEN LES BAINS.

I am sitting at a little round table in the corner of a *salle à manger*, overlooking Lac Leman. On the opposite shore are the lights of Ouchy, described by an American journal as the "Port of Lauzanne." My hotel is perched on a height some four hundred or five hundred feet above the level of the water; but I have experienced no inconvenience in reaching it, as I have had the assistance of an electric tramcar "at the service of the establishment." I have come to be cured at Evien les Bains. I am not quite sure I have been overworked, but I do know that I have not been away for a clear fortnight from the strain and anxieties of "newspaper-land" for more than twenty years.

TOM TAYLOR IN 1868.

"You must not do it again," says the local doctor, who is looking after me by the kind desire of my London medico—the best of physicians and the most valued of friends. "You must not do it again." And—subject to the permission of Fate—I will not do it again.

Tom Taylor and His Staff.

My last holiday of more than a fortnight's duration was in the days of Tom Taylor, my first editor on a paper which my father helped to found. He lived in Lavender Sweep some quarter of a century ago, and was on the best of terms with the survivors (then fairly numerous, but now reduced to three or, counting Mr. Silver, four) of "Mark's Merry Men." For many years under his guidance I had to provide a certain amount of comic copy weekly. But at Christmas time I used to break out with a terrible shilling shocker with some such title as "The Ghost of Grimstone Grange." I remember being taken to task by Tom Taylor for doing this. "Why," asked he, "do you, a comic journalist, seek to sadden the Christmas of the British public by publishing stories full of blood and thunder?" "For relaxation," was my absolutely truthful reply, and I ventured to call his attention to the fact that some of his own pieces, "The Hidden Hand," for instance—in which Miss Nellie Farren made her first appearance at a West End theatre—and the "Ticket of Leave Man," in which Mr. Henry Neville was discovered—were scarcely outside the pale of melodrama. Tom Taylor's answer was, from an editor's point of view, convincing: "That has nothing to do with it," and he disappeared into the sanctum.

Grave Jokes.

One of the "distractions" of Evien is to make the *tour du lac*. On the Swiss side you come upon The Castle of Chillon, with its memories of Byron, and at Ouchy there is the Hotel Gibbon. It is the tradition of the place when a literary celebrity of English nationality is secured, to christen a hostelrie in his honour. "The Prisoner" suggests the Poet, and the Poet another rhymester and his namesake. I knew H. J. Byron very well, and he kept up his pluck to the last. He was dying at Ramsgate, and told a friend that he had received a letter from his groom in London, saying that "the horse was ill. Should he give him a ball?" "Certainly," Byron had replied; "but you had better not ask too many people to the party." It is said that Thomas Hood, the author of "The Song of the Shirt," died with a pun on his lips, and the death-bed copy of two of my name appeared the weeks following their funerals, in the paper for which that copy was written. So it is quite possible to keep the bells on the jingle to the very last, but according to the Swiss doctor, they will tinkle a trifle longer if you can somehow or other work in a holiday between-whiles. Thackeray pinned his faith to "Dr. Brighton," but in his day Evien did not exist—or at least the "Source Cachat" had not been discovered, or at any rate had not been developed.

A Duty to One's Colleagues.

In my "Nights at the Round Table," I have allowed myself a fairly wide latitude in the treatment of subjects and have received so many pleasant letters from friends, both known and unknown, that I am encouraged to adopt, a "go-as-you-please" plan in their elaboration. For instance, here are we on the threshold of summer, and walking down Fleet Street are a number of my colleagues who will—with luck—be allowed a month's holiday. Instead of giving reminiscences of the enormous number of celebrities that it has been my good fortune to meet from time to time, why should I not devote this week's screed to the honour of Evien les Bains?

How to Consult the Doctor.

You get to Evien les Bains *viâ* Dover, Ostend, Basle or Berne, and Ouchy, the journey taking about thirty hours. If you start at 9 p.m. in the evening, you will reach Ouchy on the following evening at 11.30, but to do this you must travel without a break. If you like to take it easily, there are half-a-dozen pleasant and interesting places where you can loiter *en route*. Once at Evien you find yourself in the most charming place imaginable—beautiful scenery, fine buildings, pleasant company. There are the usual distractions—a casino, with an adaptation of the "little horses" idea, an excellent orchestra, and a theatre served from the best Parisian companies. And above all, the water! You drink it, you live in it. It appears in your matutinal bath, your early morning cup of tea is made with it, it is used in the kitchen all day long. If you wanted you could not escape it. But you don't want to escape it. It is pleasant to the taste and exhilarating. You have a ten days' cure, to return to Town a lion refreshed. After that ten days you are equal to piloting the British Fleet, commanding the French Army, helping the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or even starting a comic paper. So bravo "Dr." Evein les Bains!

Two frogs, an optimist and a pessimist, fell into a can of milk. The pessimist sank to the bottom and was drowned. The optimist went on swimming, swimming, swimming, until finally he found himself seated on a pat of butter. The local dairy farmers were so much impressed that they took to importing frogs and gave up churning.

Brownjohn was very plain, his face being rather like a "purée" of carrots with a nose in the middle. One of his friends observed: "After all good or bad looks are only relative. Brownjohn is hideous as a man, but what a lovely Punchinello he would make."

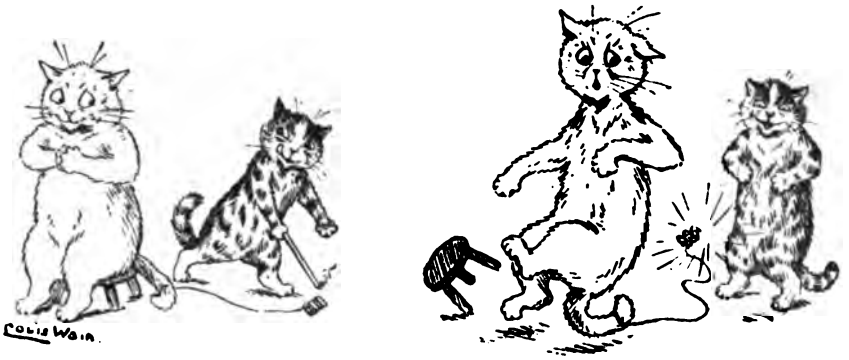
Digitized by Google

SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

ON THE TERRACE, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Key:—MR. ASQ- -TH; MR. A. B-RR-LL; MR. F--LD; MR. B-LF- -R; MR. M-RL-Y; SIR H. F-WL-R; SIR E. GR-Y; MR. L-CKY; MR. W. L-NG; MR. J. R-DM-ND; MR. H-Y-S F-SH-R; MR. J. CH-MB-RL- -N; MR. A. CH-MB-RL- -N; LORD H. C-C-L; SIR B. ST-NE; MR. CH-RCH-LL; MR. CH-PL-N; SIR M. H-CKS B- -CH; SIR C. D-LKE; MR. H. GL-DST-NE; SIR W. L-WS-N; MRS. H. GL-DST-NE; MR. SW-FT M-CN- -LL.

Digitized by Google



PERSIAN UNREST.

SUPPRESSED SEQUEL.

By H. BELLOC.

THE FOLLY OF DUELLING.

Mr. Backleton, the well-known politician and financier, was dining the other day at Powlis Abbey, when he had occasion to rebuke a young officer, who had expressed somewhat advanced views upon a matter of company promoting in which Mr. Backleton was himself engaged. In any other society but ours the thing might have come to an open quarrel, for Mr. Backleton went so far as to suggest that his opponent had exceeded in wine, but English common-sense prevailed, and when the ladies had retired, the company, and especially the host, were delighted to observe that the young officer had made it up with the elderly and wealthy financier, and was engaged in a pleasant conversation.—*Extract from the "Cluffies," of Jan. 7, 1902.*

The reader of this might well imagine that it was a little dull, and if he were of a brutish, cantankerous character he might wonder why trash of this sort was printed in the daily papers. I will therefore favour him with something a great deal more interesting than the original anecdote, something which did not happen to get into the papers, but which is written in the newspaper manner, and throws a searching light upon the whole affair.

The young officer brought his chair round to where Mr. Backleton was sitting and, smiling genially, with his eyes fixed upon the enormous diamond which Mr. Backleton wore by way of a stud, he asked Mr. Backleton if he were not in the habit of going abroad? Mr. Backleton, delighted with the young officer's good sense and courtesy in making up the quarrel, replied pleasantly that he was that very Wednesday departing for Homburg. Upon hearing this a cloud passed over the young officer's face, a cloud of thought and sadness touched with regret, and he said, "I am sorry to hear that, for when you land upon the Continent, I shall kill you."

"Do not be alarmed," he continued, raising his left hand gently. "I intend no murder, but I shall challenge you to a duel as we land, or, better still, I will be present on the quay to meet you, and will call you out in the presence of witnesses there. When I said that I should kill you I only meant that I thought you did not look like a man who could fight very well."

Mr. Backleton in some genuine alarm took the boat at Calais the next Tuesday instead of Wednesday, and was most profoundly annoyed to discover his young friend seated upon the quay of that grey Picard town, waving a handkerchief merrily as he caught sight of the millionaire's stout form upon the deck. Mr. Backleton went below, refusing the most pressing invitations to land from the youth who had now got on board and descended to the cabin. He also announced his intention of returning to England on the same boat, and heavily bribed the steward to let him sleep upon it that night.

It was some months before Mr. Backleton thought of travelling. At last the cold weather compelled him to seek the Riviera. He had it announced in no less than fifteen papers that he would start upon the 21st of October, disguised himself, and arrived at Dover on the 10th. He had the misfortune, when the boat was not ten minutes out from the harbour, to meet on deck the ubiquitous warrior full of the utmost good spirits.

Mr. Backleton repeated his previous experience, but suffering, after a week in England, intolerable agonies from the climate, he persuaded a friend to smuggle him aboard his yacht and take him to the Azores. Arriving at those romantic islands the first person to come out in a picturesque native boat loaded with fruit and flowers he perceived to be———

But I have said enough. Mr. Backleton went back to England, got to Southampton in a snowstorm, and died, thus escaping the necessity of engaging in one of those frivolous mock combats which are the survival of a barbarous age.

JOHN BULL'S NOTE BOOK.

After spending all he had, he came in for a second fortune. "Have you paid up?" "No," said he, "but I have revived the hopes of my despondent tradesmen."

An American millionaire had fallen amongst professional gamblers and lost heavily. One of these called upon him next morning and asked him to pay up. "How much do I owe you?" "Five thousand pounds." The American draws a cheque and hands it to the gambler saying, with the most perfect politeness, "I am so very much obliged to you for not having won more of my money."

He had told a very tall story, and his friend observed: "Sir, I don't say you lie, but if you wrote a work of fiction it is my opinion—my private opinion—that it would sell."

An authoress famed for the impropriety of her works once said, "I am sometimes so carried away by my imagination that my mother will not allow me to read my own works."

A company was being wound up. One of the shareholders was asked the value of the shares. "Nothing at present." "And later on?" "Five years penal servitude."

A man sends a somewhat stupid lady a truss of hay in return for some kindness which he has received from her. At first she is very angry, but she makes up her mind to turn the joke against him, and writes as follows: "Dear A——, I have received the hay; I hope shortly to receive a visit from the animal."

He had the most idiotic servant that ever was seen, but he kept him on nevertheless. The servant was asked how he managed to retain his place. "Oh," said he, "easily enough; my master tells his friends all my blunders, and that makes them laugh."

A traveller tells his friends that he had met in Japan the two ugliest women he had ever seen. Having made this remark he notices amongst those present two very plain old ladies, so he adds, "Present company always of course excepted."

He was a picturesque Irish orator, and was holding forth on the backwoods of America, which he described as "miles of primæval forest in which the hand of man had never set foot."

The Scotch speaker was in no way behindhand, for he alluded to De Quincey's mother as having moved in the highest ranks of county society from her birth, and stated that her family was firmly embedded in the rock of ages.

Digitized by Google

THE RECREATIONS OF MARJORY.

MIXED HOCKEY.

"Two o'clock sharp we begin," I said. "Our umpire waits for no man."

"I've never played before," complained Marjory, "so I don't know the rules even."

"Have you ever used a scythe?"

"Never; mother wouldn't let me."

"Well, that's how you list anybody on the other side. Golf strokes aren't allowed."

This is rather a blow to Marjory, as she is just learning to play golf. I am teaching her myself. A course of ten lessons, privately. No fees unless suited. Marjory is two years younger than I am, and there are as many years in my age as there are yards in a cricket pitch—to use a subtle conceit of the Algebra books. Our relations with each other are at present of a friendly character, but a time will come—or perhaps it won't. I don't know. Anyhow, we were to play hockey together that afternoon.

Hockey is a game I hate; it is so fearfully dangerous. When we reached the ground my spirits sank below zero, on the Centigrade system, which must be nearly a record, for the other side had imported a medium-sized boy—the sort of boy who has played hockey at his preparatory school, and never forgets it.

This particular boy took up a commanding position in the middle of the field, and seemed systematically to be doing all the "bullying" that was going about. After five minutes I felt that I had discovered my mission in life. I was to be a justifiable homicide. It was then that I found myself next to Marjory. She was technically a half-back, but takes too broad a view of the game to be worried by trifles of that sort.

"Billy," she said impressively, "if you want to kill anybody, is the golf-stroke or the scythe-shot best?"

"The golf-stroke is illegal," I said.

"The end justifies the means."

"If you mean that it would justify his end, you are right. I'm going to kill him myself. So that makes twice."

"Oh! you mustn't Billy," she said. "Think of all his dear aunts and things. And the nurse. Oh, what would Nursie say? No you mustn't. But I must fly. You said I was a half-back, didn't you?"

The boy whirled down with the wind, knocked Marjory over, scored three more goals, and declared that it was half-time. I thought of his aunts, and wondered if the shin was a vital part. Then I walked over to Marjory.

"My hockey career is over," she said, "and I am retiring after to-morrow. I shall never smile again, like Henry the First, 1066 A.D."

"You might study history in your retirement," I suggested. "Begin with some of the easier works. By the way, I am resolved upon his death."

"That's right. Will it hurt him?"

"It will, a good deal, and that's what makes it such a bore. You see, by all the rules, it ought to hurt me more than it hurts him. So it will be beastly painful for me. I don't like it."

"Poor old Billy!"

"I'm doing it for your sake," I suggested tentatively.

"Like Thomas à Becket."

"Did you ever get a prize for history?"

"No; but it wasn't a bit fair. Our head mistress——"

But I was destined never to hear this particular instance of the head mistress's partiality, for just then the boy hit me over the head with what I am convinced was an illegal stroke.

"He's hurt me seriously," I said. "I'm going home."

"The captain must be the last to leave the ground," said Marjory. "Save the women and children first."

"If you except the women and children, I'm about the only one left, but for that impostor over there."

"And the impostor?"

"I am seriously hurt," I repeated. "He will die of remorse."

HOW NOT TO SAY IT.

Lady (after a consultation with her doctor): "THANK YOU SO MUCH, DOCTOR! I NEVER BID YOU 'GOOD-BYE' WITHOUT EXPERIENCING A FEELING OF THE GREATEST POSSIBLE RELIEF!"

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY GIRL.

She ponders over Maeterlinck to cultivate her mind,
And studies Henrik Ibsen through and through;
Meanwhile, she knits her brows—it is the only kind
Of fancywork this modern maid can do. H. C.

ONE BETTER.

Of late we broke out on your Tale of a Trout,
In our very first rhyming review;
But your song of a Salmon with that plays backgammon,
So Bullough, that's Bulley for you!

A man who had never fired a shot in his life is asked to join a crack shooting party. He buys a brace of guns, a thousand cartridges, a dog, and, fully equipped, joins the others. On his return he is asked if he has shot anything. He says "No," but adds with proper pride: "I frightened the birds out of their lives."

Digitized by Google

WILFUL WASTE!

"OH, MUMMY DEAR, HERE'S SOMEBODY HAS THROWN AWAY A PERFECTLY GOOD CAT!"

THE OPPOSITION MOUNT.

(C.-B. *loquitur*).

An 'oss! an 'oss to get across
  And to the Country go!
From under-dog to start up boss
  And long continue so!

How many a charger promised fair
  To carry us to power!
We jumped upon that jade "Home Rule,"
  All in an evil hour.

The truest Trojan of us all
  Backed her against all odds—
She bucked against the Union wall,
  And split us like peasecods.

"Mixed Policy" beguiled us next,
  But pitched us at the Polls.
We've dropped "Newcastle Programme"
  Like hot Newcastle coals.

"Clean Slate," the pick of Durdans' Stud,
  Proved lacking in persistence.
And even Education colt
  Has failed us at the distance.

But hearken! from yon field of grass
  Where once we turned him out,
Good old "Free Trade" has nobly neighed
  And straight resolved our doubt.

Then mount, then mount, my brothers twain
Morley, lay by your book,
And Rosebery meet not, Primrose-pale,
  Joe's Preferential look.

From furrow, fence, and fountain pen,
  Climb up, climb up, my hearties,
"Free Trade," has galvanised again
  Our fratricidal parties.

"Cheap Bread's" our cry; though mountain high
  Tariff on tariff rolls,
They shall not scarify our "seats,"
  Or *tariffy* our souls.

STORIES OLD AND NEW.

An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were asked what they would take to spend the night on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral in their nightgowns. The Englishman said: "Nothing would induce me to be such a fool." The Scotchman asked: "What will ye give me?" The Irishman replied: "What will I take? Why my death of cold."

His dog was remarkable for his sagacity, and the owner boasted that it would set game even in London. They went out for a walk in the early morning. All of a sudden the dog stopped short and set in front of a passing stranger. The owner asked him if he had seen any game in the neighbourhood. "No," was the reply, "but my name is Partridge."

Digitized by Google

A SELLING STAKES.

A PARLIAMENTARY PHANTASY.

SCENE.—*Before the start for the Ride-what-you-like Go-as-you-please Mother-Country-and-Colonial Generally-mixed-up Prospective-election Handicap.*

Joseph: THAT OLD HORSE WILL NEVER WIN. ANYTHING FOR ANYONE. SIX TO ONE ON THE FIELD!
John (amused at the joke, and sportsmanlike, ready for an outside chance): TAKEN!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

We really don't know where we are. I am sorry to say that I am obliged to tell the messengers I "cannot be found," because I dare not meet my constituents. So if the Lobby, where the public wait, has been unusually crowded during the last few days, it may be assumed that Wrottenborough has been proportionately depopulated.

The member for Sark has been boring everyone with his querulous complaints.

"Is it 'contempt' to call me a stupid ass, or is it a privileged statement?" he asked, holding me by my buttonhole.

"Both," I replied, trying to escape from his clutches. Sark gets on my nerves.

"But look here," he continued, producing a small book. "This is my diary. I jot down what happens in the House from day to day, and sum up with 'Business Done.' See! not a single entry for the last ten days! And I *ought* to be supplying an agency."

He turned round to show the volume to someone else, and I was free. As luck would have it, I ran across the Premier.

"No, no," said he, "for goodness sake do not call me Prince Arthur or King Arthur. The joke—save the mark—palls upon me."

I assured him that I intended never to use the pleasing jest again, and asked him what he thought of the situation.

"I don't know. Why should I know?"

"I thought the Government should give in the House—especially those of its own side of thinking—a lead."

"Then permit me to say you thought wrong. Although the Government is of course absolutely of one mind, every member of the Cabinet has a perfect right to think and say what he pleases. And mind, the principle has been approved by an enormous majority. I told you that only a day or so ago from the Treasury Bench! So why do you bother me?"

And this to me! I was fairly startled! The Premier to speak to me so harshly! For a moment I felt inclined to burst into tears! Then I grew angry.

"Prince Arthur!" I exclaimed, and added in a tone more of sorrow than of anger, "and now I have said it!"

"I may some day smile at your wit, but I can never, never, never forget your sarcasm!"

And with this the Premier left me.

I jot down a few opinions upon the situation with the names of their authors attached.

"Just as they behaved about the G.P.O.," Henniker Heaton.

"Should all have been trained in the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House," Thomas Gibson Bowles.

"Yes! Ah! Quite so!" Dr. Farquharson.

"Think I shall go to St. Margaret's Bay," W. J. Bull.

"My celebrated Egyptian dam seems to be in general use in the House of Commons," Sir John Aird.

"I don't know! Ask the Governor," the Postmaster-General.

"I am so wild!" the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Why on earth when he got to South Africa did he not remain there?" One half of the House.

"Well, at any rate he keeps us on the move!" The other half of the House.

And then I had a great piece of luck. I came across the Colonial Secretary himself. He is always the very pink of courtesy when he sees me. I fancy—for he is full of tact—that he believes I am remotely connected with the Press. He shook me warmly by the hand.

I asked him point-blank what was his plan, what were his intentions, what he proposed to do?

He whispered into my ear.

"Ah!" I exclaimed after the first three moments.

"No!" I cried after the next couple of minutes.

"Oh, dear no!" I gasped after a further dose of information.

Then the Colonial Secretary grasped my hand and spoke to me as follows:

"There, my dear fellow, I have told you everything. I have explained in detail my scheme. I have shown you the future of the next eighteen months! All I ask of you is to treat my statement as absolutely confidential!"

And I suppose I must!

Charles II. was boasting to the Chevalier de Grammont that he alone of all Sovereigns was served by his courtiers kneeling. "I thought," said Grammont, "that they were begging your pardon for the bad cooking."

AT ASCOT AND AFTER.

An irregular verb.

I love racing.
Thou likest dressing up.
He enjoys betting.
We prefer swagger.
Ye or you envy your betters.
They sneer at everything.

I got my card for the enclosure.
Thou appeared as a perfect dream in muslin.
He backed all the wrong horses.
We were seen by quite the right people.
Ye or you were entirely out of it.
They said they didn't mind, but they did.

I was looking at the gee-gees through my glasses.
Thou wert being critically inspected by female friends.
He was swearing at his bad luck.
We were promenading to our hearts' content.
Ye or you were reading about it in the newspapers.
They were pretending to have some other engagement.

Let me have a pair of gloves to nothing on the favourite.
Let him get me some more lobster salad.
Give us more champagne.
Let them wish they could have got it.

That I may go again next year.
That thou mayest come out well in the photo.
That he may have better luck next time.
That we may startle the people in Brompton.
That ye or you may some day have the same chance.
That they may thoroughly appreciate our condescension.

That I might have spent my money upon something better.
That thou mightest have worn the other toque.
That he might have hedged and saved a heavy loss.
That we might have appeared to greater advantage.
That you or ye might have been more charitable.
That they might have been mistaken in thinking that we cared a single jot for what they thought about it!

They were discussing Talleyrand's immense fortune: "No wonder," was the comment; "he has sold all those who have bought him."

Digitized by Google

MR. AND MRS. JACK SPRATT.

Waiter: "TWO MOCK TURTLES: ONE THICK, ONE THIN."

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

We went in the Park on Sunday, and found a number of people walking solemnly up and down. They all walked on the same path, as though they were there for a penance. I asked Captain Smart if this were so, and he said I was quite right—it was a kind of treadmill for people who had been naughty during the season. I said I thought it was something compulsory, because the people all walked in the same place though there was plenty of room in other parts of the park. He said, "You've exactly hit it. They are all doing time, you may depend."

I noticed that the ladies tried to put a good face on it, and many of them were very gaily dressed. But all the men looked dismal, particularly when they were walking by themselves. Some of the people looked awkward and constrained, as though they had got into the wrong clothes—these were those who were conscious of their crimes. But some looked very jolly, and spoke in loud, high-pitched voices — these were the hardened criminals, no doubt.

We sat down after a bit to watch the people go by, and it made me dreadfully giddy; it was just like a long panorama which would never cease unwinding. Aunt seemed to know nearly everybody, and she nodded and smiled to a great many of them, which shows that she is not proud.

Just then Mrs. Brook-Green came up to talk to Aunt, and she said, "I didn't know you came here," as if it were an expensive entertainment, chiefly got up for herself.

A smart-looking man joined our group, with Lady Smallweed, and they all began talking about a play.

"The new piece is really most excellent," said the smart-looking man sententiously. "Thompson has nevar been finar."

I guessed what they were talking about at once, and rushed into the conversation, because it was a subject I knew something about.

"Haven't you see it?" I said; "you ought to. I hear there is plenty of paper about."

"Hush," said Lady Smallweed, giving me one of her awful pinches. "Let me introduce Mr. Pompus to you."

"But do go and see it," I said eagerly. "I know I am right. I met the actor-manager yesterday, and he told me they were giving away tickets wildly."

Mr. Pompus turned a bright scarlet, and left us suddenly, saying he saw someone he knew.

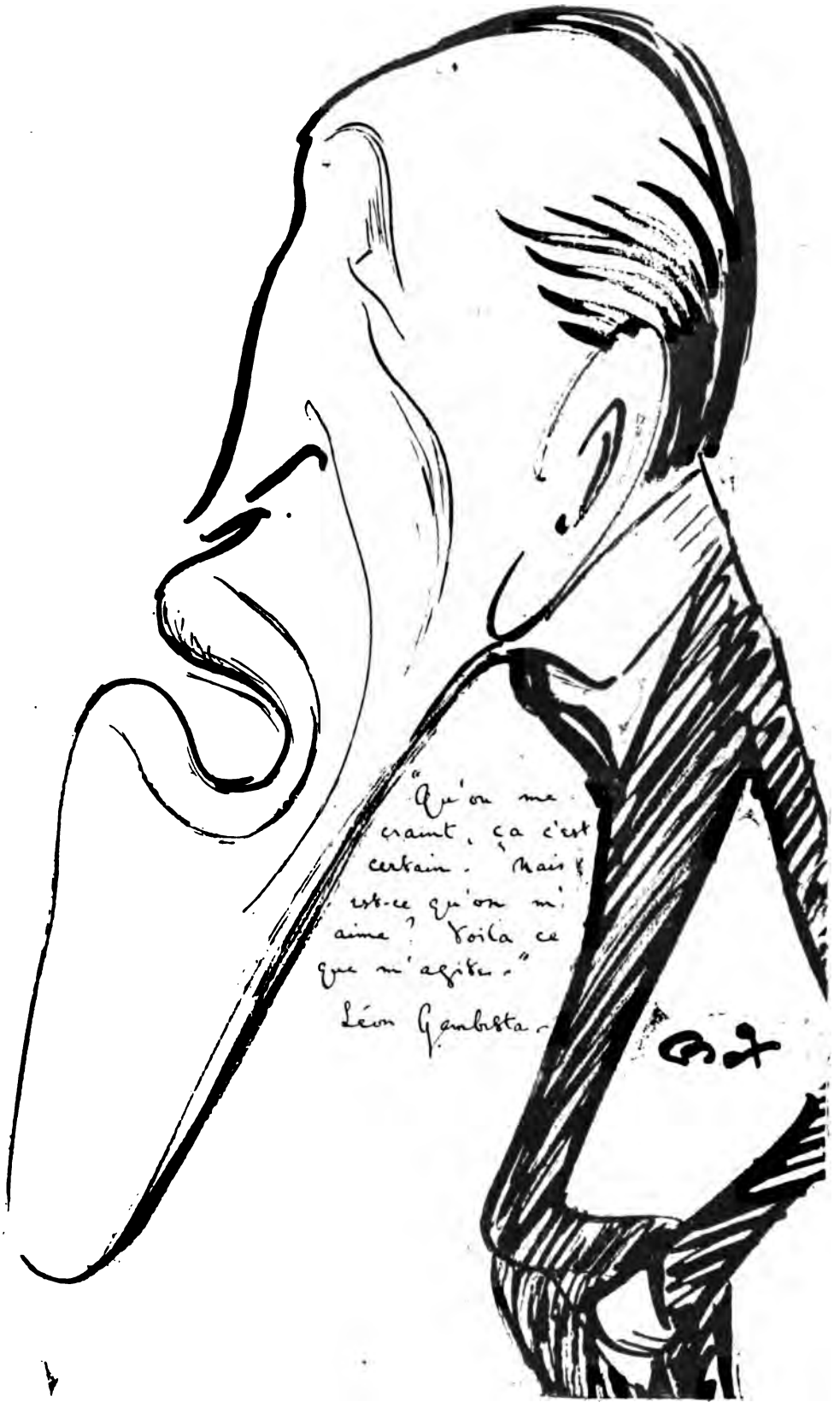
"Why did he go so red?" I asked; "and why did you pinch me?"

"My dear Jane, I thought you knew—I thought everyone in London knew—that Mr. Pompus is Thompson Robinson's brother."

BOOKED AND COUNTED.

Comic Art in Bond Street! "Why certainly!" and all the better for being comic. Not the first exhibition, either, because there was an equally good display in the same place last year. Very appropriate, too. The Woodbury Gallery, No. 37, New Bond Street, West—a little to the north-east of the Agnew Gallery. Woodbury, "bery" (as a nigger would say) appropriate because, now that "process" has displaced all other sorts of reproduction, every artist would bury wood in favour of the newer invention. The Count is delighted to meet once more a number of dear and valued friends. Not that their value is dear in one sense. As a matter of fact, the prices attached to their charming drawings are very cheap for the value offered. Not too cheap, but just cheap enough —although in Bond Street—*bien entendu*—the cheap side of Art. The Count takes off his coronet to Mr. Linley Sambourne and congratulates him upon his excellent cartoons. The Count has seen them reproduced, but they did not look nearly so well as they do as originals in the Woodbury Gallery. The Count is equally pleased to "come to attention" before the admirable creations of Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Phil May, Mr. Raven Hill, and Mr. E. T. Reed. He is unfortunately unable to greet these amiable and talented artists as often as he would wish in the flesh, so he gives them the heartiest possible welcome in the pencil. All good men and true. The best of luck to them. The Count cordially salutes, too, Mr. G. R. Halkett, the courteous and discriminating Editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. And then the Count turns with delight to the work of his colleagues on JOHN BULL. He greets Mr. Gordon Browne, Mr. Arthur Gill, Mr. John Leighton, Mr. A. T. Smith, and Mr. Starr Wood, all distinguished contributors to JOHN BULL. "Live and let live" is the motto of the smiling and quietly amused COUNT ONTHESHELF.

Digitized by Google



SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

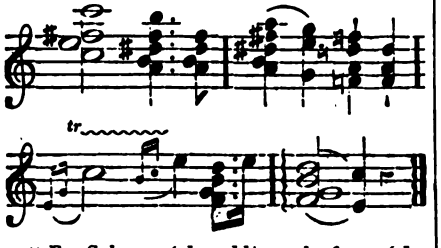
XII.—SIR R-B-RT F-NDL-Y.

Digitized by Google

OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

CONSOLS, DEPRESSED; MONEY, TIGHT; HOME RAILS, INACTIVE; CANADIANS, DOWN; YANKEES, WEAK; MEXICANS, GOING BACK; GRAND TRUNKS, RECOVERING; ARGENTINES, ADVANCING; SPANISH BONDS, IN DEMAND; OTHER FOREIGNERS, BACKWARD; WEST AUSTRALIANS, DROOPING; WEST AFRICANS, FEATURELESS; SOUTH AFRICANS, NEGLECTED; INDUSTRIALS, IDLE.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.



"For Sale, 10s. 6d. wedding cake for 7s. 6d., through the gentleman not fulfilling his promise with his intended bride."—Advertisement from a provincial paper.

I.

"The Wedding March" of Mendelssohn
Is hushed till by and bye;
The bridal strains from "Lohengrin"
Adjourned are, *sine die.*
No merry peal of marriage bells
Sounds sweet o'er hill and dale,
No shoes, no rice,
A sacrifice,
The Wedding Cake's for sale!
Alas, it's much reduced in price,
That Wedding Cake for sale.

II.

And who shall say what next may hap
In advertising ways?
Perhaps directors, of a class,
May find this method pays
When promises they made prove false,
Hope, but a flattering tale;
No cash to spend,
No dividend,
The "Chair's" put up for sale.
Here is a chance, my noble friend,
The Chair is up for sale.

III.

In this one sees economy
Deserving of applause,
You try to cut your loss a bit,
And advertise its cause.
You do not sit and curse because
You've lost your cakes and ale.
You just confess
You're in a mess,
And something is for sale.
"At half cost price, or rather less,
As good as new, for sale."

FIAT LUX.

The Press was excluded from the Tarkwa Consols Shareholders' Meeting.

A company known as the Tarkwa
A meeting has held in the darkwa,
'Twas *loquendi furor*
In *camera obscura.*
We're all in the darkwa *re* Tarkwa.

A DUST UP.

The Vacuum Cleaner Company has been heavily fined for street obstruction.

The VACUUM CLEANER, formed for dust destruction,
You'll find was fined for causing an obstruction.
Such cleaning out the profits may expend,
And cause a vacuum in the dividend.

CHALÊT?

"A Constant Reader" sends this query—
"Shall he
Invest his money in the new tea Chalêt?"
We answer "No. We will not shilly Shally.
Of tea-shops we've already
Quite a lot."
He asks us "Shall he?"
We say "Chalêt not."

HUAN MEE.

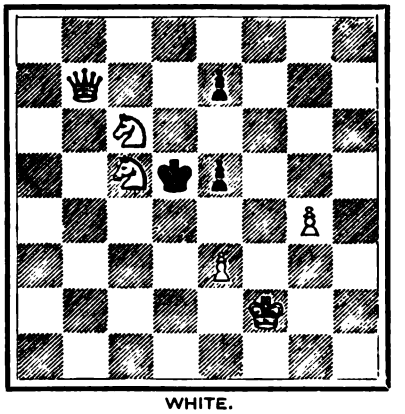
THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS.

No. 11.—By C. PLANCK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Cameo No. 10.

The pawn on K3 is a black one.

K—B4, Q—QB7., P becomes Kt, mate.
K moves, K moves,

29. No century can ever begin on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday.
30. Sixpence.
31. United. Untied.

32. AN ENIGMA.

Perfect with or without a head,
Perfect with or without a tail,
Perfect with or without either or both.

33. AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Find the smallest sum which divided by 9 leaves 8, by 8 leaves 7, by 7 leaves 6, by 6 leaves 5, by 5 leaves 4, by 4 leaves 3, by 3 leaves 2, and by 2 leaves 1.

34. AN ANAGRAM.

See, the letters that I bring
Change their meaning quite;
Spell a hard and heavy thing,
Spell a soft and light.

SPARKLETS AND SPECIMENS.

We know that nine is a mystic number; here is proof that seven also has quaint properties:—

15,873 × 7 = 111,111.
31,746 × 7 = 222,222.
47,619 × 7 = 333,333.
63,492 × 7 = 444,444.
79,365 × 7 = 555,555.
95,238 × 7 = 666,666.
111,111 × 7 = 777,777.
126,984 × 7 = 888,888.
142,857 × 7 = 999,999.

Digitized by Google

"NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE."
BY THE EDITOR.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE "B.C.D."

I am sitting at a table—not this time round—in a famous restaurant. I am speaking of only a few days ago. And the occasion is appropriate. I inaugurated the initial number of JOHN BULL with an article to "meet Mr. Thackeray," and now that we have come to the last copy of our first volume I am writing about Mr. Thackeray's "celebrated contemporary," Mr. Charles Dickens. It is the Dinner of the Boz Club, that capital society of admirers of Charles Dickens called into being by my old and valued friend, Percy Fitzgerald. Most of us who are sitting

CARICATURE OF CHARLES DICKENS IN 1868.

talking together are old friends and associates. Sir Henry Irving is occupying the chair, and those in his immediate neighbourhood by their presence conjure up recollections of "Household Words" and "All The Year Round." In the circular of invitation sent to the members of the Boz Club has appeared the following paragraph: "A subject suggested for a short discussion is Dickens' methods in treating his stories and characters." It seems to me that Charles Dickens began his literary career as a journalist and continued a journalist in his methods to the end of the chapter.

Dickens as Journalist.

Everyone knows that the great novelist sat for years in the gallery of the House of Commons. In one of his very best speeches—that delivered when he occupied the chair at the Annual Banquet of the Newspaper Press Fund—he said that often when he was listening to other talkers he found himself automatically taking down their orations. He was a journalist, and as a journalist he was prepared at a moment's notice to write about anything. Had he not been so ready with his pen he would probably have carefully constructed a scenario before commencing his story. That he did not do this is evident from two of his works. In "Our Mutual Friend," which, by the way, might have been more correctly called "Our Friend in Common," Dickens seemed to have changed the scheme of his story when he had completed a moiety of the romance, and "The Secret of Edwin Drood" was never revealed, because when the novel was left half-finished at the author's death, there was not a scrap of material found amongst the papers of Gadshill to suggest what was to follow. Seemingly both these books were written, so to speak, from hand to mouth. It is probable that Dickens got into this haphazard method by having to produce his work by monthly instalments. Sufficient for the day was the copy thereof.

It is not so very difficult to write in the "to be continued in our next" style. Not very long ago the enterprising editor of a well-known ladies' paper hit upon the idea of getting twelve authors and twelve authoresses to write a story to be published week by week between them. It was to be called "The Fate of Fenella," and the men and the ladies were to take a chapter a-piece alternately. I think it was Miss Helen Mathers who led off and painted the heroine as a very unpleasant young person. Then came Mr. Justin M'Carthy, who defended her. Then Mrs. Trollope, who pulled her down. To poor Fenella's defence hurried (in the next chapter) Dr. A. Conan Doyle, and so on, and so on. From chapter to chapter, the fight went on until about half way, poor Fenella reached me partly saint, partly sinner. It was my very agreeable duty to read the story up to date, and add a chapter of my own. I need scarcely say it was a delightful toil to peruse the admirable work of my colleagues. I read my quantum, added my chapter, giving the story a lift on its way, and then left my eight successors to follow my example. I do not know how the tale ended, as I never read anything after my (the 16th) chapter. And I was not singular in this, as I have reason for believing that none of my colleagues ever read a line later than the final ten words of their own contributions. In spite of this rather casual method of turning out our work "The Fate of Fenella," I have been given to understand, was a great success.

Twenty Four Authors for One Novel.

Apropos of writing in collaboration, I once was called upon to commence a story, which had for its initial chapter a rather heavy opening. Wrote my partner, "Brittany was all superstition till Christianity appeared. The Bretons are of the same race as the Cornishmen and the Welsh. They have the same characteristics. For age after age the Devil ruled in Brittany. He was worshipped with cruel pagan rites." Our publisher wanted something "a little more catchy," so I furnished an introduction as follows: "'He died here, sir!' I shuddered. 'In that very chair,' continued the withered old creature, who was addressing me. 'I came in in the morning, and there I found him sitting in that very chair. He was stark and cold. His jaw had fallen, and his eyes were staring up at the ceiling?' I shuddered again, and I regarded the chair with horror." This commencement was voted entirely satisfactory, and with it we went to press. On another occasion I was called upon to undertake similar work. "Something that will attract attention," said the publisher. "Quite so," I replied, and I began: "The murderer withdrew his knife from the gaping wound, and paused in his horrible work!" Again voted quite to the taste of the public, and passed by acclamation.

Catching the eye of the Public.

To return to the Dickens' method, I believe he took his stories from real life; started them and allowed them to develop at their will without any prefixed idea of their climax. His method was the reverse of that pursued by Wilkie Collins. Collins wrote backwards, from the end to the beginning; Dickens wrote forwards, from the beginning to the end. In "Nicholas Nickleby" I can trace the story to that of a then great friend and constant companion of the author. Nicholas was the friend, a young gentleman who quarrelled with his father, then starting on his own, became an usher, a dramatist, and for a few weeks an actor. The plot which Dickens intended to use was shadowed in the first chapter. Then the story took, so to speak, the bit between its teeth and bolted. I was glad to be at the Boz Dinner the other evening, as Dickens and my father were sworn friends. They both knew "Nicholas Nickleby." So did I.

The Scheme of "Nicholas Nickleby."

Digitized by Google

Boots (3 a.m.) : "PLAZE, SIR, WHAT TIME WAS IT YE WANTED CALLIN'?"

THESPIS—AT HOME.

(*By our Special Mis-representative.*)

"This way, sir; you'll avoid the odds and ends if you come up this staircase," said the Admirable Crichton.

I was on my way to the stage "At Home." A temporary building had been erected for the purpose on plans designed by Mr. Gordon Craig. I stopped to admire the flapping draperies that took the place of walls. "Novel, though draughty," I murmured, then became entangled in a delicate gauze which represented one of the landings. The Admirable Crichton fished me out with a pole. "Such an attitude tends to obliterate a dignified bearing," he remarked coldly. "And as the remarkable offspring of a ladies'-maid—but—excuse me, sir, that's not an umbrella rack—it's a window."

A strong light flashed on my forehead, but I seemed to be walking in darkness.

"This building is open at the top and lit entirely by sky-signs," observed Crichton.

"Wonderful," I said, then landed at full length in a apestried apartment, where the "At Home" was in progress. I thank you, Mr. Crichton. May I offer you——?" I looked at his pale aristocratic face and hesitated about the tip.

A faint smile played round the corner of his mouth, and his fingers closed firmly on the half-crown.

"It is a point of principle with me to accept honorariums; it properly emphasizes our mutual social relationship."

I breathed freely. "How is Tweeney?"

"She suffers a good deal from intellectual anæmia—but of course, the psychological climate of the Harrow Road is not helpful in this respect. But she's a thrifty girl, sir—except where 'h's' are concerned, and there she's terribly extravagant."

"Why didn't you marry Lady Mary?"

His gaze wandered down the room, and rested with an enigmatic smile upon a dark gentleman who was exhibiting for the benefit of some Quality Street children a little white bird. Then he left me, and I passed on through the crowd till I came to the buffet, where I recognised several well-known faces. Karl Heinrich was drinking hock with an ineffable smile of sweetness upon his face, and I noticed that his free hand (a decidedly free hand) was round the waist of a pretty barmaid.

"My holiday in England can only last another year or so," he murmured; "and then, dear little girl, I must go forth into the outer darkness of Royalty, twenty thousand a year, and a brilliant marriage. But, ah, let us enjoy the present while we can. Come with me to-morrow in my house-boat on the Thames, where I have left my valet in his frock coat and top hat—he finds the hat useful for bailing out the water—and then, and then, to finish up the day, in the gardens of the Court of Earls, where we can drink lager and indulge in saccharine endearments till 11.30. You are the only woman (to-day) whom I have ever truly loved."

Overcome by Teutonic sentiment and Alexandrian conquests I asked another girl to give me some coffee.

"Take my advice," said a handsome, middle-aged gentleman by my side, in whom I recognised Sir Ch - s Wy-dh-m. "I've been giving advice on the stage for many years past now—the Public like it. Now if you feel inclined to flirt with that girl—pause."

"But I don't?" I protested.

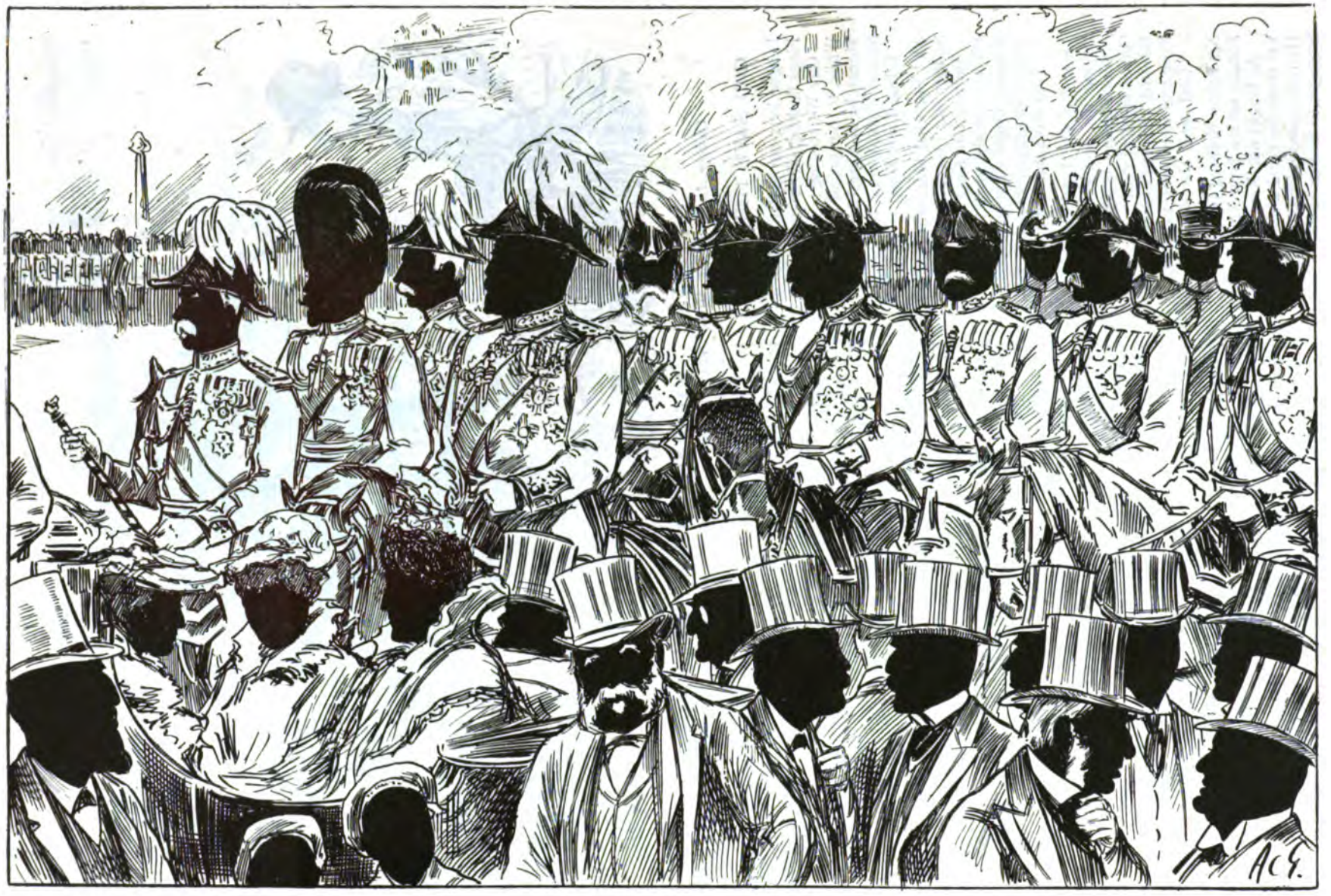
"Yes, yes, I know," said the other gently, and with an insinuating smile. "But you mustn't mind me. I simply bubble over with advice and counsel to young men and young married women (it's an ill Wynd(ham) that blows no one any good). Giving advice has become a mania with me; but no one can give it with such a persuasive grace. Now, was it wise to ask for coffee?"

Then suddenly the sky-signs went out, darkness reigned, and the party broke up in confusion. Owing to the absence of walls, most of the guests dropped more or less unostentatiously into the road. Fortunately for me I clung hold of a quotation from Aristotle that Mr. W-lkl-y flung to me, and lowered myself gently into Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

ALPHA.

An Englishman and a German officer were discussing the merits of their respective countries. The Englishman's compliments on the German army and on the German educational system were received with such self-sufficiency that the Englishman at last congratulated the German upon the national sense of wit and appreciation of humour. He then hid his face in his plate and awaited developments. To his astonishment he found the German's hand resting on his arm and heard him say: "That is true, my friend, but you are the first foreigner I have ever heard admit it."

Digitized by Google



SOCIETY SILHOUETTES.

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade.

Key:—EARL R-B-RTS; THE PRINCE OF W-L-S; VISCOUNT W-LS-L-Y; THE K-NG; PRINCE CHR-ST- -N; SIR I-N HAM-LT-N; DUKE OF C-NN- -GHT; GENERAL K-LLY-K-NNY; GENERAL SIR R. H-RR-S-N; GENERAL SIR H. TR-TT-R; PRINCESS V-CT-R-A; PRINCESS OF W-L-S; THE QU- -N; THE DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE; PRINCE EDW-RD OF W-L-S; THE DUKE OF C-MBR-DGE; MR. CH-PL-N; MR. B-LF- -R; MR. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK; MR. CH-MB-RL- -N; VISCOUNT G-SCH-N; LORD R-GL-N; LORD H-RDW-CKE; LORD R-S-B-RY.

Digitized by Google

RIVERSIDE AMENITIES.

Cockney Angler: "S'Y, MISS! YER'D BETTER CHINGE SEATS, OR ELSE CHINGE THE NIME O' YER BOAT!"

GOD SAVE THE KING.

League long our garland glowed,
Flags flashed; o'er every road,
  Gay Welcoming;
While, to our proud acclaim,
Monarchs of purest fame
Still to thy crowning came,
  Edward our King.

Ah! but what bolt hath riven
Sudden our bluest heaven,
  Smiting our King?
Blacker the shadows fell,
Blasting bright summer's spell,
Whilst we prayed long and well,
  "God Save the King."

Then did the Lord indeed,
Pitying his people's need,
  Sure succour bring.
Out of his fiery pain
Edward, restored again,
Rose and went forth to reign,
  "God *saved* the King."

No Briton drawing breath
Fought such a bout with death
  As fought our King.
Yet from the cruel knife
He hath come back to life,
Stronger to face its strife!
  God save the King!

Lord of the Seven Seas—
Not thine in idle ease,
  Softly to swing—
Nay! but far journeys take,
Foes into friends to make,
All for Old England's sake,
  Like her true King.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BULL'S DIARY.

Aunt took me to a bazaar the other day. Everyone was beautifully dressed. Charitable people in London are always so smart. There were princesses and duchesses and society beauties; actresses walking about selling buttonholes, and smart young men helping at the stalls. The ladies wore cream-colour and white and champagne-colour, and pale blue and pink, and some of them had blue straw bonnets with daisies under the brim. And the things they sold were so lovely! There were Russian cigarette-cases made of coloured enamel, and Spanish embroideries, and Norwegian whiskey-dogs. And if you paid two shillings, you could get one cup of tea and three strawberries.

The hall was crowded with stall-holders, and the outside public came chiefly to stare at the Princess. But the stall-holders told me that they sold a good deal to one another, and I thought of the people who were cast away on the island, and who lived by taking in one another's washing. One lady had seven young men helping her at her stall—friends and detectives and jewellers' assistants, I could not tell which was which. I noticed one lady who was very quietly dressed, and who gave her whole attention to her stall. "I know who that must be," said I; "she is really interested in the bazaar. She must be the vicar's wife."

"Curtsey, if you speak to her," said my aunt; "it's the Princess."

By-and-by we came across an actor-manager's wife, and I thought she was the American Duchess. She was all in white, and had got a train of young men with white caps. "Ah," I said pleasantly, "I see you have got cooks."

With a scornful glance she replied: "These are Heidelberg students!"

I am afraid I shall never be a success in Town. I always seem to say the wrong thing.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

GOD SAVE T

THE STRONG RED LINE THA

Digitized by Google

IE KING!

HOLDS THE EMPIRE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER O'FLYNN.

NED EDGE'S BIOGRAPHY.

"What's the trouble with you, Mick? What for are you wearin' that black tie? I never heard tell you had lost a relation."

"I lost more than that, Jeremy. I lost a good friend, and *all* relations, even the nearest, aren't that. But he was that to me, was Ned Edge."

"Do you say he's gone, that droll boy whose letters you were readin' me a while back? And how did ye get the black news of it, Mick?"

"In this letter from his young master, Mr. Hercules West, who says he'd be under great obligations to me if I gave him the use of any letters of poor Edge's I had kept, as he was going to write his autobiography for private carculation. You know he was the Dane of St. Patrick's own body servant and lodge porter, and so noted for his sayin's which Mr. West, it seems, has been takin' down for the good of his friends and acquaintances, that whin they are properly c'llected, they'll make a new Book of Proverbs entirely."

"But how will he prent the sthrong bits of his letters, for the boy had a fine, free way of writin' his feelin's; 'twasn't many a carse that he used to be dodging.

"You remember that letter of his you lent me to show Father O'Flynn after readin' it to me—the wan about Tarpa and his cures. The Father had like to cry laughin' over it, but says he when it was done: 'A pity 'tisn't quite fit for publication, for it bates Carleton and Lever and the lot of them out of the field.' So I looks it over again and found you'd softened it down a dale in the readin'. An' how will Mr. West prent it at all then just as it came from his pen?"

"Bedambut, didn't I tell ye that it was for private carculation he was doin' it, Jeremy? And isn't he a great scholar, and can't ye trust him to put annything into Greek charackthers that might bring a blush to the cheeks of the prenters' divles if he wrote it in English? Annyhow he's goin' to do it, and he's promised me a copy of the book whin it's out. And then I'll live again with poor Ned. And even now, as I go about my work, his words keep startin' up into my mind. F'rinstance, as I saw the waves tossin' in from the bay this mornin', I remembered what he said to me once below at Bray Head whin I was there with Father Healey:

"'Aw! the waves up here does be nothin' towardst what there was below in Newcastle comin' up to forty or fifty year ago. There'd be waves there, and bloog an' 'ounds! there'd be room for a whole regiment to march in undher the curdle o' the wave wid th' arch it id make.' An' whin we were walkin' over the same shore says Ned to me, says he: 'I mind wan day there was a wrack, and may be thirty big puncheons o' rum come ashore, an' all the people ran up and knocked in the head o' the puncheons wid stones, and drank theirselves full up to the neck out of ould boots and buckets an' anything the' could lay hould o'. Well, of all the divil's sights that ever was, it bet the wordle. The people id be lyin' about and they dhrunk, not a stir out o' them, and three surgeonts goin' about wid stomach-pumps, pumpin' th' alcordn (alcohol) out o' their bodies. I give ye me throth it was the dead mordle of a field o' battle.'

"Well, Jeremy, as the postman passed me an hour sinst, it seemed as if Ned Edge was tellin' one of his quare tales right into me ear in his very own words.

"'I mind the time,' he seemed for to say, 'when ould Daisy had a lither o' pups without in the lodge, and wan morn'n' when the postman come in on the gate, out she flies at him, and begob yid faint furt' 'ave seen him, an' he dhroppin' the letthers as he ran up to the steps roarin' wid the little bitch fast in the sate of his breeches. Well, of all the Divil's murdher ever ye witnessed! Heth, an' it was well it was only his ould throusers she got her teeth in, for mindja, if it was a thing blood was dhrew out o' the postman, it was five pound out o' the Masther's pocket.'

"Then I declare to ye, Jeremy, I was only two fields away from you when a gandher got up from under my very feet, till me heart went into me mouth, and he looked up in me face, and it seemed as if he was remindin' me of somethin', and sure enough it all came back to me about Ned Edge and the Barberess's gandher."

"Tell us it, Mick, in his own words, as no wan has a better call to do."

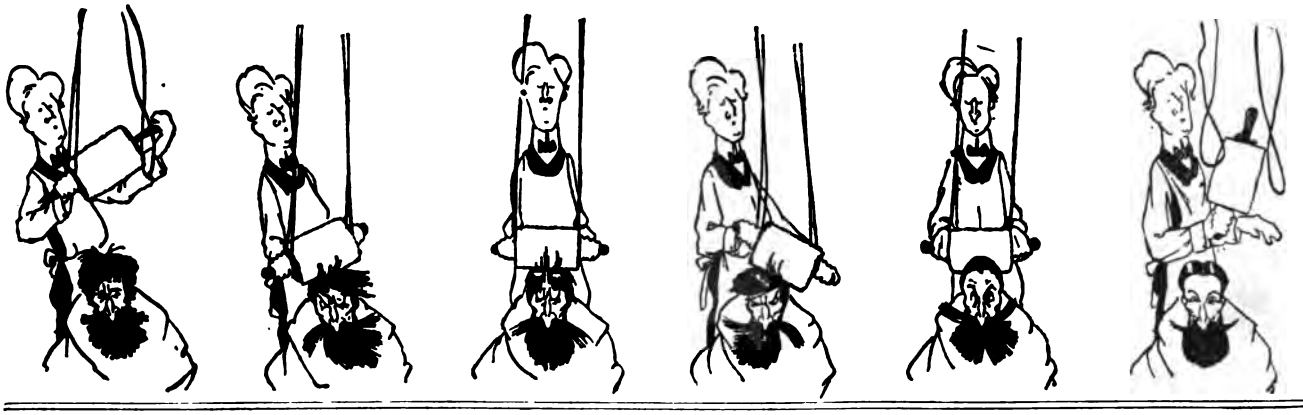
"Well, Jeremy, this is how he told the tale to me:

"'Wan evenin' comin' up ta Ker-distmas (Christmas), I was in an ould barber's above in New Sthreet, gettin' shaved be a g'yairdle (girl) from the Yella Splash of Arkla. Aw, sure it's a piece o' ground be the say wid houses on it, just outside o' Arkla. Annyhow, I was in there, an' she was shavin' me. All of a sudden, be the good man, somethin' undher the chair commenced roarin' and squealin'. "Mussha, what the helblazes have ye undher the chair?" says I to her. "Heth an'," says she, "sure isn't it a g'yandher in a crib I'm kapin' for me Ker-distmas dinner?" "Faith," says I, "I suppose it's about time ye'll be wantin' him killed?" "Heth, an' I do," says she. So, when she'd done shavin' me, what the blakers should I do but I grips th' ould razor, and in three minutes I had me lad out o' the crib, an' hit, killed, and plooked, and bedambut, the g'yairdle from the Yella Splash invited me furta come an' have a coot (cut) off o' him o' Ker-distmas Day.'

"Sure, then, Mick, if the Dane's son's book is all of the one patthern with that, Boswell's Johnson won't be in it with West's Edge."

Digitized by Google

BY MACHINERY.



IN THE HOUSE.

By the Member for Wrottenborough.

I must confess to a feeling of intense relief. Of course there is nothing that pleases one more than proving by the plebiscite of an election that there exists between myself and my electors ties—so to speak—of confidence and affection. But still, a contest causes interruption, and (perhaps save to the Licensed Victuallers) is generally bad for trade. So I am glad—in common with the vast majority of my colleagues—that we are to be saved from an immediate appeal to the country.

Mr. Chamberlain's Secret.

"I think it is better as it is," said Mr. Chamberlain to me. "Although Arthur J. Balfour—by the way, don't you call him Prince Arthur, he doesn't like it—was quite ready to follow my lead, some of our Cabinet companions were of a different opinion. Ritchie, for instance, is most anxious to be in office—and not unnaturally—when his civic relative is Lord Mayor."

"May I make that statement public?" I asked, for I never like to take Mr. Chamberlain at a disadvantage—he is so simple and so trustful, so ingenuous and so kind.

"You may publish it for what it is worth; but mind, you must not represent me as speaking by the card. But you must not reveal *this* to anyone," and then he told me a Cabinet secret of the most important character. I am burning to reveal it, but am bound by honour to keep my pen idle and my lips closed.

The Home and Colonial Fair Trade Enquiry.

I certainly have been deeply honoured by the Premier. He is always most cordial, but I scarcely expected that he would have consulted me on the creation of the Committee to inquire into Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for Free Colonial and Protected Foreign Trade. It is a little difficult to find an appropriate title for the ambitious, patriotic, but perhaps a little-too-previous plan.

"We propose," said the Premier, "a little later, to assist us in our deliberations, to release from their Parliamentary duties those of our colleagues who we have selected for this special service. We certainly shall put the member for Sark on the list."

"Because you consider him a bore?" I asked with a little laugh.

"How can you be so frivolous and absurd?" uttered the Premier, repressing a responsive smile. "The member for Sark is frequently quite interesting. We shall put Mr. Labouchere, Mr Thomas Gibson Bowles, Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, Mr. Chaplin, and the whole of the Irish Nationalist Members on the list."

"And thus lose their presence in the House?"

"Yes; and thus lose their presence in the House. It will be a sad loss—an irreparable loss—but we have braced ourselves up to bear it."

Compensation for Non-disturbance.

And now I must leave my journalistic work to attend to my Parliamentary correspondence. I have to answer appeals for new or extra subscriptions for the Wrottenborough Football Club, the Wrottenborough Athletic Club, the Wrottenborough Institution for Retired Skate Fasteners, the Wrottenborough National Coterie for Promoting the Entertaining of our Brothers from Across the Seas, and our Cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, in the Homes of our Landed Aristocracy, and twenty-our other applications of a similar character.

I am delighted to say—as times are rather hard—that I can safely send a courteous negative to all of them. I am able to do this with comfort, owing to the fact that we are not just at present to have a General Election.

BOOKED AND COUNTED.

For a genuinely clever and interesting story, the Count desires to be commended to "A Girl in London," written by that accomplished authoress (for the sex of the writer is a *secret de Ponchinelle*), John Strange Winter. It is published by R. A. Everett and Co., Limited, and can be obtained at a sum suitable to the most moderate means. There are conventional terms of approbation suitable to the phraseology of a reviewer. For instance, of one book it may be said that it is readable from cover to cover. Of another, that a peruser having taken up the volume will not put it down until he has completed the last word of the finishing chapter. Of a third, that the story under review is quite worthy of its author's reputation. All these conventional phrases might be justly used anent John Strange Winter's latest production. So says, making a graceful bow with his coronet, the well-pleased, and always glad to welcome the works of the authoress of "Bootle's Baby." COUNT ONTHESHELF.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

C.-B. ON FREE TRADE.

Free Trade for Faith we must account,
As shown beyond all evidence,
Not by the Sermon on the Mount,
But by the Speech upon the Fence!

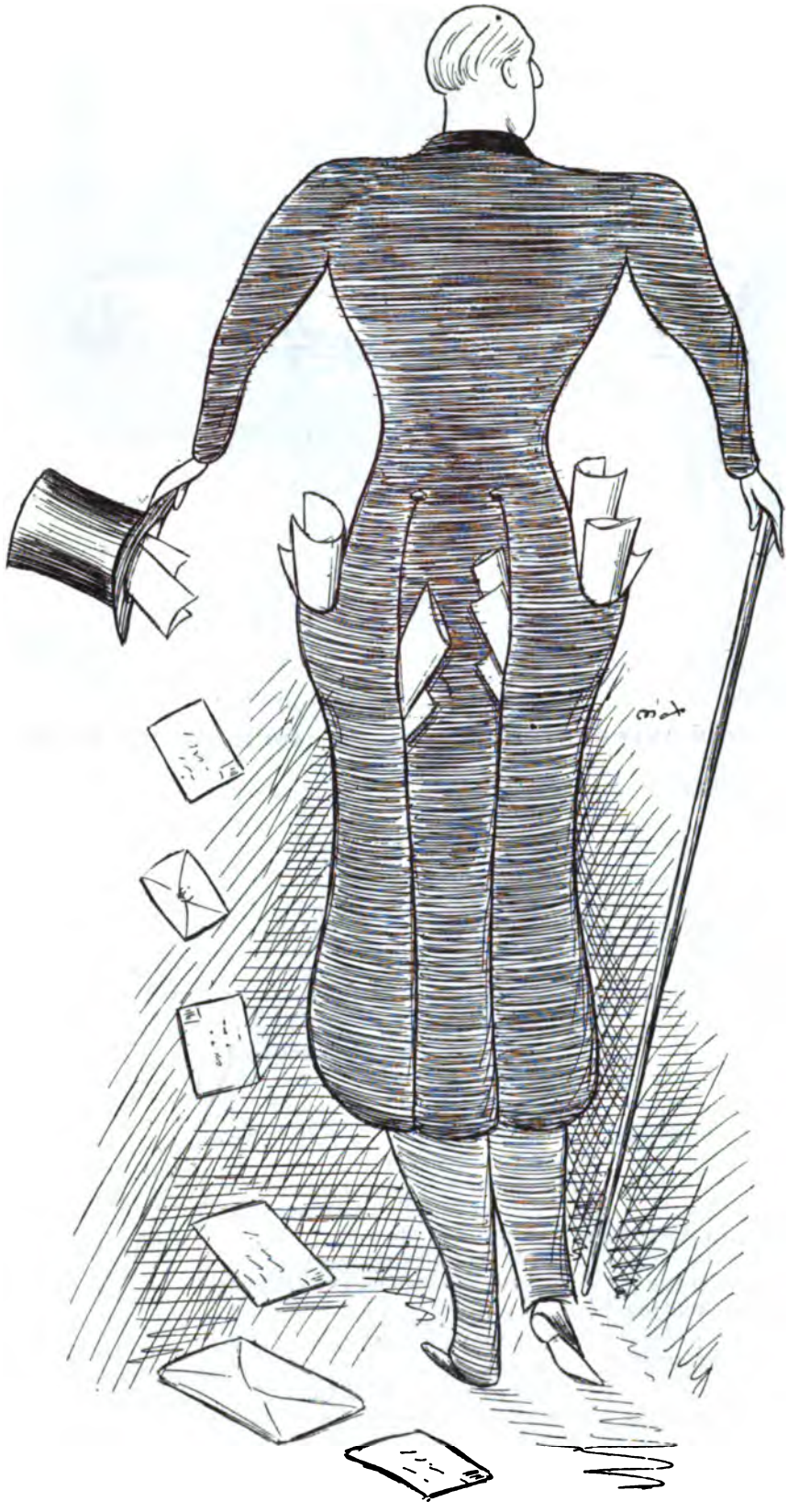
REVENGE.

M. de Plehve, Russian Minister of the Interior, has expelled the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Times."

No need has our insulted *Times*
To call the British Navy up
To wreak revenge for Russian crimes
And double dark De Plehve up!
The journal need but send, to strike
The Minister with panic, a
Completed set of the "Encyclopædia Britannica!"

A. R.

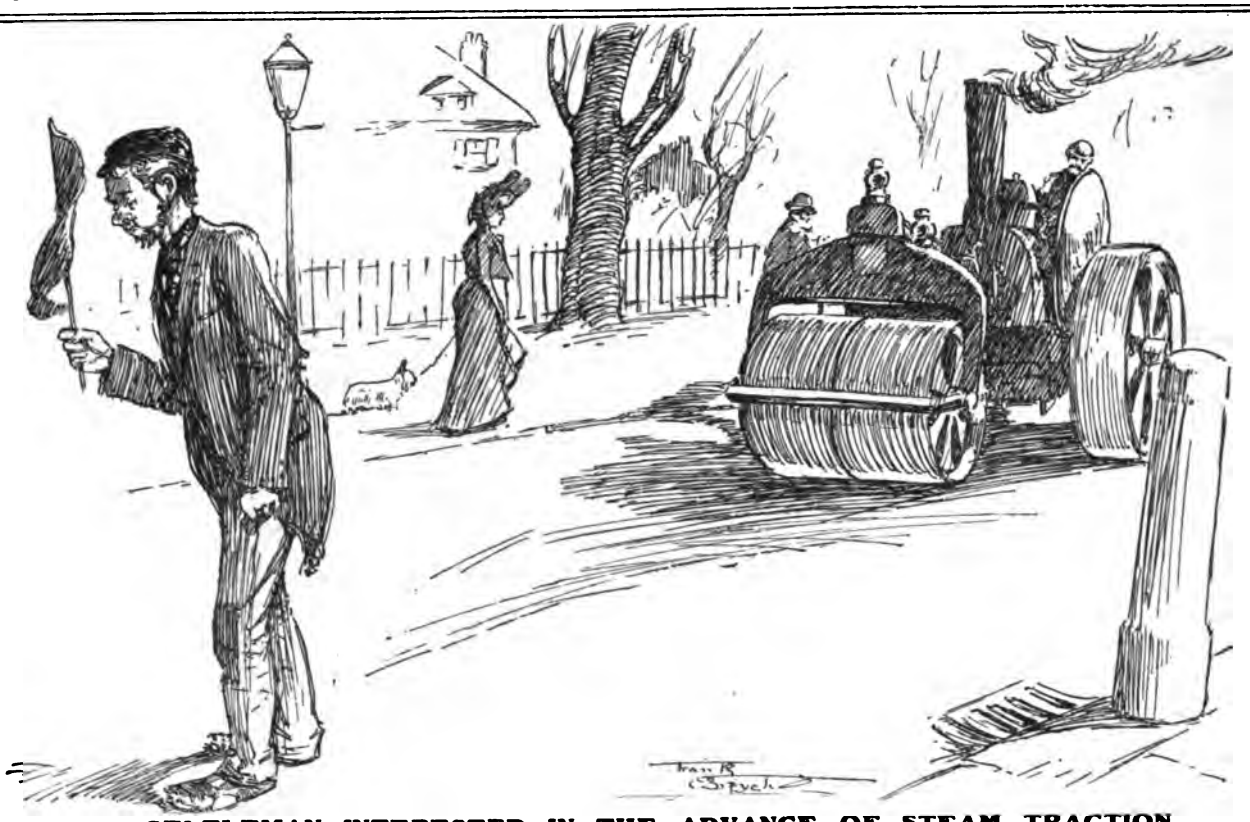
Digitized by Google



SERIO-COMIC PORTRAITS.

XIII.—Mr. H. B- -rb-hm Tr-e.

Digitized by Google



A GENTLEMAN INTERESTED IN THE ADVANCE OF STEAM TRACTION.

THE CHANCERY CASE,

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

COUNSEL (*opening*):
Philip Archibald Enderby Marston, Esquire,
In his youth was uncommonly wild;
But he married a lady called Ethel Maguire
And the Union was blessed with a child.

(*Chorus of Junior Bar*):
Oh! The Union was blessed with a child,
And the Heirs in Remainder were riled:
'Twould have changed the case wholly
Had he died Sine Prole;
But the Union was blessed with a child.

COUNSEL (*proceeding*):
Now Sir Timothy Henderson, Justice and Knight,
Was enfeoffed of Two Acres of Land:
And it doesn't sound much till you hear that the site
Was a strip to the South of the Strand.

Expert witness:
And the strip to the South of the Strand
Is a good situation for land:
It is healthy and dry
And sufficiently high,
And convenient on every hand.

COUNSEL (*resuming*):
But Sir Timothy, shooting in Timberley Wood,
Was imprudent enough to take cold,
And he died without warning at six in the morning,
Because he was awfully old.

(*Expert witness*):
I have often been credibly told
That when people are awfully old,
Though cigars are a curse
And hard drinking is worse,
There is nothing so fatal as cold.

COUNSEL (*continuing*):
The surviving Executor happened to be
The Chief Beneficiary's son,
Official Receiver and Sole Legatee,
And Counsel and Claimant in one.

JUDGE (*interrupting*):
Such various functions in one
May perplex us before we have done:
To avoid all confusion
I shall draw no conclusion,
But regard him as though he had none.

COUNSEL (*developing*):
So Archibald answered on hearing the news,
"I never move out till I must,"
Which was all very jolly for *Cestui que use*,
But the Devil for *Cestui que trust*.

(*Obiter dictum by Judge*):
The office of *Cestui que trust*
Is reversed for the learned and just.
Any villain you choose
May be *Cestui que use*,
But a lawyer for *Cestui que trust*.

COUNSEL (*amplifying*):
This happened in seventeen hundred and five,
And that was a long time ago,
And none of the parties pursuant survive,
As a sworn affidavit will show.

But your Lordship will easily see
That it doesn't much matter to me,
Of goods thereto pertaining
There are still some remaining,
And I'm perfectly sure of my fee.

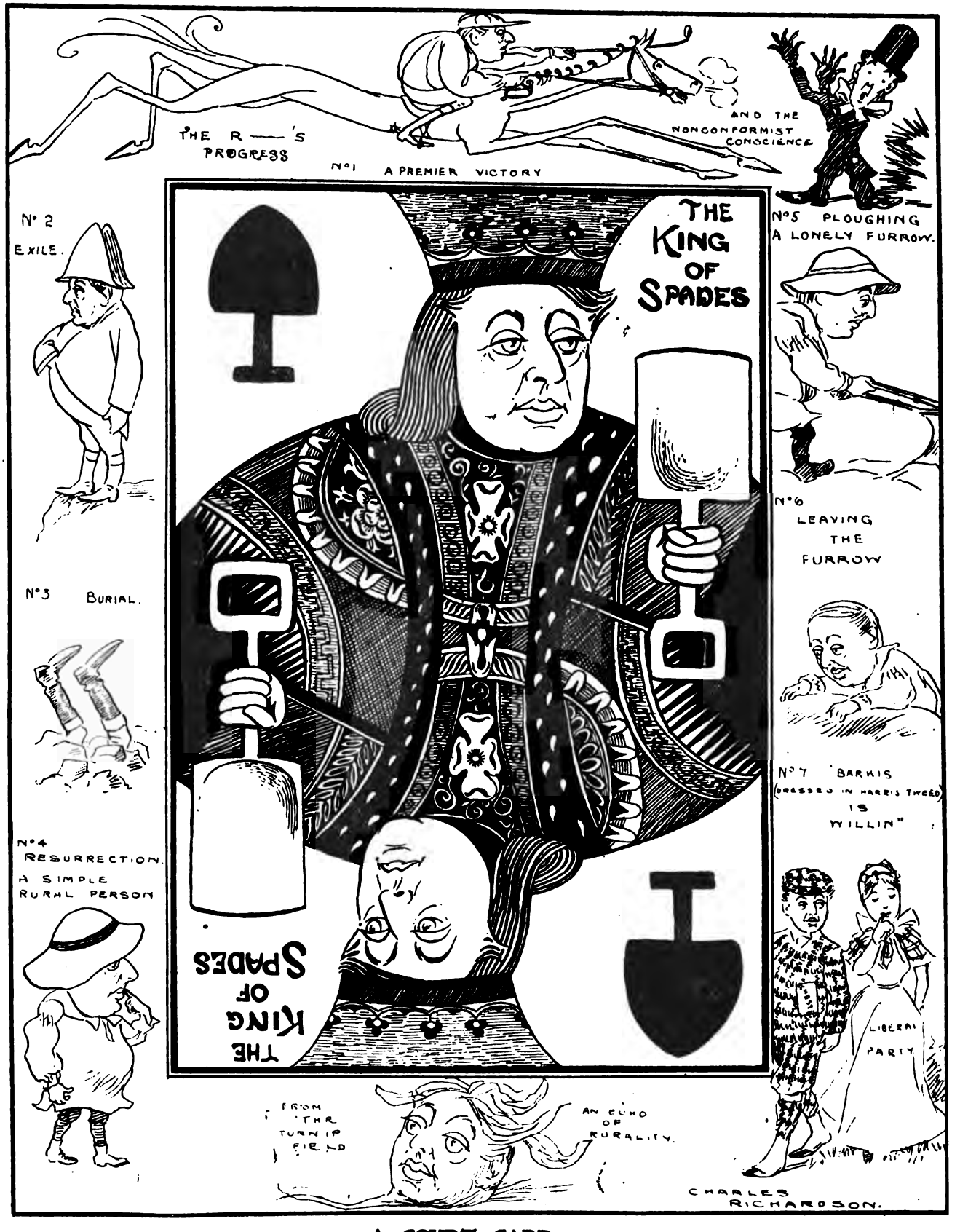
COUNSEL (*criticising*):
Now the Ruling Laid down in *Regina v. Brown*
May be quoted——

THE JUDGE:
Oh! ho! it may not.
I have wasted my powers for some thirty-six hours
To unravel this pestilent rot.

(*The Bar in chorus*):
Your Lordship is sound to the core;
It is nearly a quarter to four.
We have had quite enough
Of this horrible stuff,
And we don't want to hear any more.

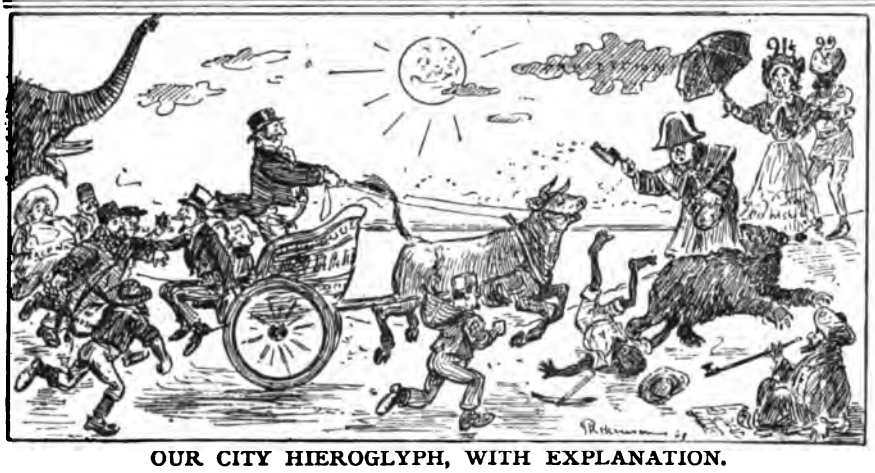
(*The Public in the Gallery*):
You are all of you perfectly right,
He can't go on Rhyming all night.
We shall strongly support
The remarks of the Court,
And——
(*They are forcibly ejected*).

Digitized by Google



A COURT CARD.

Digitized by Google



OUR CITY HIEROGLYPH, WITH EXPLANATION.

MONEY, CHEAP; CONSOLS, KEPT BACK BY INDIAN LOAN; HOME RAILS, ADVANCING; YANKEES, EASY; MEXICANS, DITTO; CANADIANS, ADVANCING; GRAND TRUNKS, HIGHER; ARGENTINES, WELL IN FRONT; WEST AUSTRALIANS, ACTIVE; INDUSTRIALS, MOVING; KAFFIRS, FLAT; FOREIGNERS, RUNNING UP; TURKS, WAKING UP.

FINANCIAL FRIVOLITIES.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

"The presence of mineral deposits is now ascertained by a Telephonic Electrical Finder. The thing is done by sound, and the man with the best tuned ears makes the best operator."—Morning Post.

"Speech is silver, silence golden."
So the proverb said of old,
But the march of mining science
Proves that there's a voice in gold.

To the ears best tuned to music
Golden melody there floats,
And the ore in deepest levels
Is transmitted by the notes.

Once 'twas "*mine*, then *miner*, *minus*.'
While with diamond drill you bored,
Now you learn the mineral's presence
By a tender *minor* chord.

Still one wonders what the strains are
That each metal's name reveals,
Will fair *argent* chime its dulcet
Harmony in silver peals?

And will *or* of many carats
Into mighty chorus swell,
Sounding loudly as a timbrel
And "The Golden Legend" tell?

Will the rock of rude pyrites
Lift its voice on high and sing
In the praise of "Village Blacksmith,"
With a mighty anvil's ring?

Will the lead and tin and copper,
And all other kinds of ore,
Each perform a choice selection
Chosen from its repertoire?

Its no longer true in mining
"Naught beyond the pick is known."
Now you simply put the question,
"*Are you there?*" by telephone.

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

The Rhodesian Cold Storage Co. is doing business with the Boers in Machinery, Medicines, Millinery, &c.

When with the Boers you start to trade,
You've got to suit them and persuade
Them all to buy your trifles.
So "plants" or timber, size or glue
You offer them, but still eschew
The Maxim guns and rifles.

The lady Boers you also please,
You're Transvaal Jays or else Louise,
And offer hats and bonnets.
You pander likewise to their ills,
And if they're pale you sell them pills
On which you've written sonnets.

Tho' Storage Cold may have its share,
Until it comes you hold a fair,
And show you're smart and sprightly;
Be purchase small, or purchase great,
With pleasant phrase on them you wait,
A sort of Transvaal Whiteley.

CALIPASH AND CALIPEE, LTD.

A Turtle Co., Ltd., has just been formed.

Yes, Calispah and Calipee
Have now become a companie,
So turtle soup, both thick and clear,
With punch, perchance, will oft appear
All smoking at the Board.

And shareholders who've gourmet views,
At annual meetings won't refuse
Their share of soup, but put it down,
And in a glass of sherry brown
Drink "Your good health, my Lord."

HUAN MEE.

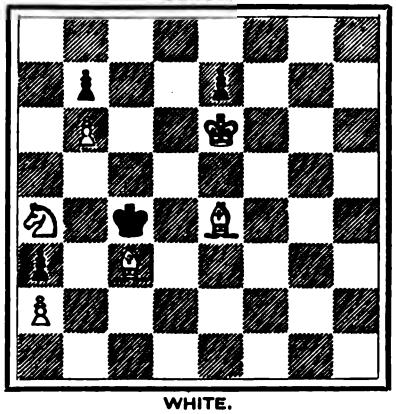
THE SPHINX.

Solutions addressed "The Puzzle Editor, 'John Bull' Offices, 5, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.," must be posted not later than Tuesday following the date of publication. One mark will be given for each correct solution, and at the end of the quarter a prize of two guineas will be awarded to the solver with the highest score. Consolation prizes to the five next in merit. The Puzzle Editor, whose decision is always final, will be glad to receive good original puzzles, and suggestions. Copies of a book of English Chess Problems will be given to the first three solvers of the Cameos each quarter.

CHESS CAMEOS.

No. 12.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Cameo No. 11.—Kt—K4.

32. A wig. 33. 2519.
34. Rock—Cork.

35. A motor goes 9 miles an hour uphill, 18 miles an hour downhill, and 12 miles an hour on the level. How long will it take to run from London to Brighton (50 miles) and return at once over the same course?

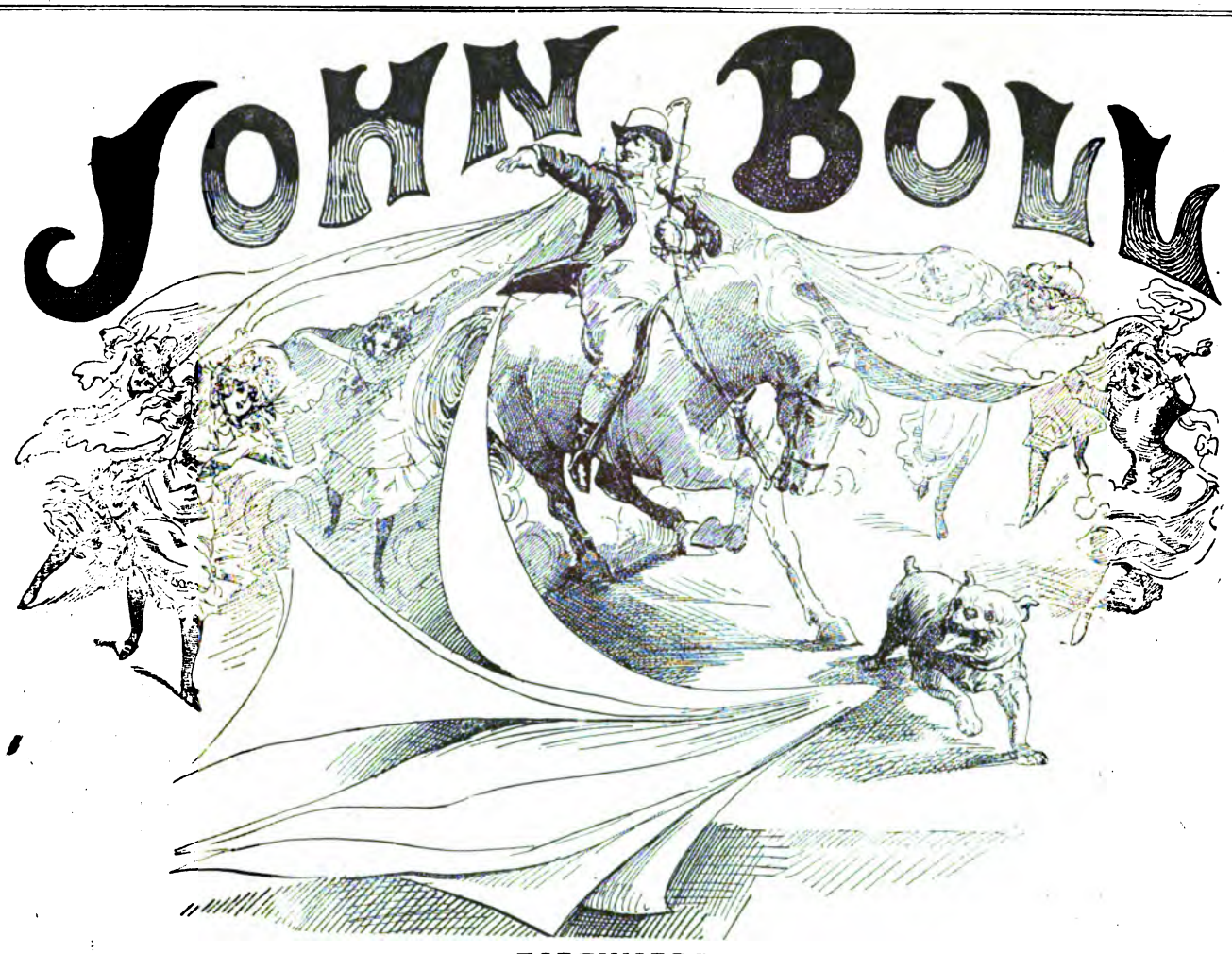
36. A cashier, in payment for a cheque, gives by mistake pounds for shillings and shillings for pounds. The receiver spends half-a-crown, and then finds that he has twice as much as the cheque was worth. What was its value?

37. ENIGMA BY LORD MACAULAY.

Cut down, yet saved with much ado and pain,
Scattered, dispersed, yet gathered up again;
Withered in youth, and yet in death perfumed,
Laid up with care, but kept to be consumed.

Here are some excellent anagrams. Charles H. Spurgeon, "Oh, preacher's lungs!" Abdul Hamid Khan, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, "Inhuman despot, that maketh Armenia bloodful." Fawcett, Postmaster-General, "We can get a stamp for letters."

Digitized by Google



FOREWORDS.

HE comes as the representative of all that is best in the National Character.

He is just, generous, and good-humoured.

He has forgotten nothing, and makes good use of all he remembers.

He is grateful for the lessons of the past, and does not fear the problems of the future.

He hates sham of every kind, and will have nothing to do with deception.

He respects intellectual endeavour wherever he finds it directed in the cause of civilization.

He is Cosmopolitan and yet patriotic; he has a feeling of goodwill to foreigners whatever may be their nationality, but has a particularly tender place in his heart for his kith and kin all the world over.

He respects honest opinions wherever they are found, and has no sympathy with class prejudices or sectarian persecution.

He loves an honest laugh, but detests the snigger that is ashamed to avow its foul cause of merriment.

He respects Public Opinion as *Vox populi, vox Dei*, but declines to consider the clamour of the mob the sentiment of the Empire.

He belongs to no Party, because he champions the cause of the State.

He delights in good-tempered fun, and has quite as keen a sense of the ridiculous as the ignorant foreigner who refuses to acknowledge his rightful claim to wit and humour.

He can be serious at the right time, and merry when the mood is not incongruous to the moment.

He loves the Throne, and everything of which that Throne is symbolic. He reveres the peoples of the huge Empire supporting that Throne.

He admires his London, his Edinburgh, his Dublin; but equally loves his Melbourne, his Montreal, his Calcutta, and his Cape Town.

He will find supporters—literary and artistic—from all quarters of the Earth.

He appreciates the humour of his American cousin, and can trace the Anglo-Norman vivacity in the gaiety of Paris—the Anglo-Saxon subtlety in the satire of Berlin.

He is incapable of jealousy, as he does not admit a rival.

His appreciation of the Empire is summed up by Shakespeare—

> This happy breed of men, this little world;
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands;
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

He glories in the cry of "God Save the King," and is grateful for its complement—"Long Live John Bull!"

Digitized by Google

A MASQUE OF EDWARDS.

THE CHORUS.

Good Christian folk, and Jews as well,
With heathen, Turk and infidel,
Attend the summons of our bell,
And come to hear us while we tell
Of what in elder times befel
Beneath the British heaven;
And if you closely hear us then,
Both Jews and Turks and Christian men,
So shall you know and tell again
By speech and print and ready pen,
Our King is really Edward Ten
Instead of Edward Seven!

EADWARD THE ELDER.

I am the Elder Eadward,
A mighty man and lawful lord,
By birth and Witan's choice:
My father, Aelfred, burned the cakes,
Wherefore a larger place he takes
In fame of public voice:
So I escape my father's fate
Of poems by the Laureate,
Whereat I do rejoice.

EADWARD THE MARTYR.

I am the peaceful Edgar's son
(Or Eadgar's), but I am one
Less famous than my sire;
My bad stepmother, Aelfthryth hight—
[*Hic capiat spiritum longum.*]
(Elfrida's nicer, but not right)
Against me did conspire,
And spite of saintly Dunstan's prayers,
They took and slew me unawares
At Corfe in Dorsetshire.

ST. EADWARD THE CONFESSOR.

I am the last of Saxon Kings,
Too fond of foreign men and things,
Which brought my people woe;
You learn from legendary tales
I disapproved of nightingales,
They checked my chanting so:
My death the chronicles will fix
Within the year ten sixty-six,
A date you ought to know.

[*Tunc exeant Eadwardi et intrent Edwardi.*]

EDWARD I.

I am the Hammer of the Scot
(But this, as you remark, is not
A matter to recall).
Justinian Junior styled, because
I gave my people leagues of laws—
See Stubbs about them all.
My shanks were long, my temper short;
The stone of Scone I took to Court
To serve this festival.

EDWARD II.

I am the English Prince of Wales,
As told in quaint historic tales
You've heard of once or twice;
I scorned the fame my father earned,
To worthless favourites I turned,
And scouted sound advice.
My wife, and her especial friend,
Conspired to bring about my end—
(A Story far from nice).

EDWARD III.

I am the victor in the field,
I bore the lilies on my shield
And fought to conquer France;
In vain I won on Creçy's plain,
I rode to Paris gates in vain,
They gave not to my lance:
But now an English prince, I hear,
Can enter Paris any year—
I wish I had the chance!

EDWARD IV.

I am a warring faction's head,
My battles dyed the white rose red
And drained the red rose white;
A pretty face, a purse of gold,
Though resting in another's hold,
Were mine by right or might.
And when my brother dared repine,
I tipped him in a butt of wine,
And put the lid on tight.

EDWARD V.

I am a boy, and nothing more,
For I made room politely for
My Uncle, Crookback Dick;
Myself and brother, for an hour,
Were poor young princes in the Tower,
But Richard's ways were quick.
To bolster up his rule, 'tis said,
He pillowed us within our bed;
One Tyrrel did the trick.

EDWARD VI.

I am a youth, but not robust
As was my worthy sire, I trust,
For he was far too stout.
My excellence was premature,
Pious, precocious, pensive, pure,
A candle soon snuffed out.
Founder of many schools I am,
One bears my name at Birmingham,
A place you know, no doubt.

[*Tunc redeant tres Eadwardi.*]

OMNES.

We royal Edwards all agree
In ninefold mystic harmony
To welcome him with three times three
Who comes in splendour thus.
Each King who as a ruler sat,
And two who never came to that,
Unite in one remark—*VIVAT EDWARDUS SEPTIMUS.*

A. R.

TOLD IN TABLOIDS.

Literature, like many other good things, has its faults. The principal one to-day is length. The descriptive writer who hasn't much to say, but a column to fill, tells you perhaps in an impressionistic manner about a working girl and a wet day. He wants to tell you that the 'buses were all full inside and that the girl had to walk home.

He should be strained off thus:—

The 'buses rumbled through the Strand. It was a wet afternoon, and full inside. A girl stood outside the third tobacconist's on the left, counting from Charing Cross Station. She wore a dress and a jacket and hat. She wanted to ride. But it was full inside. The 'buses rumbled on. The girl counted seventy-three going by. Then she walked home. The 'buses rumbled on.

What a life!

When the writer touches on the idyllic and pastoral side of life he is interesting, but too detailed. He is all right at description of scenery and the wagoner's boots, and perhaps in the last chapter he allows one of the characters to buy a pig. But when he grinds out five hundred pages of bucolic detail it is time he was boiled down. Six chapters the length of the following specimen would suffice to make up the proper quantity.

THE PASTORAL EFFORT.

The driver flicked at a fly on the horse's off-side ear and missed it by seventeen and a half inches.

"*She* lives up there," he said, pointing with his whip to a cottage with four walls, a roof, and a chimney.

"Who?" I asked.

"My wife," he replied, and blew his nose silently.

A bee flew out of the hedge, and stung a man in a green dog-cart.

"I live there too," went on the driver, and leaning over he whispered confidentially: "We both live there."

The old horse strained heavily at the collar, and fell into a ditch.

We arrived at the cottage at midnight. It was quite dark. The driver unhitched the old horse, and led him to a stable, which he unlocked with a key. The sun had long sunk to rest.

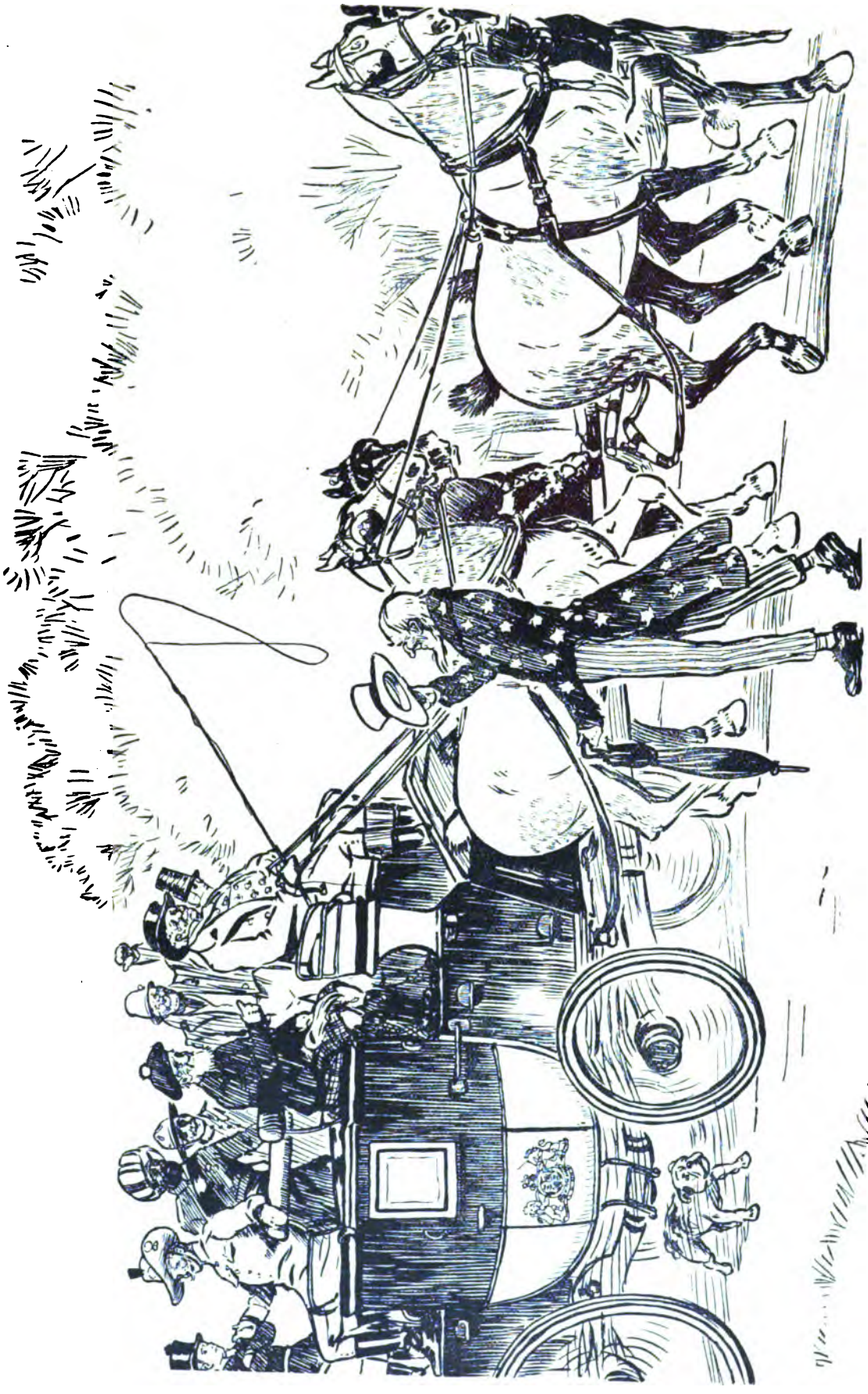
The driver hung the harness on three wooden pegs in the wall. It was really quite late.

He came out of the stable and locked it behind him with the same key. He entered his cottage through the door and went to bed.

It was 12.25.

The driver's name was George.

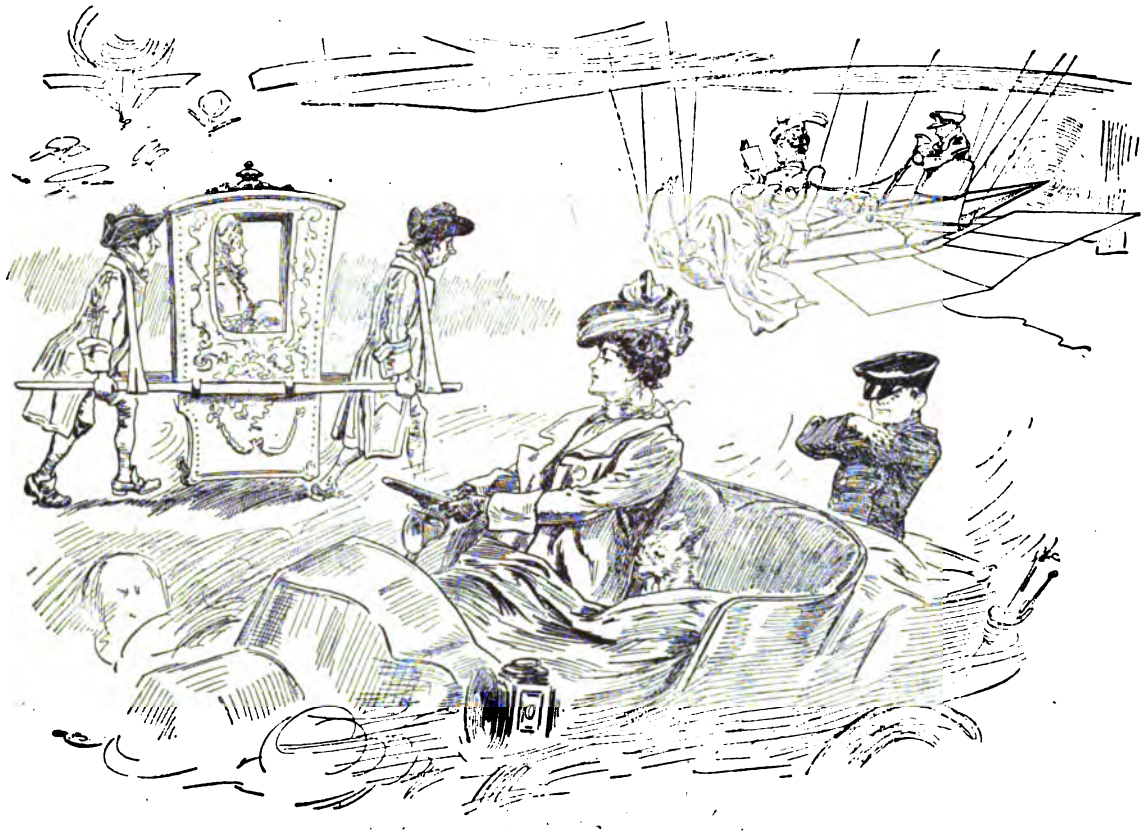
Digitized by Google



THE FAMILY COACH.

John Bull (to his American Cousin): "JUMP UP, JONATHAN; ALWAYS GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US."

Digitized by Google



MY LADY'S CARRIAGE.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

THE HUMOURS OF THE CROWD.

My name is Patrick Laery, I'm a Poet mil*itary*
Keeping guard upon the pavement in a row;
Or if not a row complately, just as much legiti*mately*,
As a man may cover nately, heel and toe.
And if you'd like some notions of the popular emotions
Predominating up and down my row,
I'll be proud, for Boers and Pathans and each other crowd of Haythens
I've encountered were but playthin's to this show.

Of girls' hats there's just a haycock, flaunting feathers of the grey-cock,
The black-cock and the paycock to and fro;
With gowns beneath to plaze you, to dazzle and amaze you,
"Ah! isn't that, now," says you, "*comme il faut*"?

How the boys the branches seize on! how the girls they've climbed their knees on;
Are they guilty of *high trees-on*? aye or no?
Not a pillar box is wasted, lads to all the lamps are pasted,
You're with repartee lambasted, as you go—
Now from countrymen or cockneys—now from bow-legs, no-legs, knock-knees,
Jews and Turks and Orthodoxies in a row.

No, there's not an inch of casement, down from chimney-pot to basement,
And there's not a speck of spacement but's aglow
With the eyes of lovely women, even the decorations dimmin',
Till your senses just go swimmin' down the row.

Now, to soothe themselves when waitin', folks resign themselves to aitin',
And the sandwich slabs with mate in—how they go!
I'm on duty—can't be dinin'; so I laugh and keep the line in,
While the tilted flasks are shinin' down the row.

There's a lady from Chicago conversatin' to her Dago:
"Wall, I reckon this farrago rather slow;
It's just cruel Pierpont Morgan, our great syndicating organ,
Didn't buy the thing on trust and run the show!"

* * * * * *

There's a roar of distant cheering—it is nearing, nearing, nearing,
And two million eyes are peering high and low;
And a million 'kerchiefs flying and a million voices crying:
"God save him!" and "God save her!" down the row.

FRIVOLITIES (?).

Fate is another name for one's own fault.

A useless opera hat is like the English climate. It has no spring.

America is quite a confiding country. It is perfectly willing to Trust us.

Marriage is supposed to be a useful institution. So is the workhouse. They both harbour poor things

When a man is poor he has no friends. When he is rich his friends are poor. And when he is a millionaire his health is generally poor. So what's the good?

Digitized by Google

A CORONATION IN FAIRYLAND.

Digitized by Google

A CORONATION ODE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

June 26, 1902.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

SING, soaring voices, to a joyous tune,
Mourning is done and pain;
Peal, solemn organ-music, deep, sublime,
For 'tis a joyous time:
Shine forth serene, unclouded sun of June,
To gild the dawning Reign;
Hushed is the shriek of War. 'Tis Peace! 'tis Peace!
Blest calm, endure, increase!
To-day rejoicing Britain grieves no more!
Resound, oh reverend aisles, as oft before:
Kneel, ermined nobles, kneel fair jewelled train,
As in our storied England past away;
'Tis a triumphant day!

Eight centuries have fled
Since the proud Conqueror's head
Within these walls assumed the Kingly crown.
Age after age, the imperious line
Of strenuous monarchs, wielding Right Divine
From sire to son, marched down;
A little realm was theirs, inviolate, free,
Fenced by tumultuous surges of the sea;
But vexed long time by broils and civil strife,
Maiming its nascent life.
Too oft the axe grew red with noble blood,
Rebellion swept the land, a blighting flood,
Yeoman and Burgher, long impatient saw
The Royal will o'erleap the bounds of Law;
Last, riper wisdom brought a temperate sway,
And Love has cast out Fear;
Ruled by just Laws, 'tis Freedom to obey:
Rejoice both high and low, be of good cheer:
'Tis a triumphant day!

No narrow realm it is to-day we own,
Our little Isle, hearing the call of Fate,
Thro' valour and wise statecraft mightier grown,
Assumes a loftier state,
Bearing o'er trackless land and unknown sea
The war-worn ensign of the Free;
And tho' with heavier weight the Imperial crown,
People and King bears down
From all the earth, by Love's enchantments bound,
New ampler Britains kneel in homage round
Twin hemispheres to-day from palm to pine,
In loyal love combine:
Their sons with ours have borne and fought and died,
Their graves lie side by side;
The vassal East to swell the pageant brings
Her feudatory Kings;
Ruler and peoples humbly kneel and pray
A blessing from the gracious hand Divine,
Their vows they take within this hallowed shrine:
'Tis a triumphant day!

Crown him, the Seventh of his Kingly name,
Long time the stay and solace of our Queen,
Who learned the precious lesson at her knee,
Through love to rule the Free:
Who, like his son, his boundless realm has seen
True Englishman, kind heart and provident brain,
To raise the poor and weak, to soothe the sufferer's pain;
Who swears to-day an oath with reverent awe
To guard the inviolate law:
Round whose ancestral throne in fair array,
Children, and children's children kneel to-day.
Be this his best reward, his purest fame,
To have lived for duty; to have handed down
Brighter, the untarnished crown;
To have cherished all his people, small and great;
To have built the Imperial State!

And with pure gems serene of Queenly grace,
Crown his fair Consort, whose ethereal face
Sweet smile, and slender form half-girlish yet
The hurrying years forget;
For whom reluctant Time delays his wings,
As down Life's perilous ways we watch her move
A vestal Presence breathing faith and love,
The mother of our Kings!

Dread Lord Invisible, who rulest all,
Prone at Thy feet we fall!
On the sealed record of thy coming Age
Purge clean our country's page:
To-day upon each new-anointed head
Be Thy full Influence shed!
Our little pomps, our pageants fleet and pass
Like shadows in a glass:
We fade as they, but Thou endurest still!
Direct, confirm Thy servants' faltering will,
With mutual faith and trust our souls inspire;
Descend, O Lord, descend in tongues of fire!
And, with Thy grace, bending benignant down,
King, Queen, and People crown!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

An Emp

"No narrow realm it is to-day we own,
Our little Isle, hearing the call of Fate

Digitized by Google

Greeting.

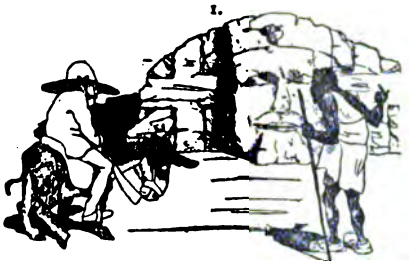
Thro' valour and wise statecraft mightier grown,
Assumes a loftier state."—*Lewis Morris.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

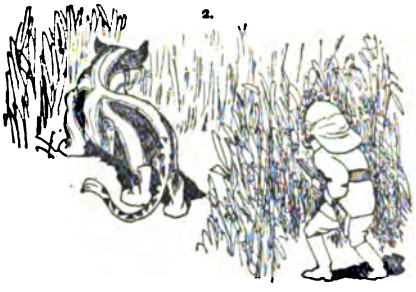
THE ROUTE OF THE FLAG.

1.



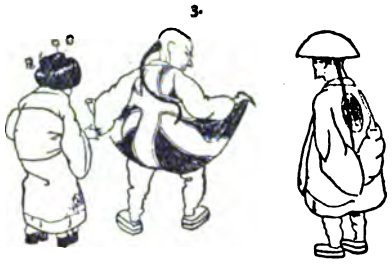
A NEW SPHINX HAS BEEN FOUND, BEARING AN UNMISTAKABLE UNION JACK IN ITS HEAD-DRESS, WHICH POINTS OUT THAT THIS IS OUR SECOND OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.

2.



"BY JOVE! THIS PATRIOTIC TIGER'S STRIPED WITH THE UNION JACK. I CAN'T SHOOT IT."

3.



"UNION JACKIE COATEE ALLEE WAY FROM GERMANY. —TIEN TSIN.

4.

IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHERE FLAG-POLES ARE SCARCE, THEY CONSTANTLY TURN THE NEAREST GIRAFFE INTO ONE ON JOYFUL OCCASIONS.

5.

I AM CREDIBLY INFORMED THAT IN AUSTRALIA THE KANGAROOS INVARIABLY CARRY IN THEIR POUCHES OR POCKETS UNION JACKS, WHICH THEY USE AS HANDKERCHIEFS WHEN NECESSARY.

6.

"DONNER UND BLITZEN—DOT DUMMKOPF ONION JOCK ON DER NORD POLE ALREADY GE-FLUTTER!"

A CORONATION ECLOGUE.

CIVIS. PASTOR.

C. Dic mihi, cur, pastor, lacrimas? ignosce roganti:
quid medium solus stans ad ovile gemis?
omnia jam rident, quod et aestas imperat, et quod
hora coronandi prospera Regis adest:
tu solus lacrimas: quae tanti est causa doloris?
forsan quod pateris sit medicina mali.

P. Ille ego, quo nusquam Regis reverentior alter,
cui strepitus cordi est, longaque pompa placet,
ille ego laetanti teneor semotus ab urbe:
in medio Parcae rure manere jubent:
bellae splendebunt me non spectante puellae,
quosque vehunt redae, quique feruntur equis:
nec mihi clangorem lituorum audire licebit,
nec bombardarum contremuisse sono:
cernere nec potero Regulares, Militiamve;
tuque, Voluntari, non mihi visus eris!
hoc est cur medio stantes lacrimemus ovili:
haec mihi, si quaeris, causa doloris adest.

C. Mî geminae, pastor, media sunt urbe fenestrae:
aspiciunt plateam, sancte Jacobe, tuam:
depositis ambas si vis conducere nummis
omnia quae memoras inde videre potes.
illuc veste nova mundoque ornata galero
(lautius et solito tu quoque veste nite)
Phyllis eat tecum: necnon cum Phyllide mater,
si poscunt leges Proprietatis, eat.
da centum libras, et habes utramque fenestram:
servabo ipse tuas, dum redeatur, oves.

P. Hei mihi! me miserum! tot libras unde parabo?
Astor opes tantas vix Gulielmus habet.

C. Fac igitur, pastor, quidvis: sed crede monenti—
non similem sortem quaelibet hora feret:
ingentes offert opulenta Columbia summas
dum loquor: et Pierpont Morgan habere cupit.
sed mihi, cum reputo—namque est Industria curae
Anglica, quam semper sustinuisse volo—
jam venit in mentem ratio me teque juvandi:
tu modo fac siccas quae maduere genas.
aspicis inscriptos passim medicamina colles,
utque ferant variae nomina mercis agri:
pistor et Hovis adest, fuerant ubi pastor ovisque,
occupat et totum pharmacopola nemus:
huic jecur est curae, pulmo sanatur ab illo:
pars cupio tanti, si licet, esse chori.
saponum longe detergentissimus ille est
quem facio: vestes (crede) lavare nequit:
cujus saponis si me praeconia passim
inter agros gratis proposuisse sines,
ecce tibi geminas cupio donare fenestras!
hoc tibi lugenti quod medeatur erit.

P. O patriae vindex, O quo non justior alter,
O claros inter commemorande viros,
pone loco quovis, quaevis praeconia pone,
et laetae titulos intueantur oves!
sic Anglus, sic Gallus emat, sic denique laudet
Africa saponem candida facta tuum:
cumque coronatum celebrabo carmine Regem,
te quoque post illum tibia nostra canet!

A. D. G.

MULTIPLE REVIEWING.

Bludyer loquitur:—

'Tis sweet in three reviews on different days
To feed a patron with the pap of praise.
'Tis sweeter far to mark a foe, and then
Stab him thrice over with the self-same pen.

G.

Digitized by Google

FISHY.

Visitor :—"WHAT SORT OF A FISH WOULD YOU CALL THIS?"
O'Donoghue :—"SHURE, SIRR, AN' IT'S MESILF AS UD THROW HIM BACK AGIN', AN' CALL HIM A TWINTY-POUND SALMON!"

SUPPRESSED SEQUELS.

An editor of our acquaintance, being recently struck down by a fatal disease, could not rest upon his death-bed until he had communicated to us the sequels of those irritatingly unimportant personal paragraphs which he has been printing for the last fifteen years. "Had I thought it in the best interest of my beloved country, as I do now," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I would long ago have explained to my fellow citizens how much more point there was in these little stories than the world dreamed of. It is now too late for me to make reparation, but if you will print them in full after my death, I shall sleep the easier." We carry out his wishes.

THE OFFENDED DUKE.

A good story is told of the Duke of Cheshire. He was trudging home one day in the rain from what is called in the bluff north country dialect 'a shoot,' when he was passed by a young farmer in a dog-cart. The Duke asked for a lift, but the young man, seeing in the Bedraggled Figure no desirable companion, whipped up his horse and passed on. It was not till some time later that he learnt Whom it was he had refused to aid.

On reaching home the young farmer related to his mother (an aged woman of vast experience and perspicacity) the incident we have just recorded. The Crone (for she was little else) cross-examined him narrowly upon the appearance of the mysterious stranger, and, after learning every necessary detail, shrieked in a manner that froze his blood, "Unhappy Boy! You have offended the Duke of Cheshire!"

She lingered just long enough to change her will (for she rightly regarded her son as incapable of managing his own affairs), and shortly after her death the young farmer, who had already lost his senses from the shock, died an imbecile pauper, in the County Asylum.

There is, however, as Kipling has exquisitely said, "a soul of good in things evil," nor was this terrible tragedy without its beneficial effects. The Duke, who had hitherto refrained in ordinary conversation from alluding to his title, now spoke of it upon all occasions, lest so fearful an error should be repeated.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

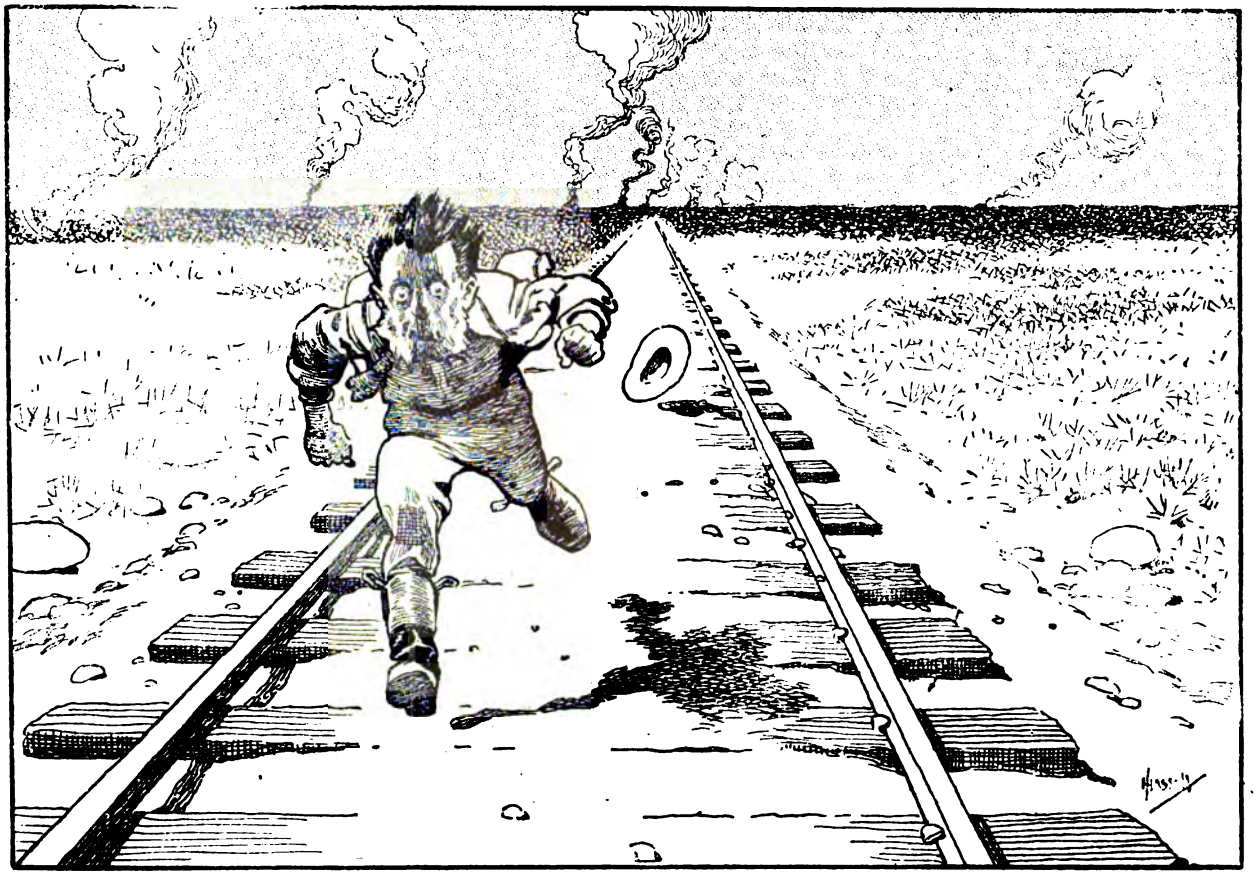
A good story is told of Mr. Hemeltheim during his recent contest for the Borough of Saxenfort. He was driving with Mrs. H. in an open carriage through the public square when a stone, which had been hurled at him with malicious intent, passed through the carriage and fell on the other side, narrowly missing the features of the two distinguished occupants. Mr. Hemeltheim was in no way disconcerted by the incident. He rose at once in his place, and cried to the crowd, "My lads, this is worth a hundred votes to us." The outbreak certainly contributed to his success at the Poll.

It did, but in a somewhat indirect manner. When the person who had thrown the stone went round to the offices of Lord Henry Rannick to receive the guinea which had been promised him, his Lordship (who had noted the effect of the manœuvre) took him aside and promised him two guineas if he would hurl another stone in the same manner at himself and Lady Henry upon the following day, making an appointment for the purpose near the Town Hall.

Unfortunately, the same idea had occurred to a large number of Lord Henry's friends and supporters, and when the open Victoria drove up outside the Town Hall the carriage was greeted with a perfect volley of stones, proceeding at first from the paid agents of his party, but soon, as the crowd warmed to their work, directed from every corner of the public square. These missiles struck the unfortunate nobleman in every part of his person, nor was Lady Henry entirely exempt from the ordeal. His coachman leapt at once from the box and fled, and the groom, loudly protesting that he was not a pro-Boer, followed the example of his superior. The horses did not hesitate to gallop with the utmost speed and disorder, goaded to madness by the sharpness of the flints which the honest Dorsetshire folk had specially selected. It is needless to say that after this exhibition, the unpopularity of Mr. Hemeltheim's rival was so thoroughly confirmed as to make his success impossible.

We learn from this that democracy requires more tact in its management than any other form of Government.

Digitized by Google



COME FROM CANADA.

Traveller (as a lot of Coronation Bonfires blaze up simultaneously in every direction): "GEE, WHIZZ, THE INJUNS ARE OUT ON THE WAR-PATH AGAIN—SO LONG!"

A MILITARY DIALOGUE.

Dramatis Personæ:—An Australian Lancer, A Canadian Infantryman, A Trooper of the Imperial Light Horse, A New Zealander, and a British Officer.

The scene is the park of Alexandra Palace near the encampment of the Colonial troops. It is a magnificent summer night, and the moonlight is full on the curves of glass and the turrets of the great building. The near hill, an earthy wave covered by little red streets, is turned into a wonder of silver by the magic of the moon, and the steeples and great chimneys, connecting sentries with the heart of London, which rise beyond in the purple distance, are all frosted and glorious. The men, in undress uniform and each wearing the ribbon for South Africa, are sitting out in the open, through force of habit, and have drawn into a little circle as though round a camp fire. The officer sits a little apart, listening and occasionally interjecting a word.

The New Zealander: Might be a night on the veldt.

The Australian: That's so. If you just ran an earthquake over the ground and turned the bricks into grass, it might pass for the country round Pretoria.

The Imperial Light Horseman: And put the Southern Cross up in the sky.

The Canadian: And set an old sniping Boer over there to give us the tic-toc of the Mauser music.

The New Zealander: Shocking ugly old country this, all bricks and mortar, fogs and telegraph wires.

The Australian: Did you expect it to be all red, white, and blue sulphur terraces and volcanoes like your little geysers of islands on the South Pole?

The Canadian: The people are all pallid spectres. They should send them all to grow and get fat and rosy on our mountains and in our forests.

The Australian: They've got to transfer the centre of sovereignty of the Empire to us, if the British race is to keep abreast of the times.

The Imperial Light Horseman: If the capital of the Empire shifts, it will come where the Empire has been fought for and won, South Africa.

The Australian: Anyway, the Old Country is a played-out old slow-coach, eh, boys?

Omnes: That's so for sure.

The British Officer: Yet at Eland's Laagte I seem to remember that the Imperial Light Horse cheered for Old England, as they charged at the final ridge.

The Imperial Light Horseman: Well, now I come to think of it, we did.

The British Officer: And the bravest man of all in the New Zealand contingents, when he had won his V.C., and was desperately wounded in doing so, gasped out: "It was for the honour of the old flag."

The New Zealander (blushing and putting his hand up to the V.C. ribbon on his coat): Did I? I'd forgotten.

The British Officer: When old Cronje was cornered, I somehow had an idea that the Canadians were very proud to be shoulder to shoulder in the trenches with British troops on that great anniversary of Majuba Day.

Digitized by Google

The Canadian: So we were, so we were.

The British Officer: And when a certain Australian Lancer volunteered for what was practically a forlorn hope in carrying despatches, and Lord Roberts said to him—

The Australian: Yes, that's so. I know the story. But look here, when kiddies are very fond of their mother, don't they always tease her now and again so as to have the pleasure of making it up with her, and doesn't it do every mother a bit of good to be reminded that her children are growing up, and mustn't be treated as babies?

The British Officer: Yes. No doubt.

The Australian: Then perhaps you understand a little how we feel. We are the most loyal subjects the King has got, and we love the old flag dearly, but we're old enough to have opinions and to talk.

The New Zealander: Yes. But take my tip, sir. Don't think so much of what we men of Greater Britain say as of what we do.

The British Officer: And I know very well what you have done and how gallantly you did it.

The Australian: Don't make any mention of that. It was all in the day's work. Well, boys, it's time to turn in. What's the sign and countersign to-night?

The Canadian: The King!

The New Zealander: God Bless him! N. N.-D.

IMPERIAL BROTHERHOOD.

When the angered Dutch in battle order,
  Boer, Free Stater, leagued beyond recall,
Rushed Rhodesia, broke our Orange Border,
  Through her passes thundered on Natal;
When for all our Devon and our Gordon,
  Cambria's, Erin's matchless hero ring,
Round the Diamond City closed their cordon,
  Closed on Ladysmith and Mafeking;
Yea! when evil tidings fast and faster
  Flashed upon us out of frowning skies—
Stormberg's rout, Colenso's red disaster,
  Magersfontein's murderous surprise—
Stricken sore, but yet to righteous reason
  Steadfast still, we bore the strokes of fate,
Raising not one coward shout of treason
  'Gainst the Rulers of our arms or State.
Every call of party, cry of faction
  Into patriot silence fell away
England summoned all her sons to action,
  Suffering England—could we but obey?

Then in chief the unsonned Sire and Mother
  Mastered misery for the Nation's need,
He to Captain us as could none other,
  She her hero to the strife to speed.
Then again rang forth the martial summons,
  Then again our banners took the breeze,
Then again in arms our Lords and Commons,
  Yeoman, burgess swarmed across the seas.
Then the adamantine cables stretching,
  Python-like o'er Ocean, mount and plain,
Sudden tremors passionately fetching,
  Thrilled Victoria's mandate through the main;
Till the friends and foes, whose fine derision
  Long had flouted Britain's Empire Dream,
Stood at gaze to mark the stately vision,
  Rise incarnate o'er the ocean stream;
Marvelling, while above the pine-fringed waters,
  While beyond the palm-set Austral earth,
At their Mother's call, her mighty Daughters
  Sprang, as Pallas sprang, full armed to birth.
While afar went forth their clarion voices,
  "When our queenly Mother is in need,
Shall one son of our most cherished choices
  For Her Sovereign sake refuse to bleed?"

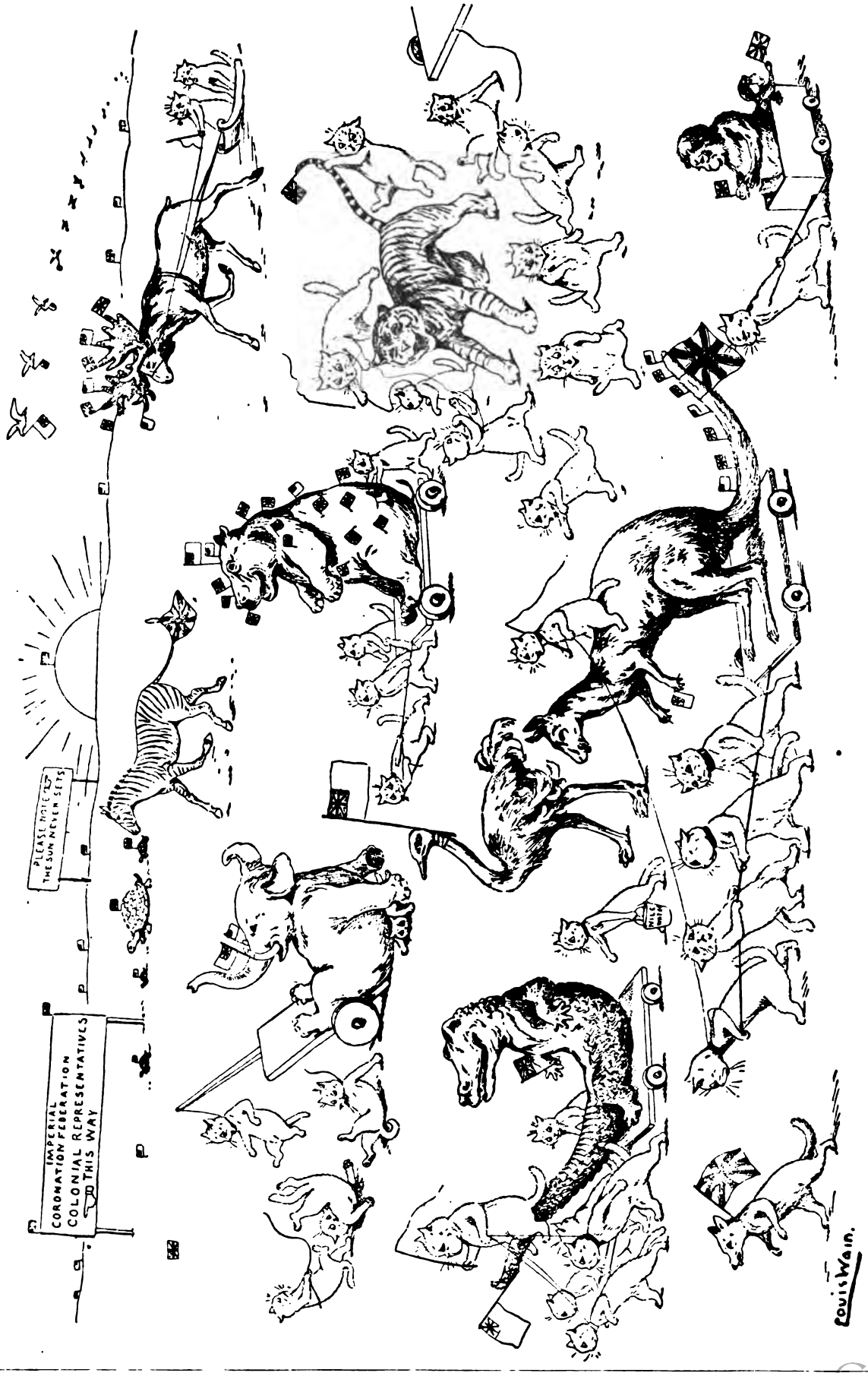
Ah, but then from far Australian hamlets—
  Ah, but then from wild Canadian wood,
As the prairie's fire is fed of flamelets,
  As the rillets swell the river flood,
Bearded bushmen from their roving cattle,
  Giant lumberers from their forest home
To the roaring multitudinous battle
  Set their silent faces o'er the foam;
Tenders of the grape and coffee cluster
  Gleaners of red gold and silver wan,
Fisher, farmer, merchant, gravely muster,
  Kiss their weeping women and are gone.
Greatly, then, they fought or fell or anguished
  To the death, or since their hearts were such,
From the ward where long they tossed and languished,
  Yet went forth and beat the dogged Dutch—
Therefore, when the Boer had well-nigh shouted
  "Ours are Ladysmith and Mafeking,
Ours the Diamond City"—rent and routed
  He recoiled from our fresh hero-ring—
Therefore Paardeberg upon the river,
  Where fierce Cronjé greatly dared our blows,
Is a jewelled name to flame forever
  In your circlet, Lady of the Snows.
Therefore, when the standard of Victoria
  Roberts reared o'er fallen Bloemfontein,
When Johannesburg and proud Pretoria
  Vailed the Vierkleur, Cities of the Queen—
Therefore, when De Wet, his herd flame-frighted
  Launched upon our lines, though sore your loss,
Yours the onslaught that the battle righted,
  Oh, ye heroes of the Southern Cross!

Yet the foe fought on, till from Her people
  To her GOD our Greatest passed in peace,
And her ships past moaning tower and steeple
  Landward led her mighty obsequies.
Yet the foe fought on, in blind assurance
  That some doughty European friend,
Honouring even to deeds his stern endurance,
  Succouring legions at the last would lend.
Idle hope and desperate devotion!
  Not another flag for his unfurled,
Though our fleet lay ready on the Ocean
  Ay, for all the Navies of the world.

Till at weary length their proud submission
  Steyn, De Wet, Schalk Burger, Botha make
And we bind them, with the one condition,
  At our side their liberty to take;
Well considering that by now outholding
  Generous hands unto the gallant Boer,
At the British blazon's next unfolding
  Of his steadfast valour we are sure—
Sure, as of thy arm of stalwart aidance,
  Loyal Dutchman of the Cape, as sure
Of thy voice to swell the acclaiming cadence
  For King Edward, valiant Voyageur!
Thus O, let the war cloud's silver lining
  Be of Brotherhood such bright increase
As shall beam, a star of blessed shining,
  On our pathway of Imperial Peace.

A. P. G.

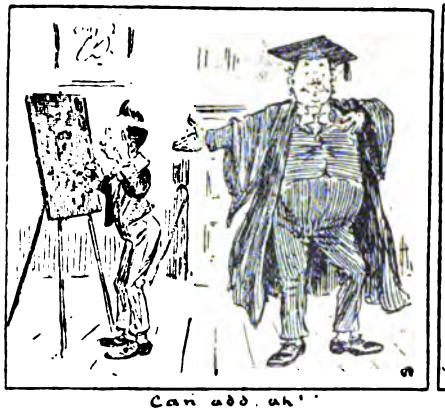
Digitized by Google



A REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY.

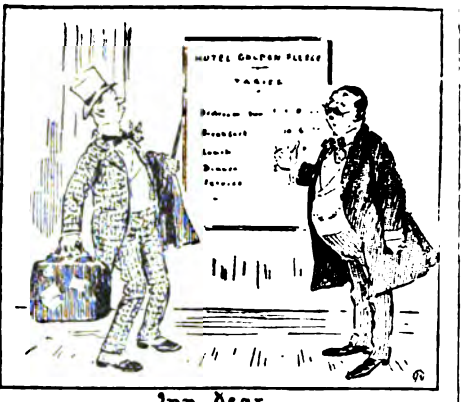
NOT GOING TO THE DOGS, BUT COMING WITH THE CATS.

Digitized by Google

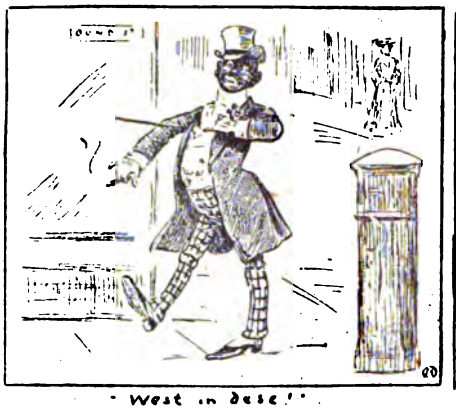


Can add. ah!

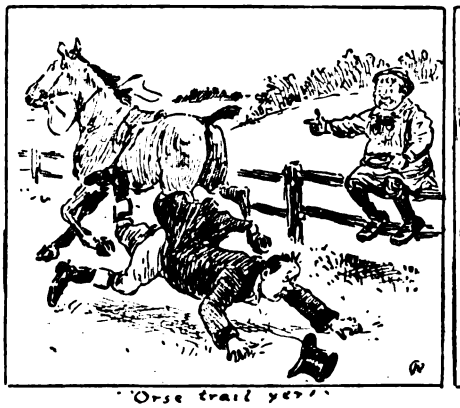
A Frank ah!



Inn Bear



West in dese!



'Orse trail yer!

News he'll hand

PUZZLE PICTURES OF THE EMPIRE.

"BEST POSSIBLE."—*Artist.* "WORST POSSIBLE."—*Editor.*

THE HERALDS' CONTROVERSY.

"It's an outrage!—that's what it is," cried the Ulster King-at-Arms.

"Ye'll ha' ta find a way oot o' the deeficulty, or there'll be an insurraction," shouted the Lyon King of Scotland. "Napier's tryin' hard to raise the Hielanders ower it."

"Calm yourselves, gentlemen!" pleaded the Herald of England, "while I make sure I follow you. You, Ulster, assert that Edward the Seventh is really Edward the Second, as Edward the Sixth was the first Irish Edward. Whilst you, Lyon, tell me that Edward the Seventh is really Edward the First, being the first king of that name who has ruled over Scotland."

"Man, ye'r' maist expleecit!"

"Your suggestion, under these circumstances, my dear Ulster, was to add the Edwards together and divide by three, thus obtaining the average monarch."

"Divil a doubt of it."

"I beg to differ—firstly, 'Edward the Three-and-a-Third' would be an impossible title; secondly, our King is much above the average."

"And you, Ulster?"

"Rayson wid me an' I'm a lamb, but crass me——"

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, I have a plan by which this momentous question may be settled. You are aware that the 'Lia Fail,' or 'Stone of Destiny,' is placed under the Coronation chair?"

"Ay, and wasn't it my ancesthers, when they conquered Scotland and called it by their name, who carried it from Tara's Halls to Scone, eh, me bould Lyon?"

"It's no' there the noo."

"Gentlemen, we need not discuss the rightful ownership of the 'Lia Fail.' What I want to remind you of is that it possesses the power of making a roaring noise when a usurper seats himself upon it. Now I represent Edward the Seventh, you Edward the First, and you Edward the Second. Why not seat ourselves in turn upon the stone, and let it decide?"

"It's a braw solution; we'll try it the nicht."

"Exactly what I was about to propose, eh, Ulster?"

"Faith, I'm wid ye boys!"

There was a faint stir through the ancient Abbey as Big Ben ceased chiming the midnight hour.

Then the notes of a clarion came from the great organ. Faint and far away at first, the sound swelled till one could hear the trampling of a mighty army. The shout of triumph, the songs of welcome resounded through the cathedral aisles.

"Handel's in great form to-night, my dear Garrick. The prize Coronation march which he heard at the Albert Hall recently has driven him nearly frantic. He is trying to calm himself down a bit."

"He'll calm the roof off, if he doesn't take care, eh, Dickens? "Where's Tennyson, by the way?"

"Don't disturb him; he and Browning are not to be called till after the Coronation odes have been read."

"Hush! some mortals must be coming. There goes Handel back to his place."

In single file three men were advancing up the aisle.

"As the representative of England I claim the right of precedence," whispered the English Herald.

The others bowed assent.

He strode toward the Coronation chair and seated himself therein.

The "Lia Fail" gave forth no sound. The "Stone of Destiny" was silent!

No need for further proof.

"Edward the Seventh" is the title of our King. P. F.

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO VOL. I.

A.B.C., 134
A Correction, 4
A Dust Up, 146
An Old Motto, 67
An Unseasonable Warning, 75
Answers to Correspondents, 110
April Greetings, 6
Aquarium Aftermath, 98
Argentine Bulls, 98
"Army on the Make" (The), Selection from, 30
Art and Mrs. Smythe, 127
At Ascot and After, 143
Autocrat, To an, 6
BACK to Business, 38
Ballad of the Outside Broker, 14
Bellman (The) and the Thunderer, 35
Between the Acts, 72
Bloomer Girl, The, 127
Booked, 7, 18
Booked and Counted, 92, 116, 144, 156
Brace of Stories, A, 132
Brighton and Back, 26
Budget Anticipated, The, 37
Bull's (Miss) Diary, Extracts from, 13, 25, 35, 49, 54, 84, 96, 108, 114, 126, 144, 150
CALIPASH and Calipee, Ltd., 160
Castle of Indolence, The, 116
Cause and Effect, 31
Chairwoman, Mrs., 38
Chalêt? 146
Chancery Case, The, 158
Charles Dickens and the "B.C.D.," 147
Circus Promoting, 86
City Fables, 74
Concerning the Royal Academy, 84
Confessions and Definitions, 60, 92
County Council Finance, 96
DELANE and "Men of the Times," 64
Derby, The, 102
Devout Lover, The, 74
Dickens, Charles, Dramatist, 28
"Dicky" Doyle, A Chat with, 40
"Dr." Evien les Bains, 136
Domine Dirige Nos, 122
Drury Lane, At, 127
Du Maurier, Concerning, 76
EASTER in Ireland, 24
Educational Motor Car, The, 90
Edward I. of Scotland, 80
Episcopal Pleasantries, 54
Extra 'Dition, 26
FATHER O'Flynn and the Tourist, 135
Fiat Lux, 146
Financial Frivolities, 14, 26, 38, 50, 62, 74, 86, 98, 110, 122, 134, 146, 160
First and Last, 120
"Fore!" 134
Fox Hunting *v.* War, 19
Fred Edge's Biography, 150
From all Quarters, 80
Fun from France, 11
GILBERTIAN "Riverside," 98
God Save the King! 150
Golden Globes, The, 98
Golfer's Dream, A, 66
Gone to the Dogs, 102
Great Demonstration, The, 115
Great Men on Each Other, 6
HAPPY Return, A, 60
He Kissed Her Lips, 71
Hot, Cross, and Bunkered, 50
Hounds and Horses, 99
IN the House, 43, 59, 71, 83, 95, 107, 143, 156
Irre"cover"able, 122
JOHN and Paddy, 68
John Bull Abroad, 12, 24, 36, 48, 55, 67, 79, 91, 103
"John Bull" Competition, 59
"John Bull Dinner," Origin of, 88
John Bull's Birthday Party, 3
John Bull's Note-Book, 6, 18, 55, 66, 83, 138
John to Joe, 11
John to Wilfred, 47
Joseph to his Brethren, 6
Joseph's Dream, 128
Jug of Greek Wine, A, 28
KINGCRAFT'S Derby, 100
Kismet! 71
LATEST Type, The, 26
Leech, Concerning John, 52
L'Entente Cordiale, 56
Liberal Election Fund, The, 114
Loan of a Congregation, 123
Lock and Deadlock, 110
"Look out! Copper!!" 26
Lyceum, the Late Lamented, 50
Lytton, Lord, 112
MARCHING with Bobs, 23
Match Makers' Matches, 26
Medical Disquisition, A, 63, 75
Moments with the Liftman, 56
More "Imperishable Poetry," 42
Music Hath Charms, 160
Mystery of the Stoat Farm, 23
NATION of Shopkeepers, 160
Natural History, On, 119
Naval Note, A, 60
Ned Edge's Biography, 150
"Next, Please!" 98
Nights at the Round Table, 4, 16, 28, 40, 52, 64, 75, 88, 100, 112, 124, 136, 147
Notes from Our Special Correspondent, 84
Not Too Late, 60
O! Tempora, 38
Old Jokes and New, 12, 78
'Omer or Homar, 96
On Hygiene, 4
One Better, 139
Opposition Mount, The, 140
O'Rell, Max, 111
Our Nimrod, 18
Out of the House, 120
"PAST" (The) and the "Post," 134
Paul Blouët (Max O'Rell), 111
Penny Premium, A, 98
Place Aux Dames! 62
Poisoned Sandwiches, The, 15
Pope (The) and the Primate, 24
Preface, 1, 2
Promise of May, The, 51
Proposed Bench and Bar Walking Contest, 131
Proverbs for the Week, 36
RAND Chinese Labour, 62
Reade, Charles, 124
Ready for the Stage, 48
Recollections of Father O'Flynn, 15, 27, 39, 51, 63, 75, 87, 99, 119, 123, 135, 155
Recreations of Marjory, The, 132, 139
Review in Rhyme, A, 91
Rhymes of the Times, 11, 23, 35, 47, 60, 96, 102, 115, 156
Riddles in Rhyme, 63
Rondeau, 95
R.S.V.P., 134
SCORCHING, 103
Service Story, A, 16
Service Story (Lie?), 27
Service Yarns—Warranted Untrue, 68, 88, 103
Short Studies for Beginners, 71
Signs of the Times, 66
Silhouette, Key to the, 18, 30, 42, 78
Skeleton Leader, 128
Slow and Sure, 27
Soliloquy, A, 31
Spanish Chesnuts, 39

Digitized by Google

Sphinx, The, 14, 26, 38, 50, 62, 74, 86, 98, 110, 122, 134, 146, 160
Stages of a Success, 13
"Staggered," 98
Stories Old and New, 30, 47, 54, 68, 79, 96, 107, 120, 140
"Suite" Content, 26
Suppressed Sequel, A, 15, 138
TALES of a Grandfather, 92
Temperance Question, The, 27, 39, 51
Ten Mining Experts, 40
Thackeray Brotherhood, The, 90
Thackeray, to Meet Mr., 4
Thackeray, W. M., Patriot, 16
Thespis at Home, 148
Thoughts on Umbrellas, 55
To a Potentate, 7
To an Autocrat, 6
"To the Lions," 134
To Two Liberal Leaders, 6
Trip to Paris, A, 47
Twentieth Century Girl, The, 139
UNDER the Chestnut Tree, 51
VARIOUS Robberies, 87
"V.C.," 102
Ver Non Semper Viret, 110
Very Much Abroad, 100
Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum, 62
Vikings, The, 54
"WALKERESS—London," 122
"We" in Paris, 60
Week End, The, 115
Where to Spend Easter, 30
YANK and Russ, 115

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Bargain, 72
A Bold Deed, 90
A Card of Invitation, 88
A Day with Bobby and Betty, 65
A Difference of Opinion, 7
A Distinction and a Difference, 18
A First Night, 41
A Good Shot, 87
A Question of Climate, 115
A Recollection of Bank Holiday, 113
A Selling Stakes, 141
A Valued Friend, 33
A Walk That Won't Take Place, 92
Accounted For It, 68
An Enthusiastic Partisan, 78
An Exchange of Compliments, 48
An Inopportune Reminder, 91
An Unseasonable Warning, 75
Another Horror of War, 67
"April Fools," 9
Ass's Shadow, The, 49
Austin Chamberlain, 107
BALFOUR, Arthur, 32
Beckett, Mr. Ernest, 121
Blessings of Freedom, The, 24
Boots! 148
Budget, 4d. off Income Tax, 71
By Machinery, 156
CAPTAIN Kettle, 30
Card of Invitation, 88
Castle of Indolence, 16
Celebrities by the Sea, 29
Chancellor of the Exchequer, 95
Chaplain's Favourite, 83
Church Parade, 125
Consequence, Of No, 42
Counsel's Opinion, 131
DERBY Day, 104
Derby of our Ancestors, 100
Derby, the First, 103
Dickens, Charles, 147
Du Maurier, 76
Durbar (Frontispiece),
EPSOM, 101
FASHIONABLE Male Waist, 114
Father O'Flynn, 15, 27, 39, 87, 99, 123, 135
Favourite, The, 105
Festivities and After, 80
Finance, 14
Finlay, Sir Robert, 145
First Derby, The, 103
First Night, A, 46
Fluter, The, 27
Fore and Aft, 108
GENTLEMAN Interested, &c., A, 158
God Save the King! 152, 153
Golf in Parliament, 71
HARCOURT, Sir Wm., 73
Harmsworth, Alfred, 44
Hieroglyphic, City, 38, 50, 62, 74, 86, 98, 110, 122, 134, 146, 160
Hopeless, 127
Hounds and Horses, 99
How Not to Say It, 139
INDEX, 161
Irving, Sir Henry, 61
JOHN and Paddy, 69
Joseph's Dream, 129
KING Edward the First of Scotland, 81
King of Spades, 159
LADY of Threadneedle Street, 83
Lansdowne, Lord, 85
Latest from London, 11, 23, 35
L'Entente Cordiale, 57
Limited Enjoyment, 96
Lion Slayer, The, 37
Loan of a Congregation, 123
Lobby Before the Recess, 89
Lytton, Lord, 112
MAGNETIC Personality, 20
Mark Lemon, 16
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt, 144
More Free than Welcome, 56
Mullarkey, 15
My Mother Dressed Me, 12
No Thoroughfare, 28
Not Going to Risk it, 132
Not His Neighbour, 116
Not What She Meant, 55
Nourishing, 69
OF no Consequence, 60
One of Our Conquerors, 97
On the Terrace, 137
On the War Path, 95
Original drawing by Jeremy, 39
Our Weather Forecast, 47
PARKER, Sir Gilbert, 133
Parliament, 59
Persian Unrest, 138
Ping Pong, 6
Pirates, The, 25
Pompous Host, 36
Profit and Loss, 21
Promise of May, 51
Pure and Simple, 43
RATHER Gave Him Away, 66
Reade and Boucicault, 124
Robbers, The, 79
Rosebery, Lord, 109
Royal Academy, 53
ST. GEORGE'S Day, 45
Selling Stakes, A, 141
Serio-Comic Portraits, 8, 20, 32, 44, 61, 73, 85, 109, 121, 133, 145, 157
Shade of Dr. Johnson, 128
Society after Dinner, 40
Society Silhouettes, 5, 17, 29, 41, 53, 77, 89, 101, 125, 137, 149
Solway Sound, 119
Stock Exchange, 77
TENOR and Impresario, 13
"Times" Staff, 64
To Golf or not to Golf, 107
To-morrow will be Friday, 84
Tom Taylor, 136
Too Fast by Half, 93
Tree, Mr. H. Beerbohm, 157
Trooping the Colour 149
UNIVERSITY Boat Race, 5
Up to Dates, 31
VERY Much Abroad, 102
View of the British Public, 63
WHAT Makes You, etc., 120
Where he Scores, 126
Wilful Waste, 140
YERKES, C. T., 97

SPECIAL IMPERIAL ISSUE.

A Coronation Eclogue, 11
A Coronation in Fairyland, 5
A Coronation Ode, 6
A Masque of Edwards, 2
A Representative Assembly, 15
An Empire's Greeting, 8, 9
COME from Canada, 13
FAMILY Coach, The, 3
Fishy, 12
Forewords, 1
Frivolities (?), 4
HERALD'S Controversy, The, 16
Humours of the Crowd, The, 4
IMPERIAL Brotherhood, 14
JOHN Bull, 1
MILITARY Dialogue, A, 13
Multiple Reviewing, 11
My Lady's Carriage, 4
PICTURE Puzzles of the Empire, 16
ROUTE of the Flag, The, 11
SUPPRESSED Sequels, 12
TOLD in Tabloids, 2

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE APR 5 '37

Digitized by Google

Widener Library
3 2044 092 644 400

Digitized by Google